



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

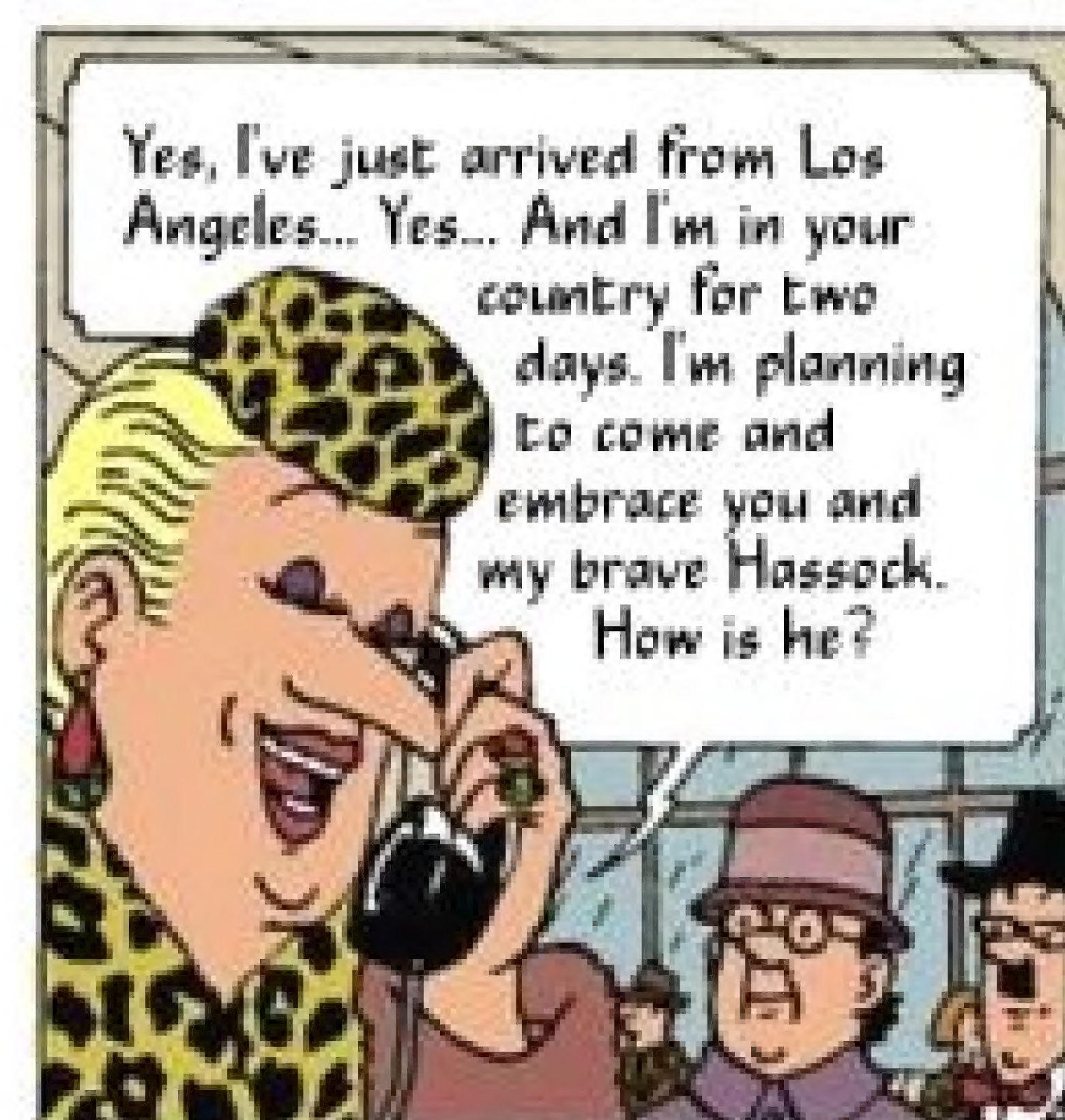
TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

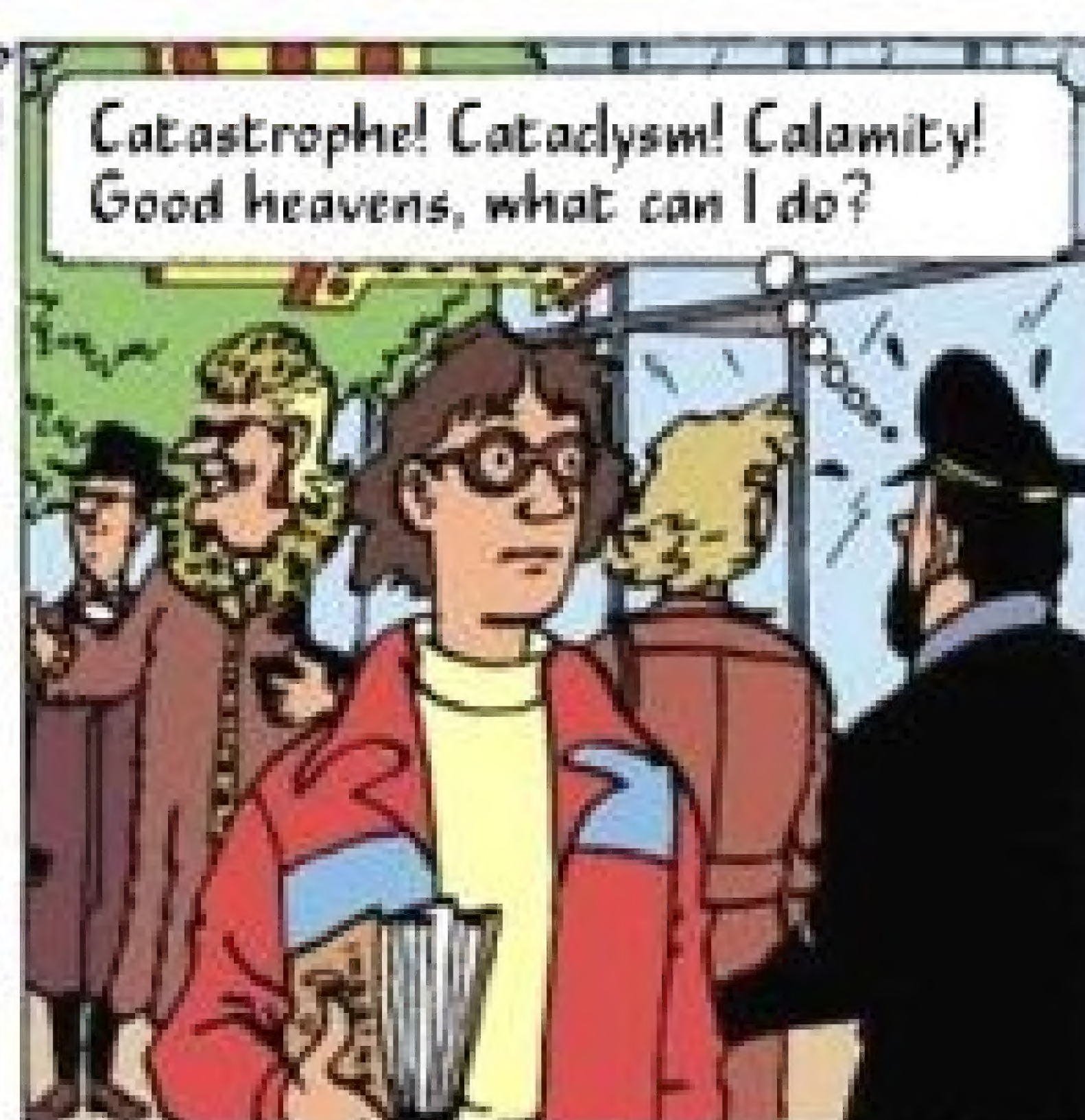
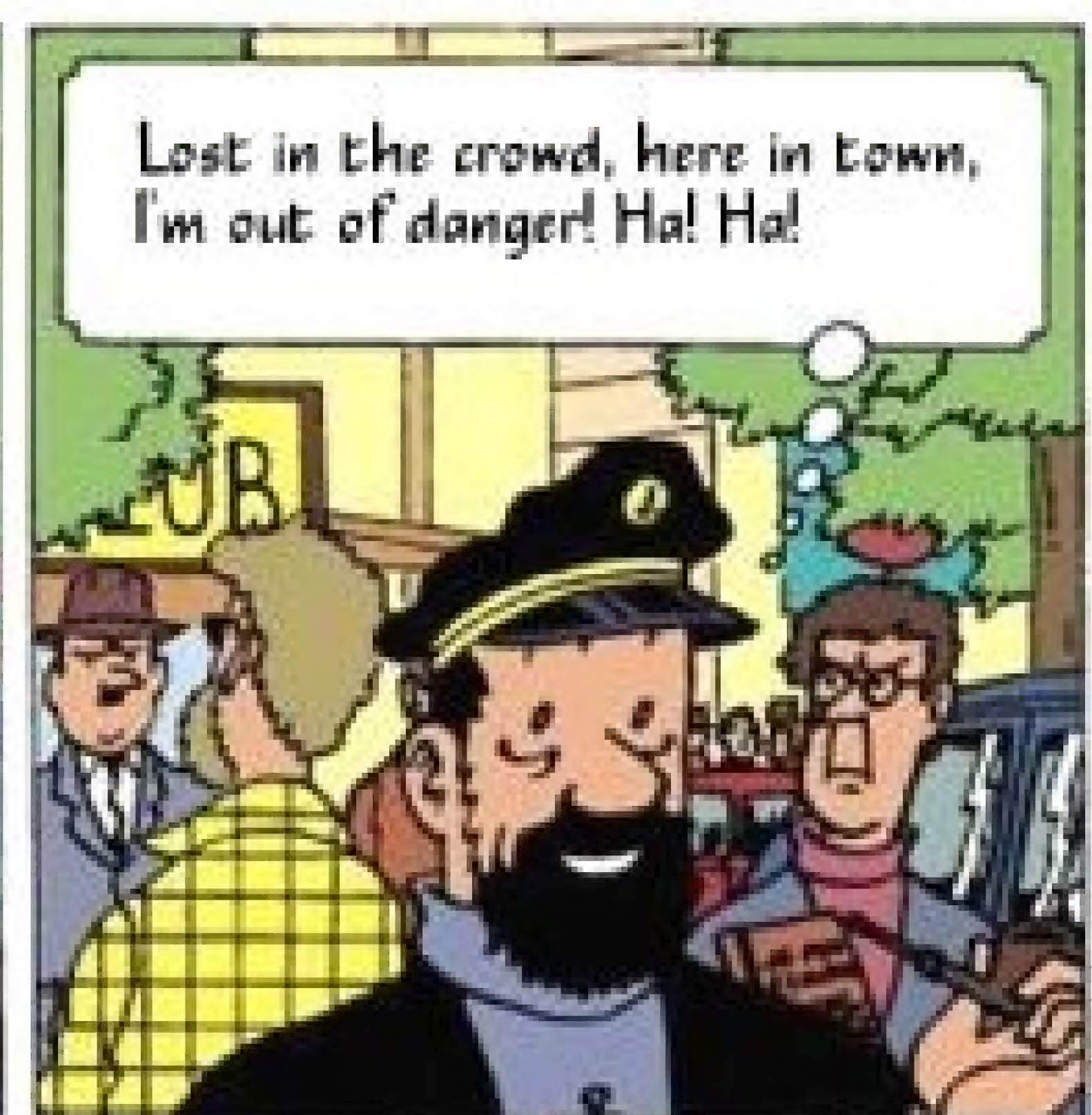
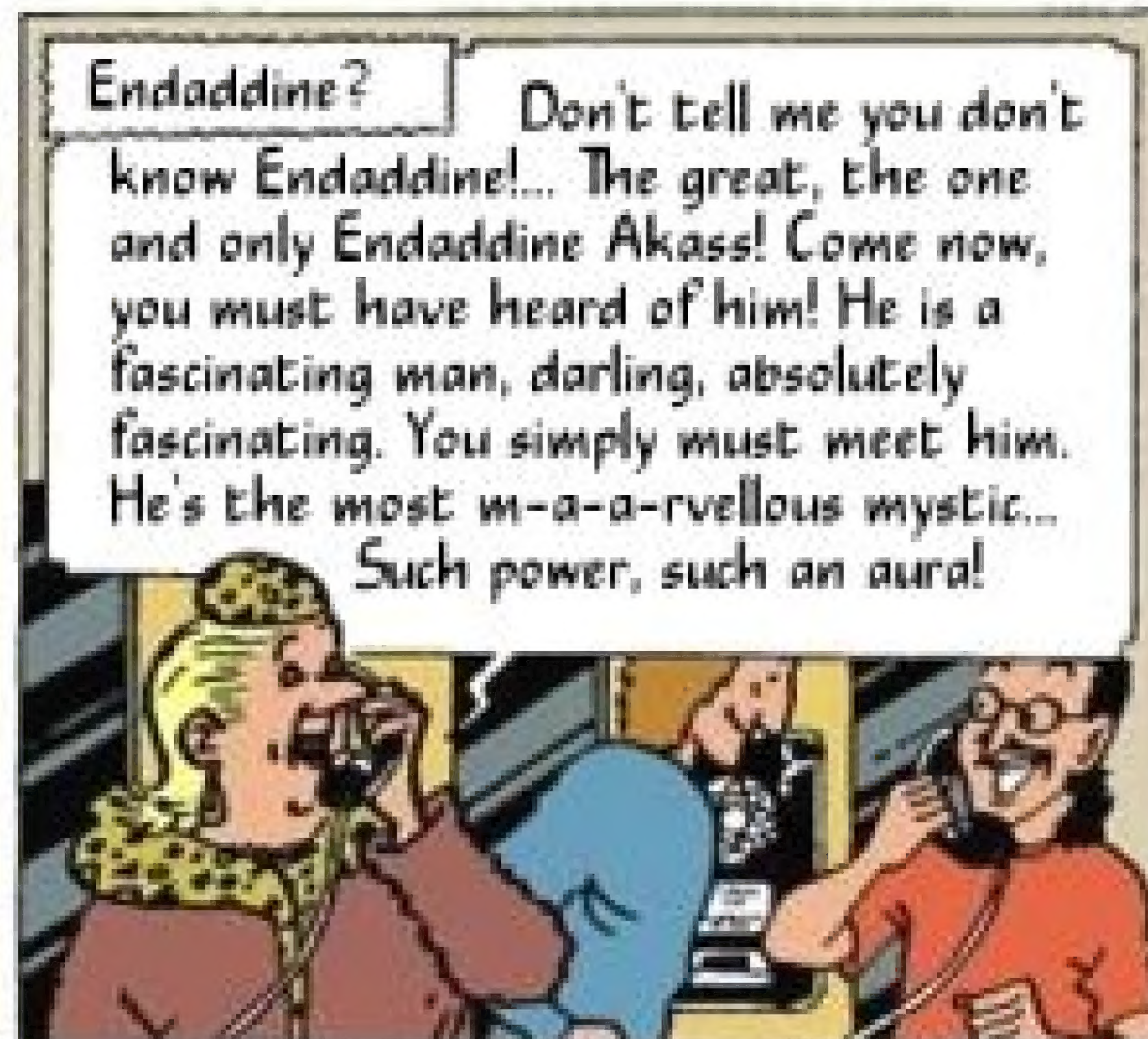


the.cult.of.tintin

TINTIN and ALPH-ART



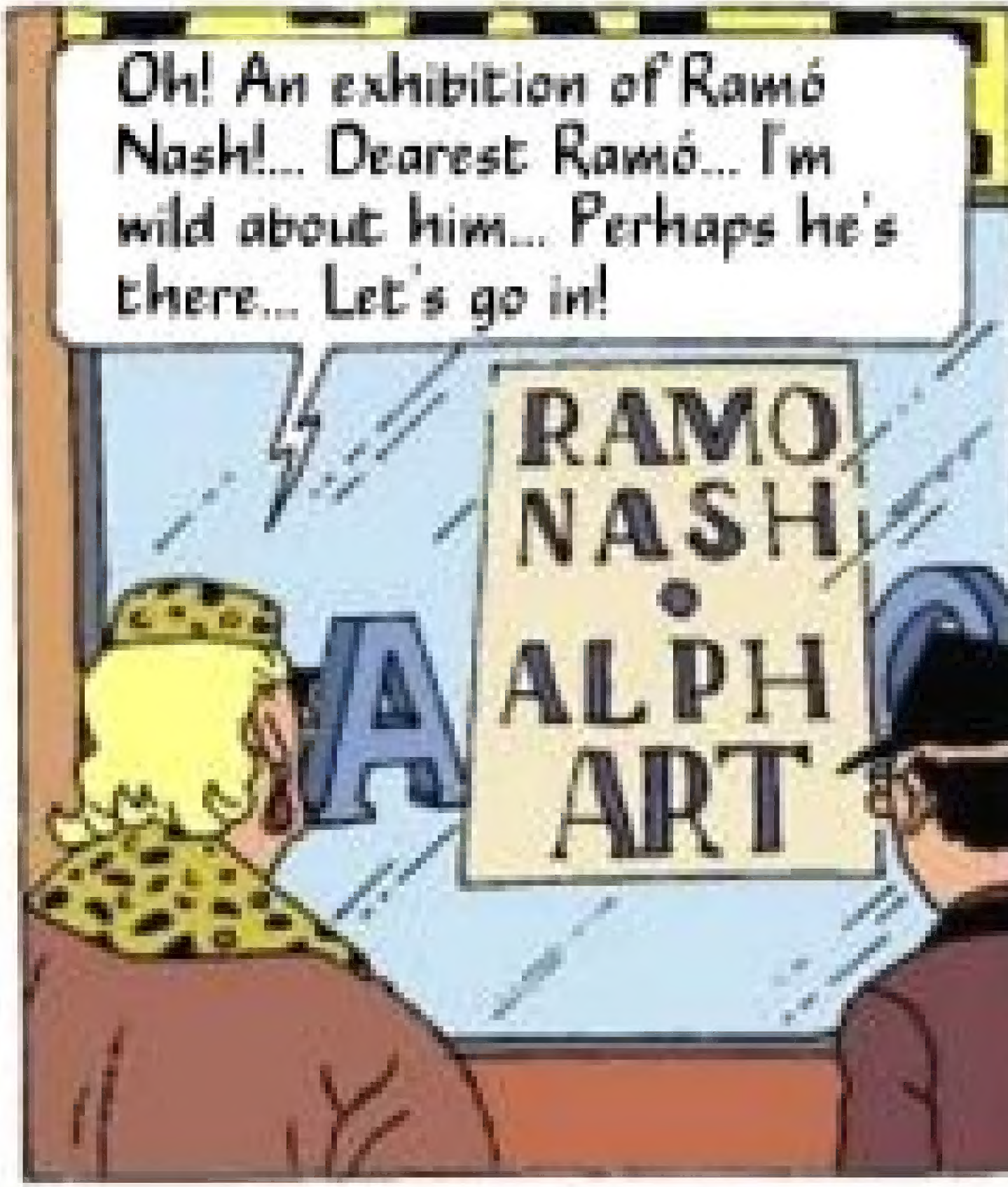






Oh! Err... Good morning. I was just passing... Just thought I'd have a look around...

Of course, sir.



Oh! An exhibition of Ramó Nash!... Dearest Ramó... I'm wild about him... Perhaps he's there... Let's go in!



!?!?



I... err, excuse me...



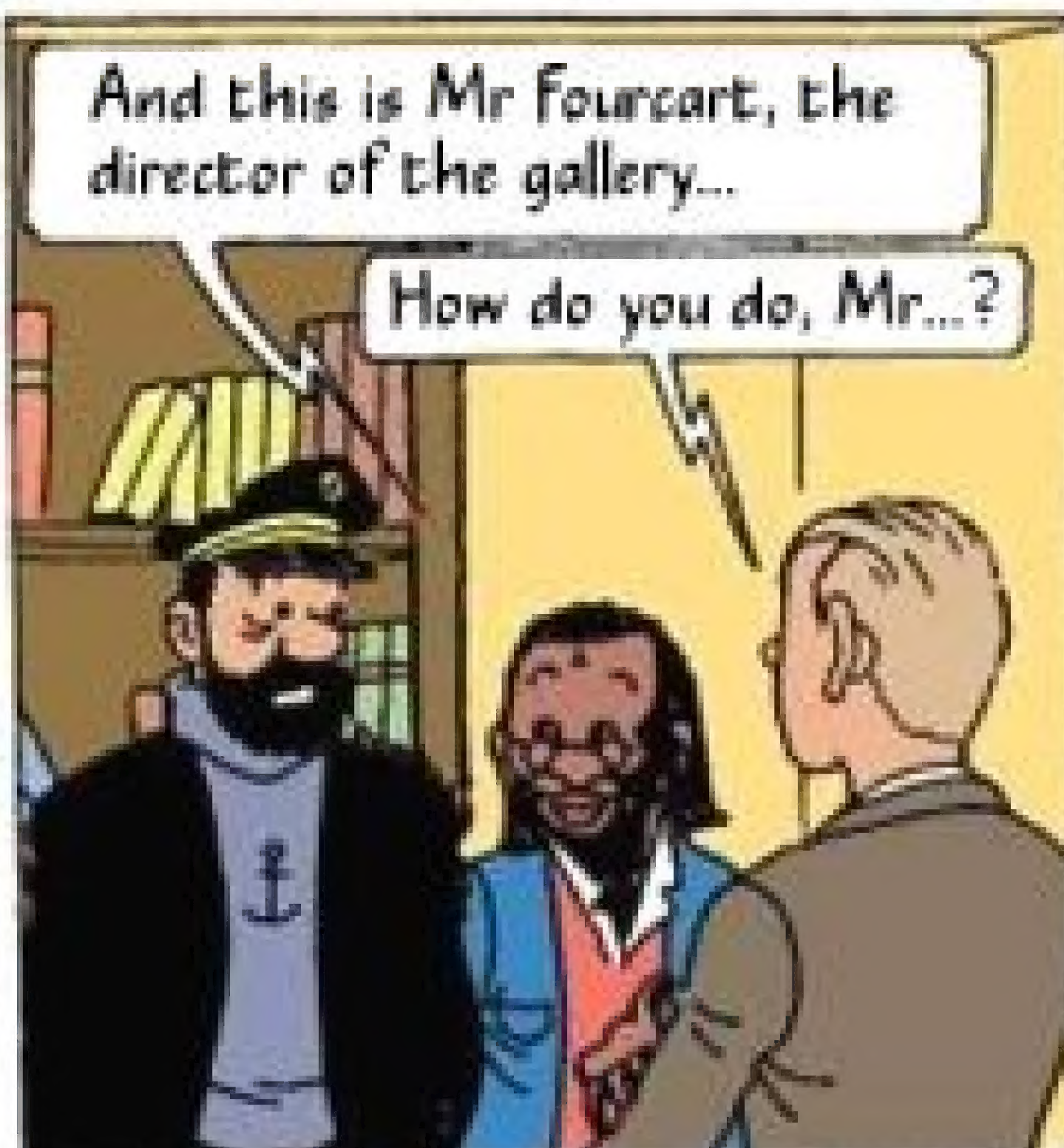
I'm sorry... I'm disturbing you... I thought... I wanted to tell you how fascinating I find this exhibition...

You are interested in Alph-Art, sir?



Passionately... I'm absolutely wild about it... Nothing I like better, that's for sure.

I am Ramó Nash, sir. I thank you, and I congratulate you.



And this is Mr Fourcart, the director of the gallery...

How do you do, Mr...?



Haddock... Archibald Haddock. Haddock?... Not by any chance Tintin's great friend?

That's me, yes.



H'm, h'm, h'mm. What a stroke of luck! It just so happens I have something interesting to tell him... Could I possibly have a number to contact him? As he is a journalist...

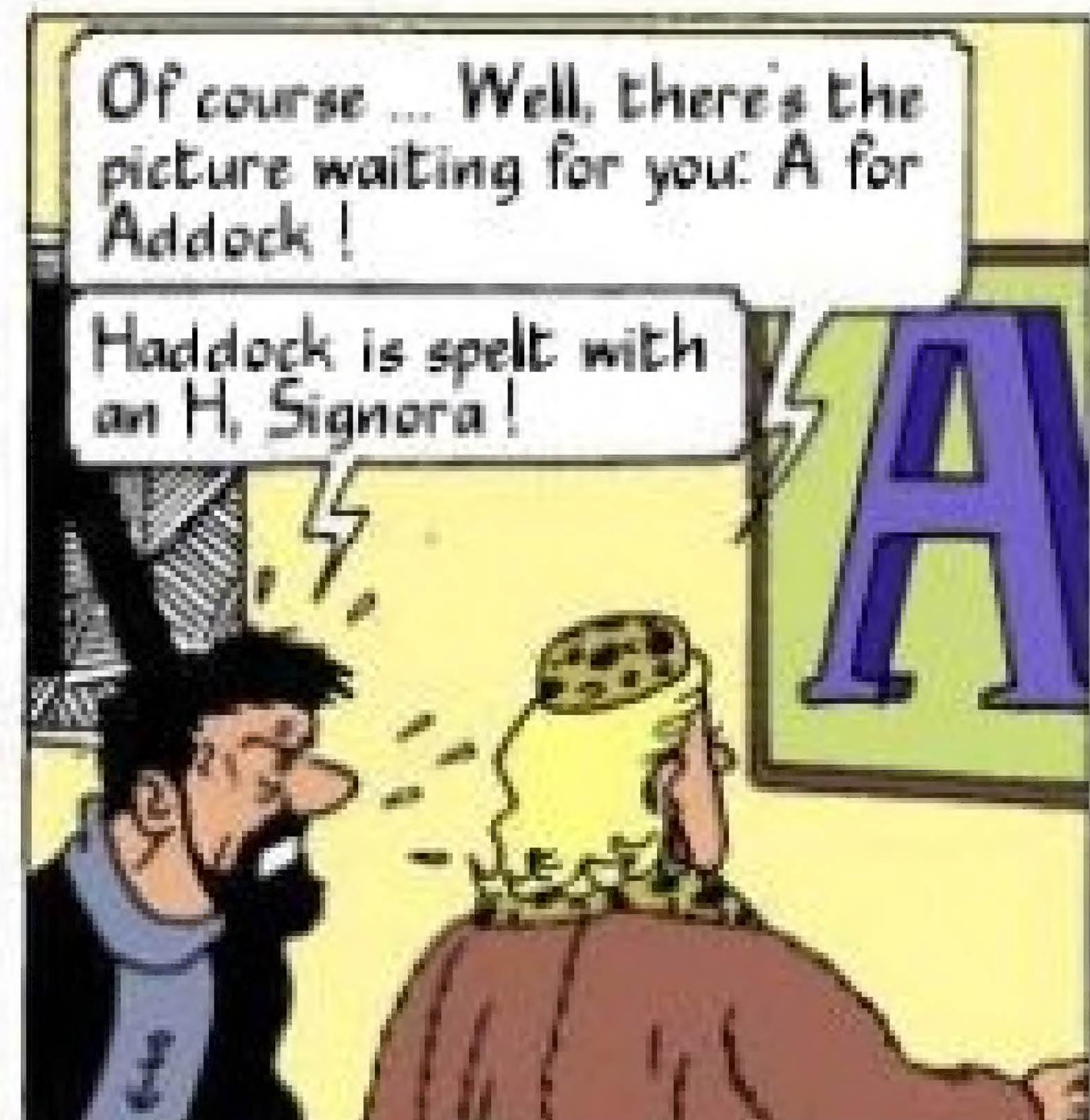
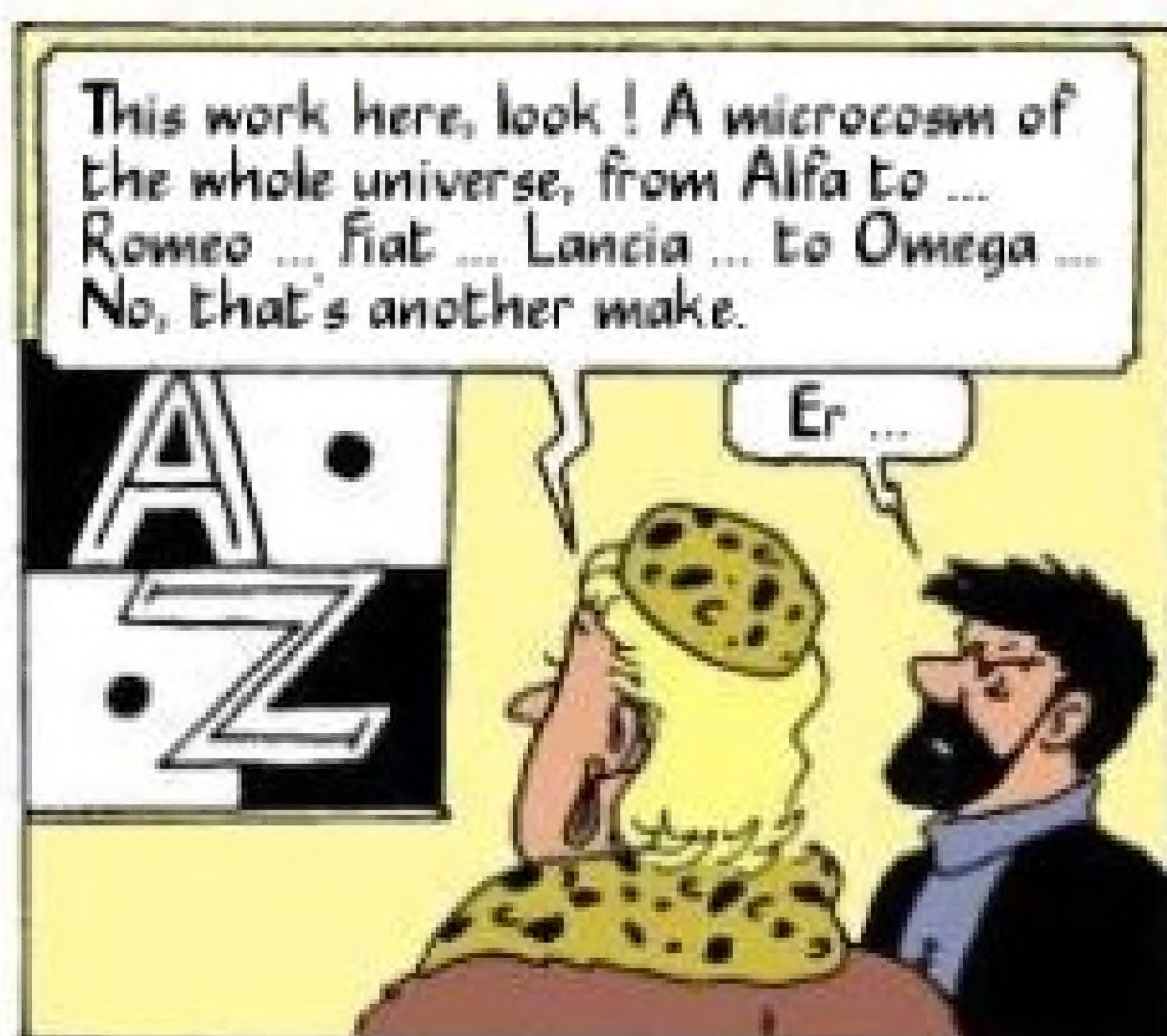
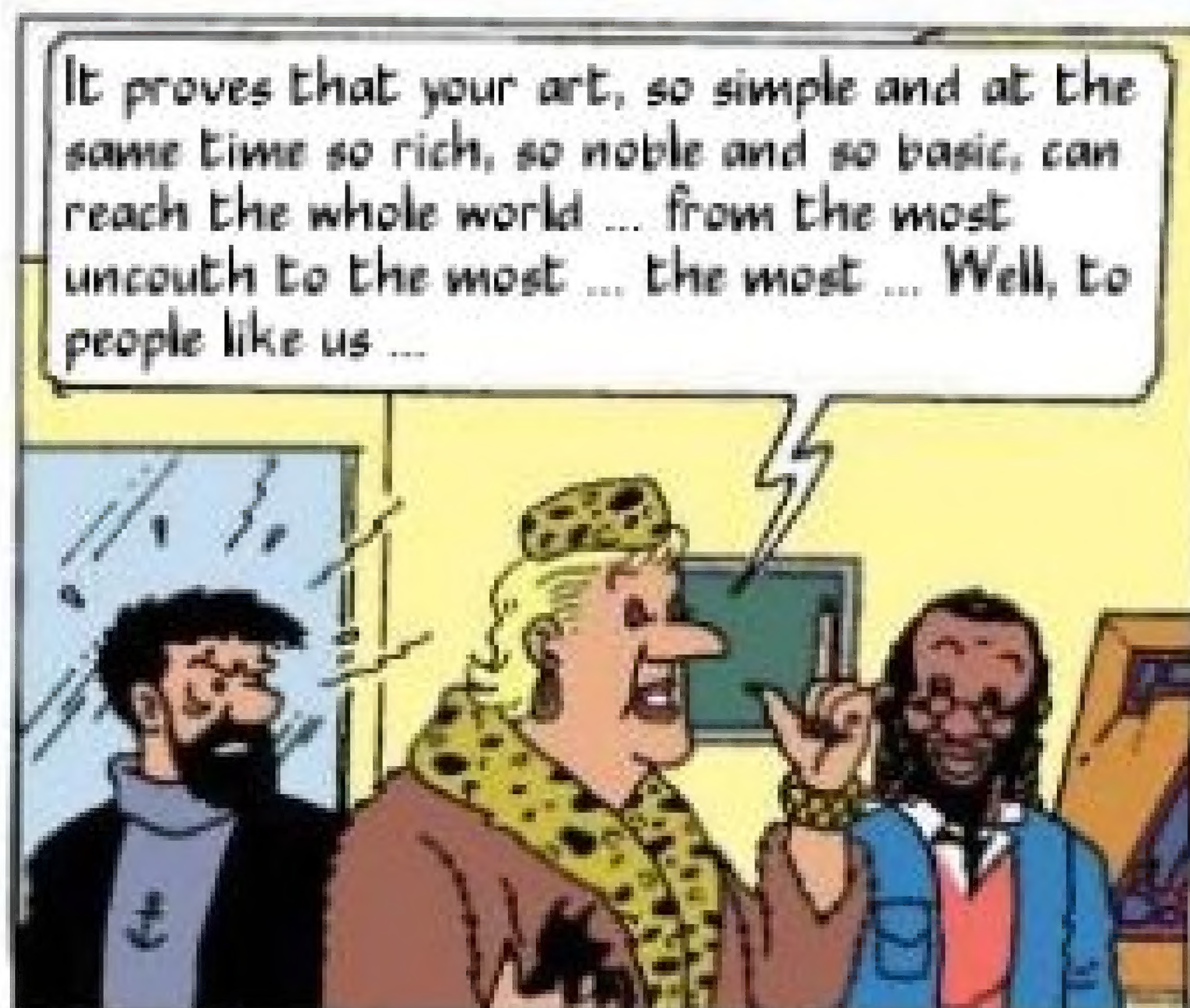
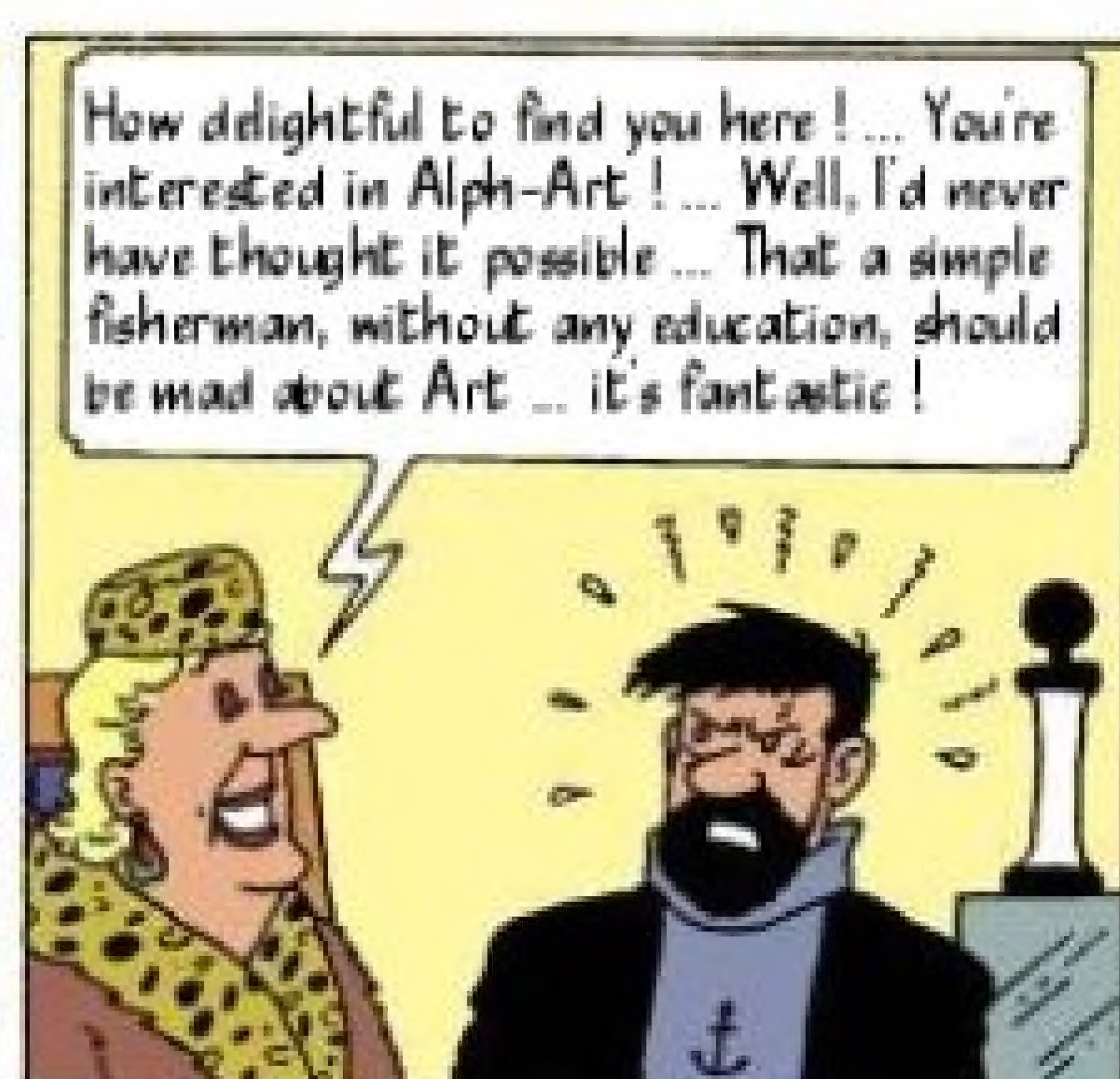
Of course, it's Marlinspike 621.

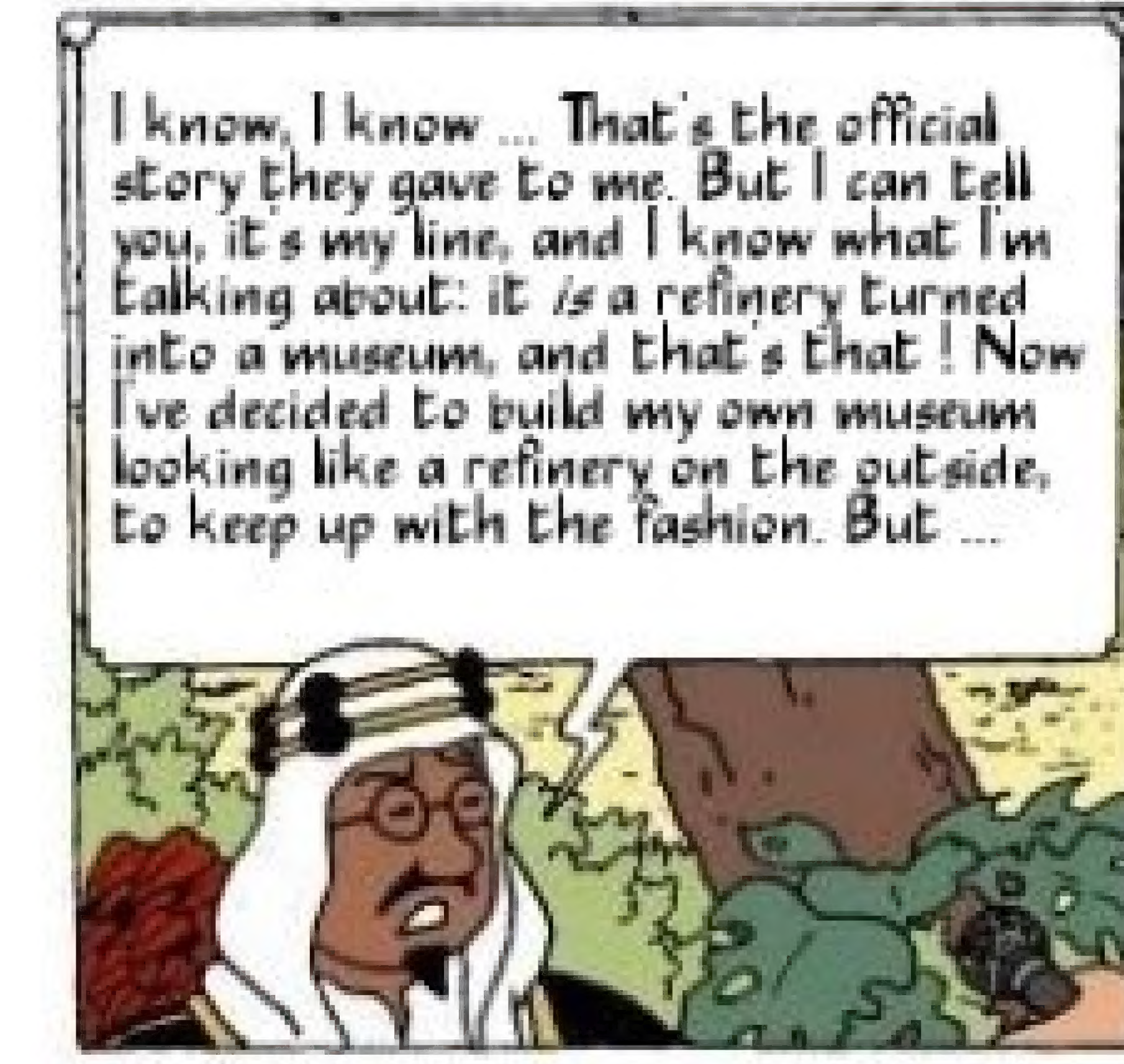
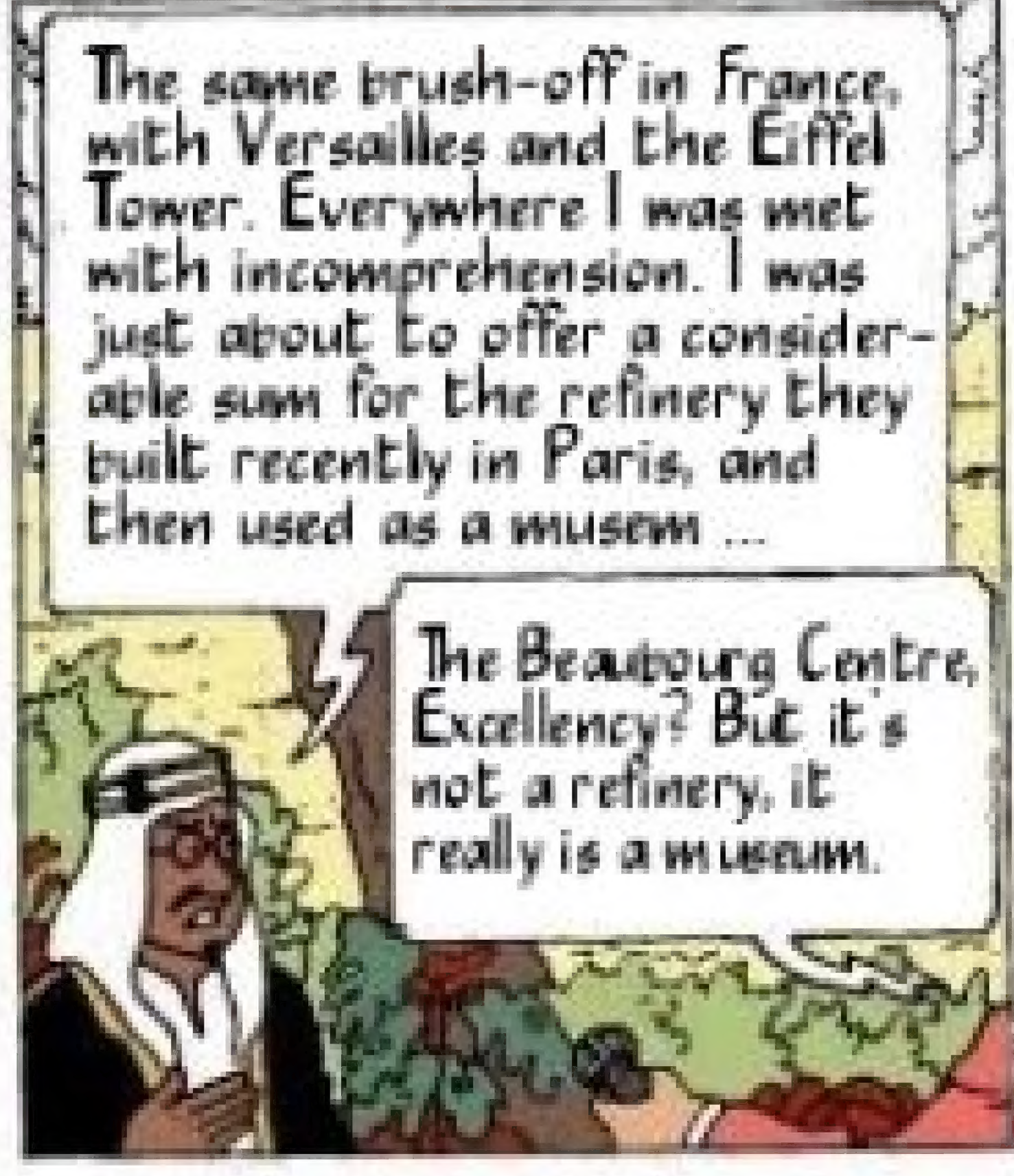
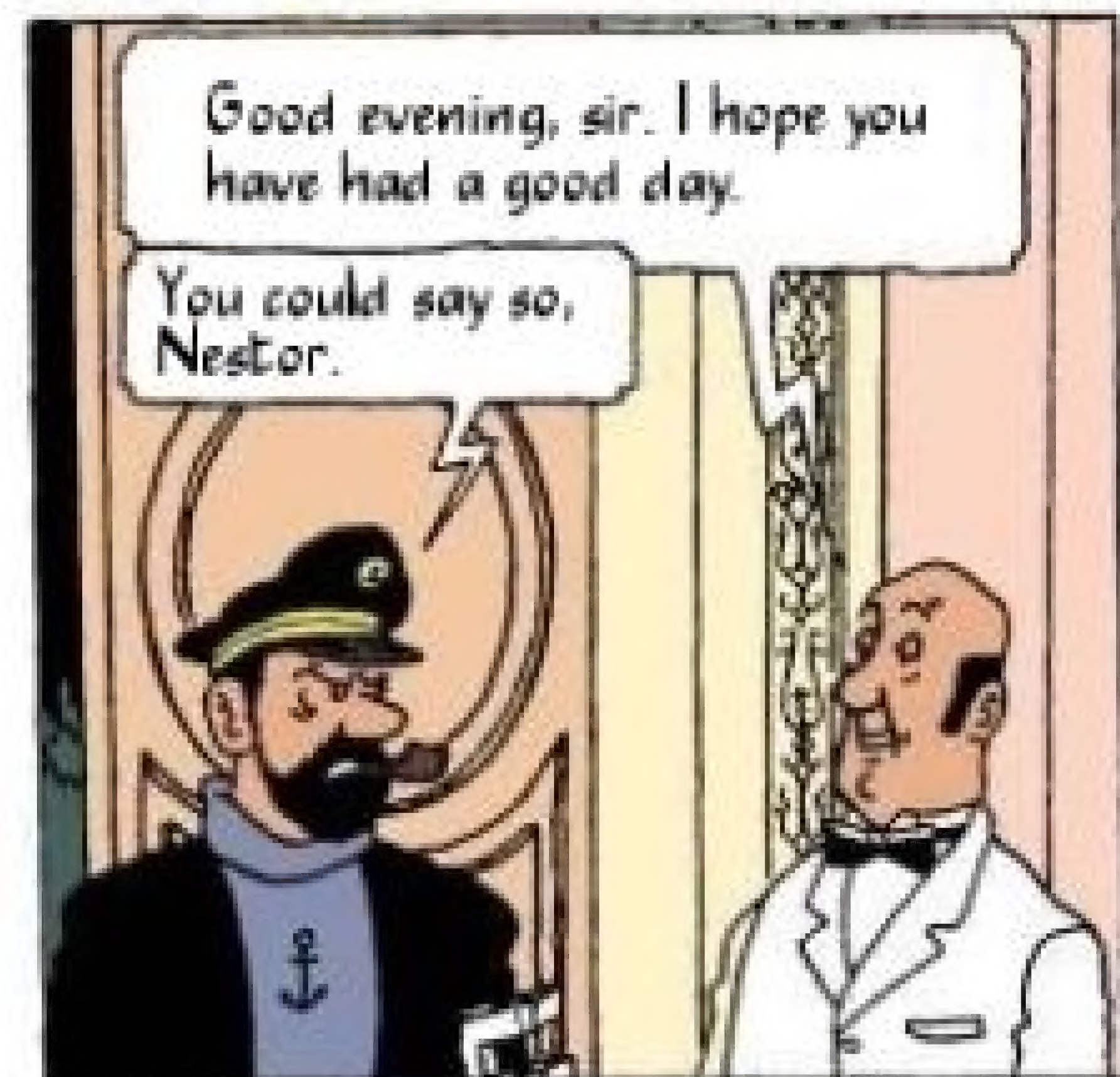


Good. Thank you very much. I'll leave you to go round the exhibition with Ramó Nash. I will call Tintin in a day or two.



This way, sir.







Abdullah, my darling sugar-candy duckling ... Aren't you ashamed of frightening the gentleman ?



Don't scold him, Excellency. Think nothing of it. Just a little banger ! Let's proceed with the interview.

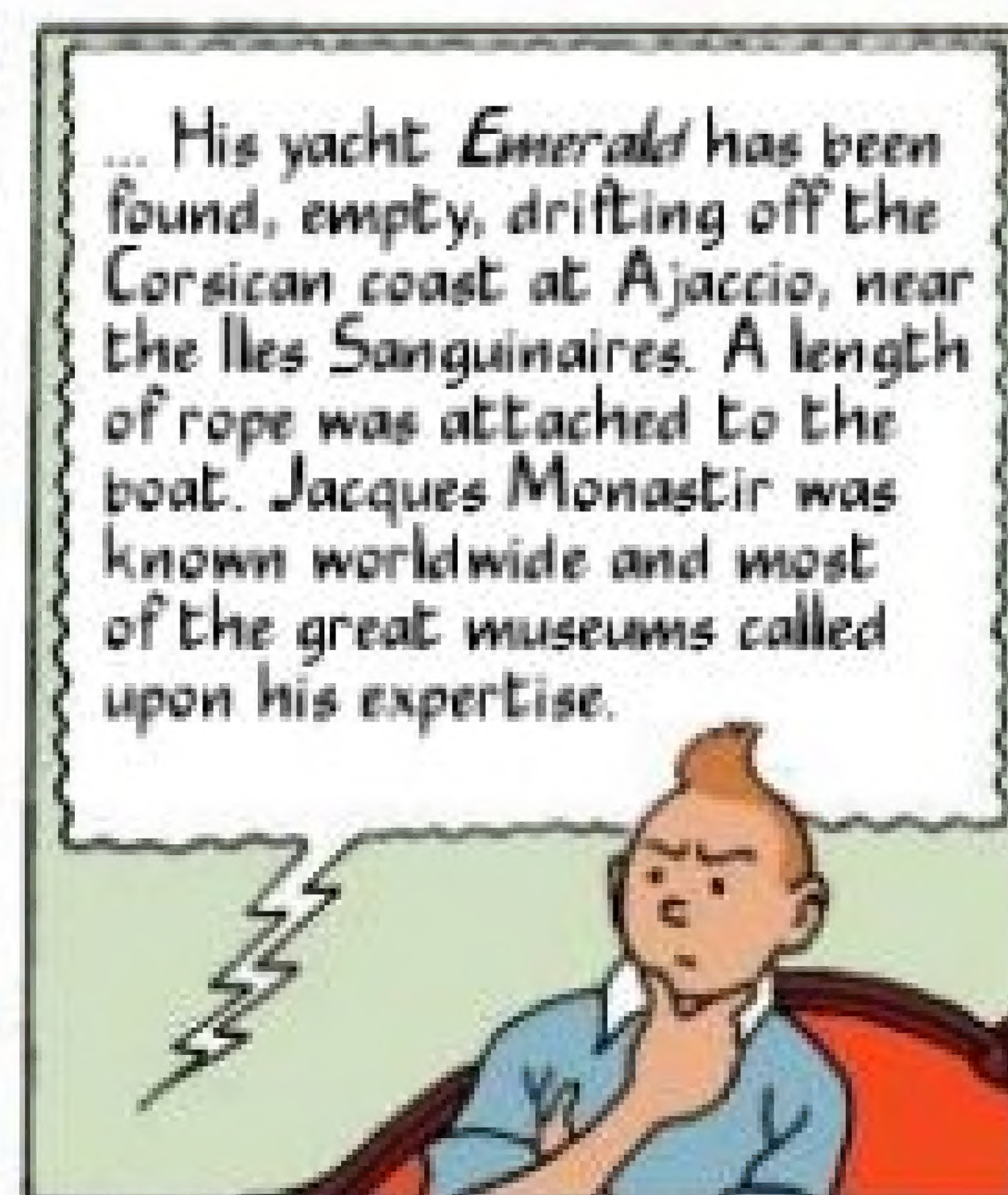


Well, as I was saying, I'm going to build a museum of Art at Wadesdah. I want to make Khemed into a modern country resolutely moving into the future. The plans are already drawn up.

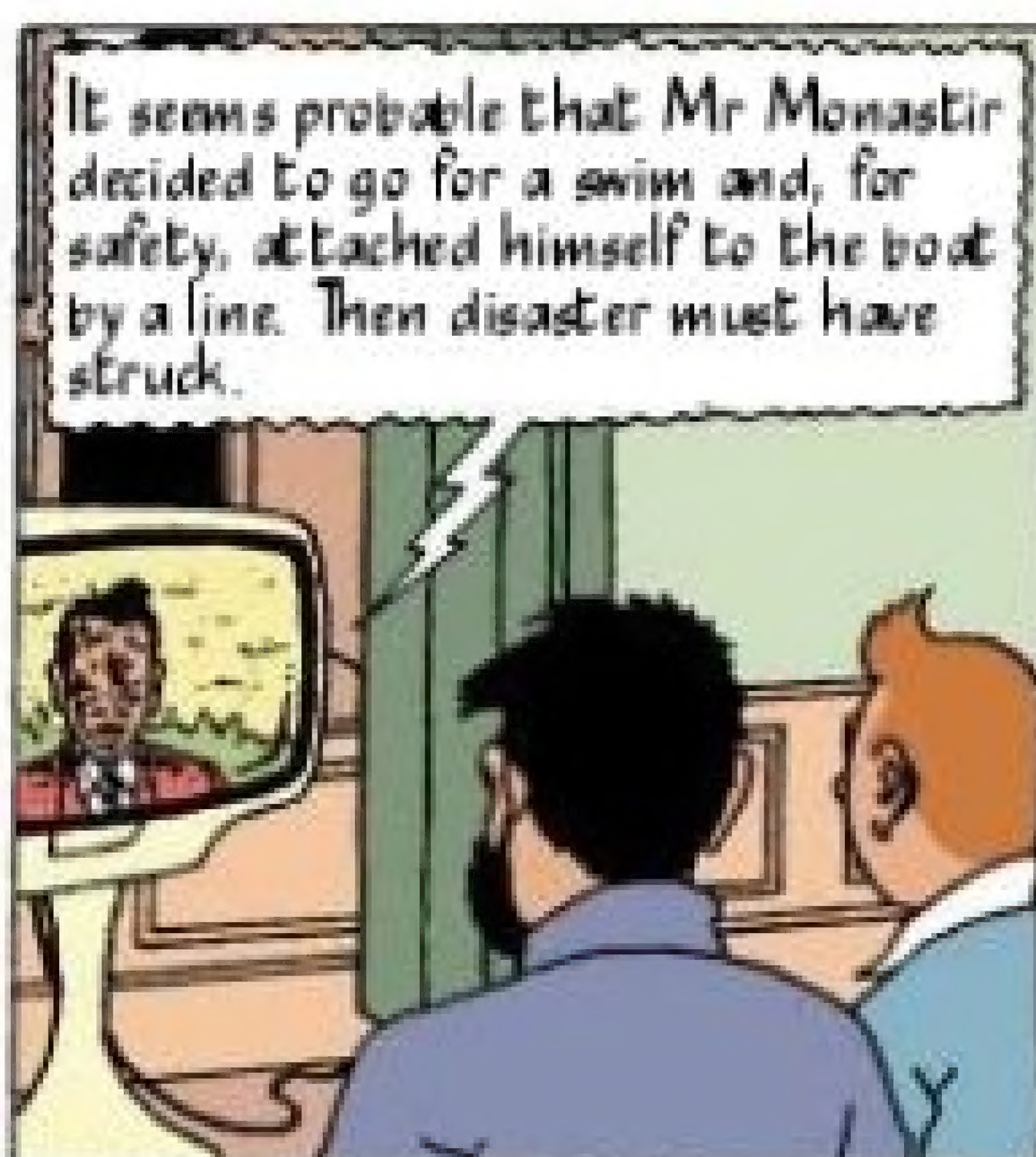
Thank you, Excellency.



And we stay with the world of art to report that Jacques Monastir, the renowned French expert, has disappeared in dramatic circumstances. An experienced yachtsman, he left a small port in Sardinia three days ago ...



... His yacht *Emerald* has been found, empty, drifting off the Corsican coast at Ajaccio, near the Iles Sanguinaires. A length of rope was attached to the boat. Jacques Monastir was known worldwide and most of the great museums called upon his expertise.



It seems probable that Mr Monastir decided to go for a swim and, for safety, attached himself to the boat by a line. Then disaster must have struck.



Talking of experts, I met a Mr Fourcart who told me he had something interesting to say to you. He'll ring you up some time.

Oh yes? ... Are you getting interested in art, Captain ?



Er ... yes ... I mean ... I've got something to show you ...

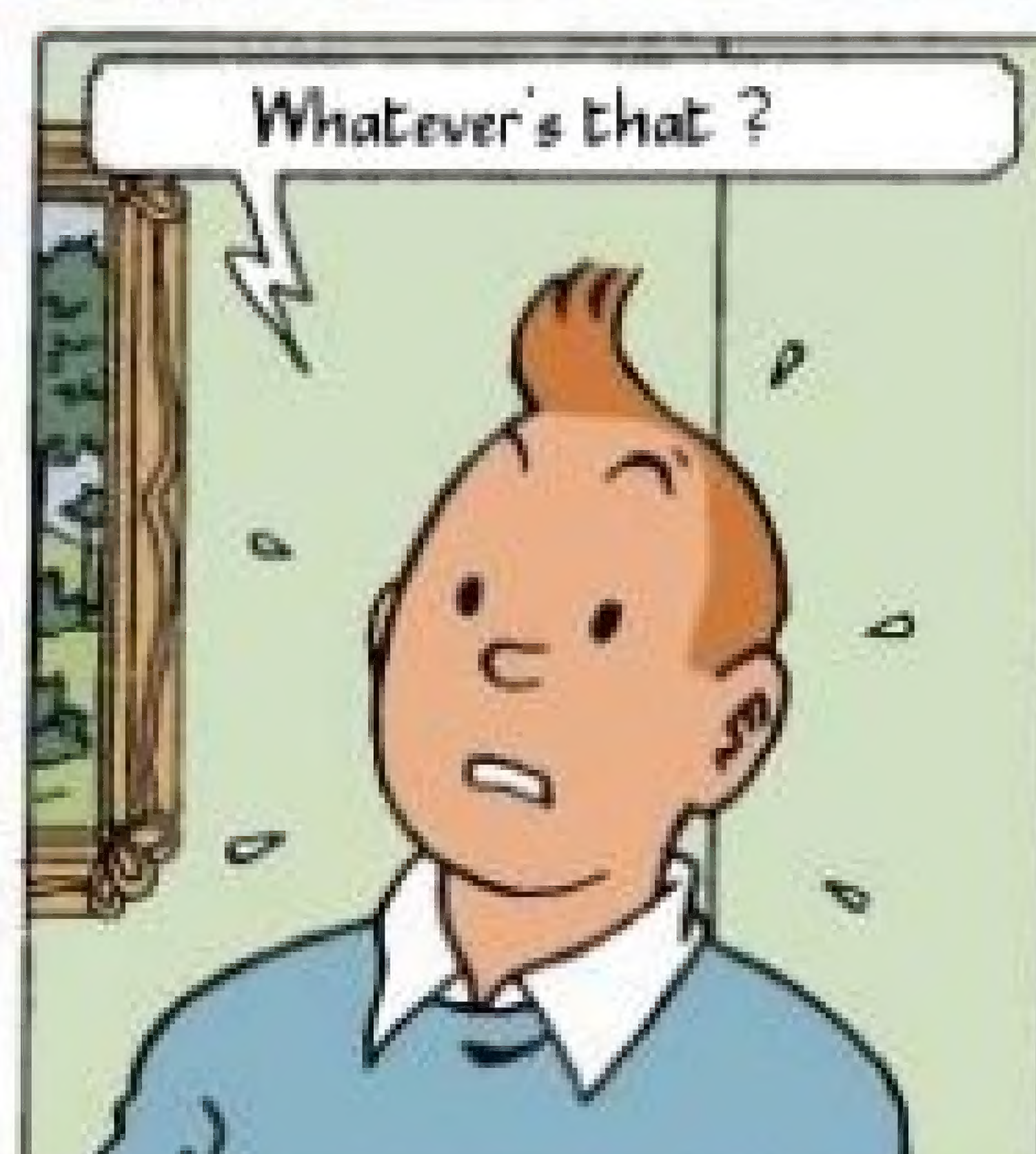


The Captain interested in art ? He never fails to surprise me !

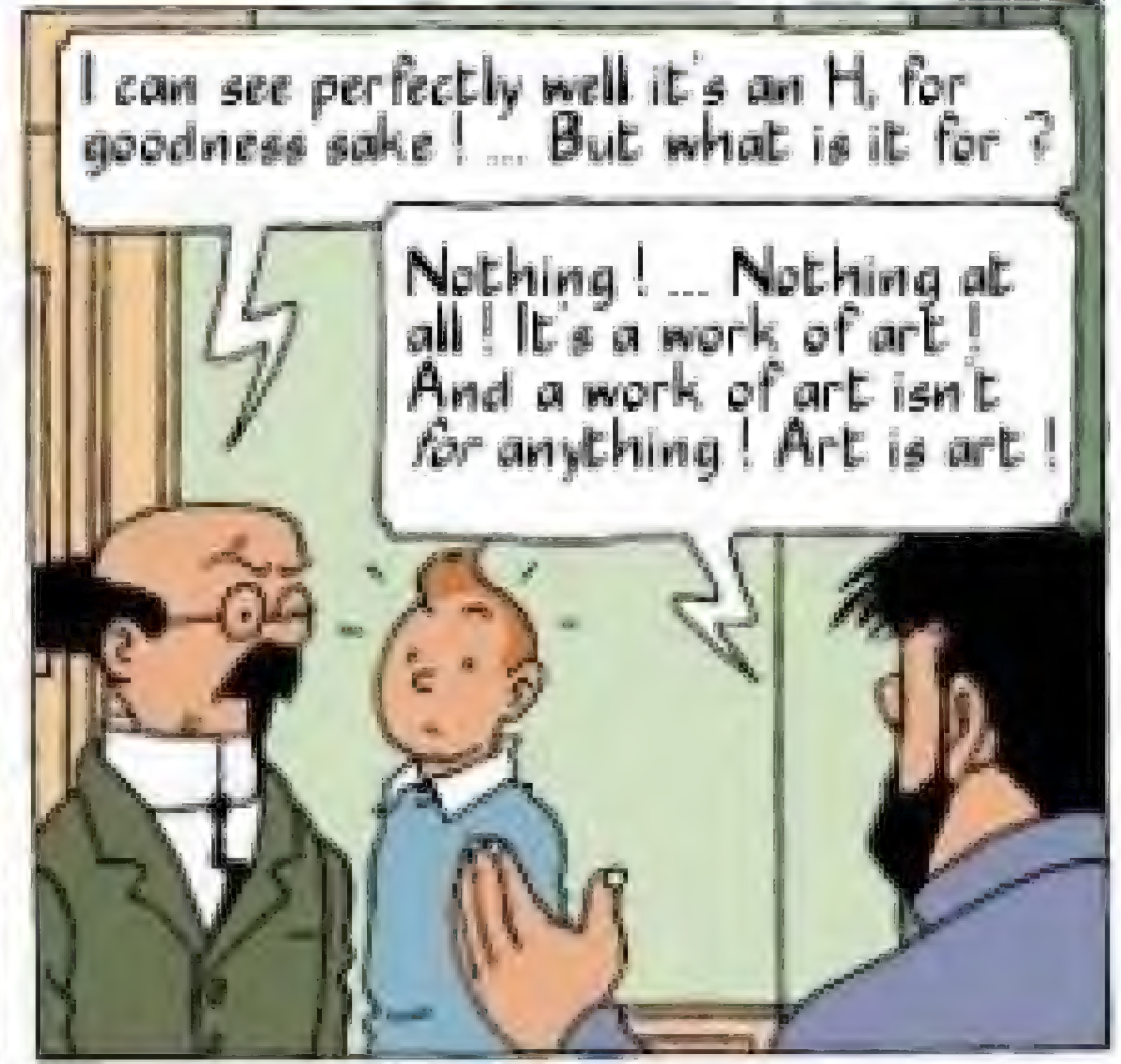


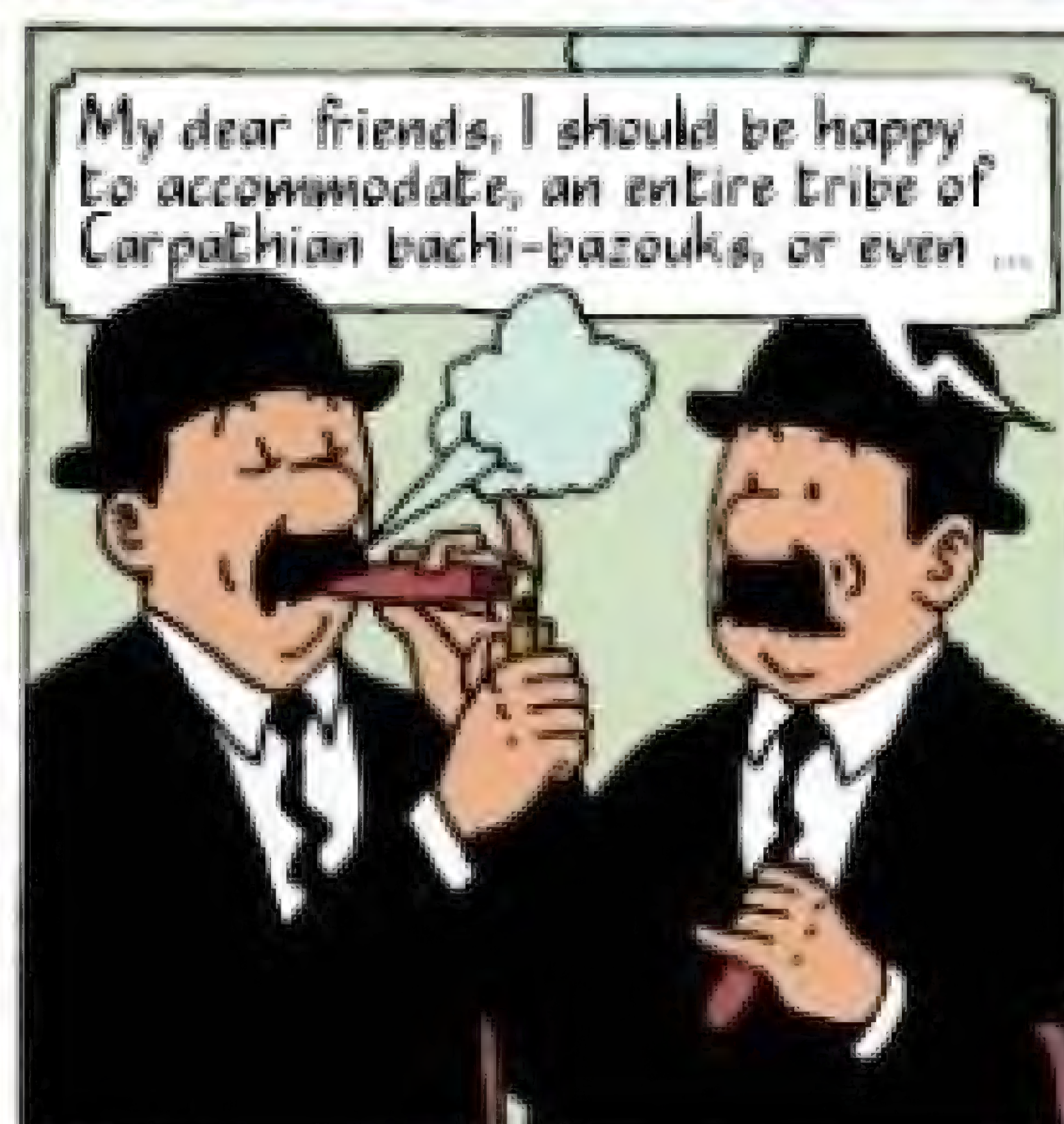
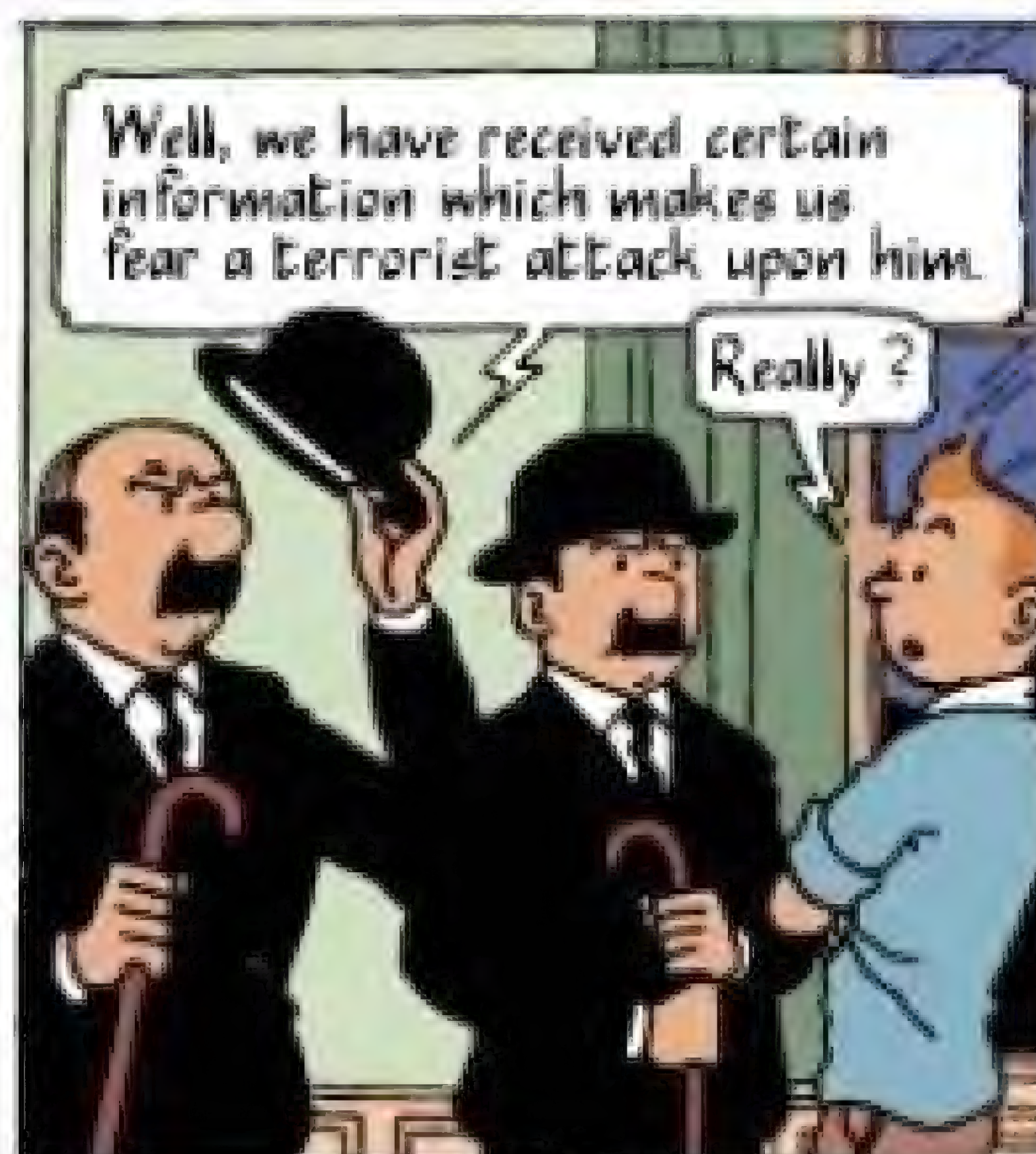
There !

?

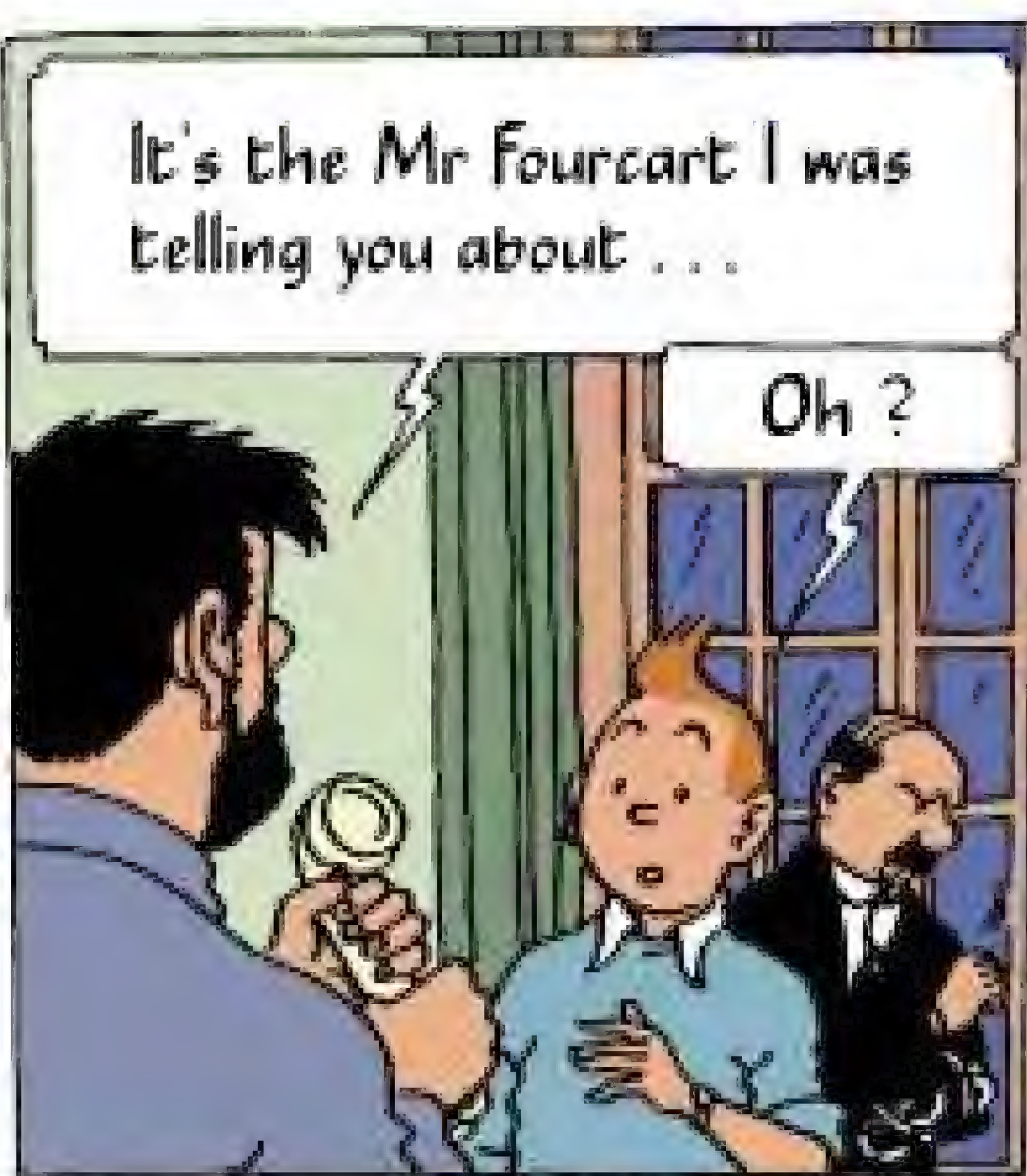


Whatever's that ?







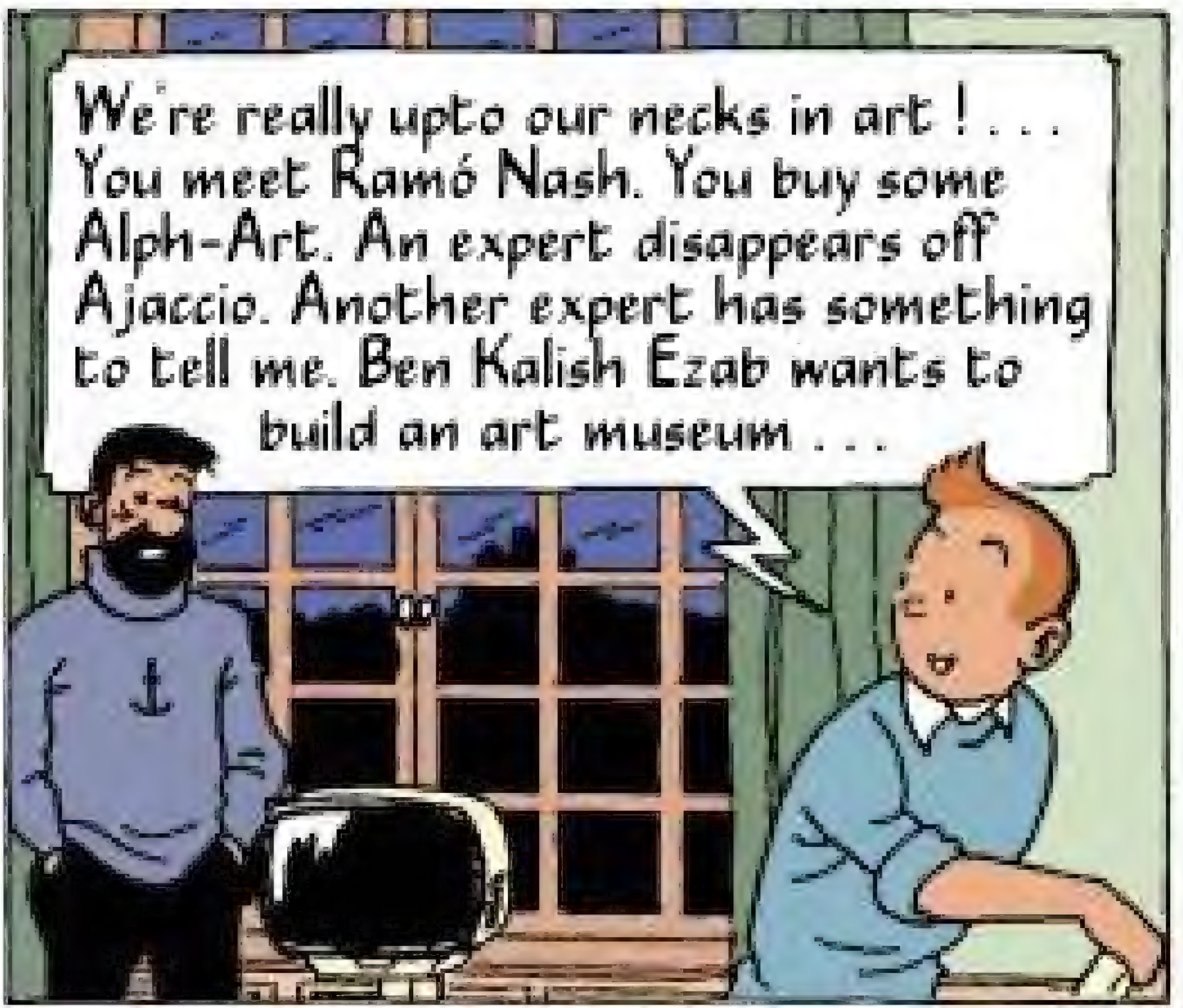


It's the Mr Fourcart I was telling you about ...

Oh ?



Hello, yes ... Yes, I'm Tintin ... Gladly ... Tomorrow, late afternoon? ... Certainly, about six o'clock ... Fine! ... Till tomorrow then, Mr Fourcart.

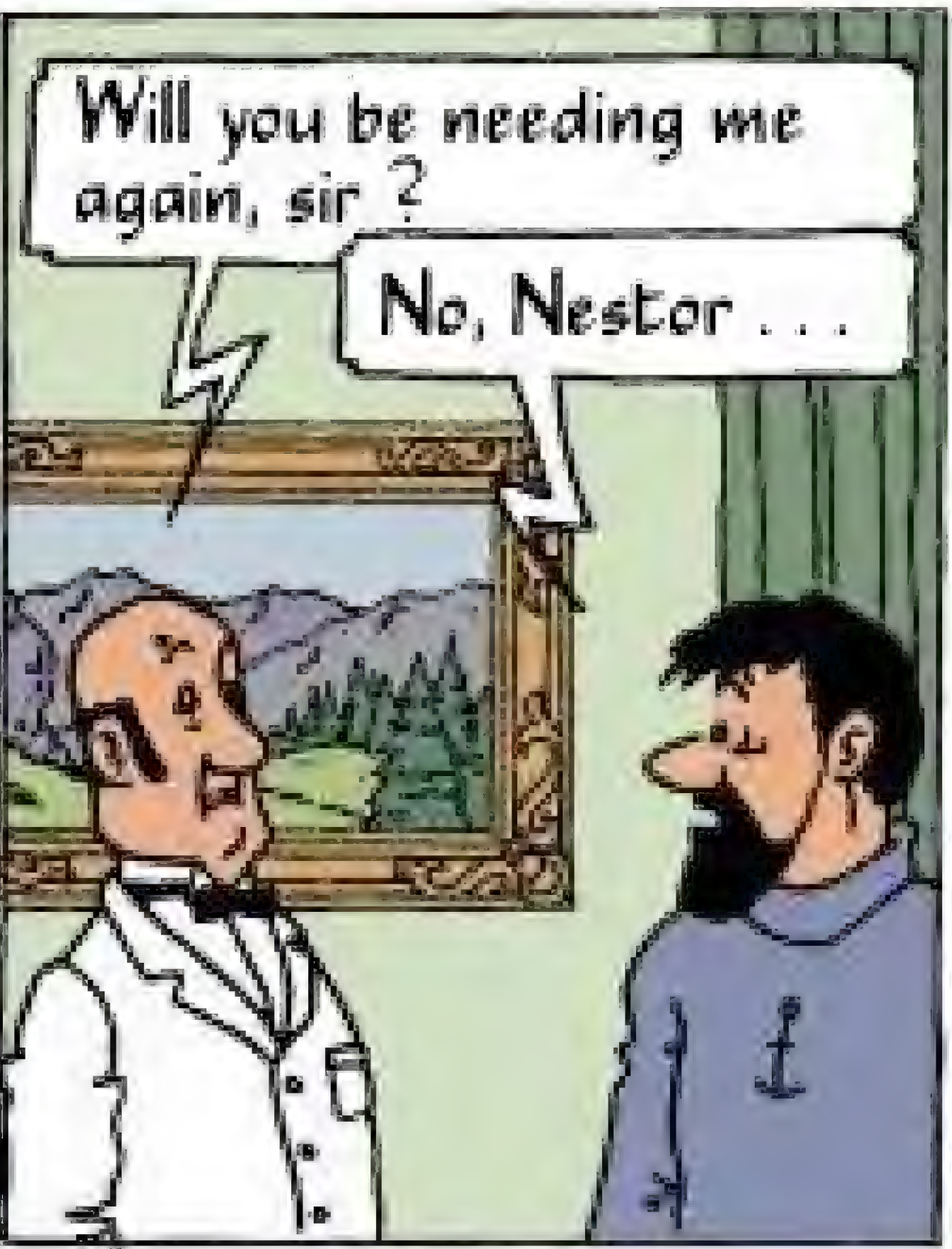


We're really upto our necks in art! ... You meet Ramó Nash. You buy some Alph-Art. An expert disappears off Ajaccio. Another expert has something to tell me. Ben Kalish Ezab wants to build an art museum ...



Ahem ...

Yes ?



Will you be needing me again, sir ?

No, Nestor ...



Tell me, Nestor, what do you think of this ? Honestly, now ...

What is it, sir ?



It's an H, Nestor, as you can see.



Yes Sir, I do see. And what is it for, sir ?



Nothing, Nestor, it's a work of art. ... goodnight Nestor.



So, Captain, you've thought about our proposition ?

Which was ... ?



About letting the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab and his son stay here incognito?

I already told you - Abdullah is never setting foot under this roof again!



That's fine, but if you ever change your mind, you will let us know, won't you ?



Of course. Good-night, gentlemen.

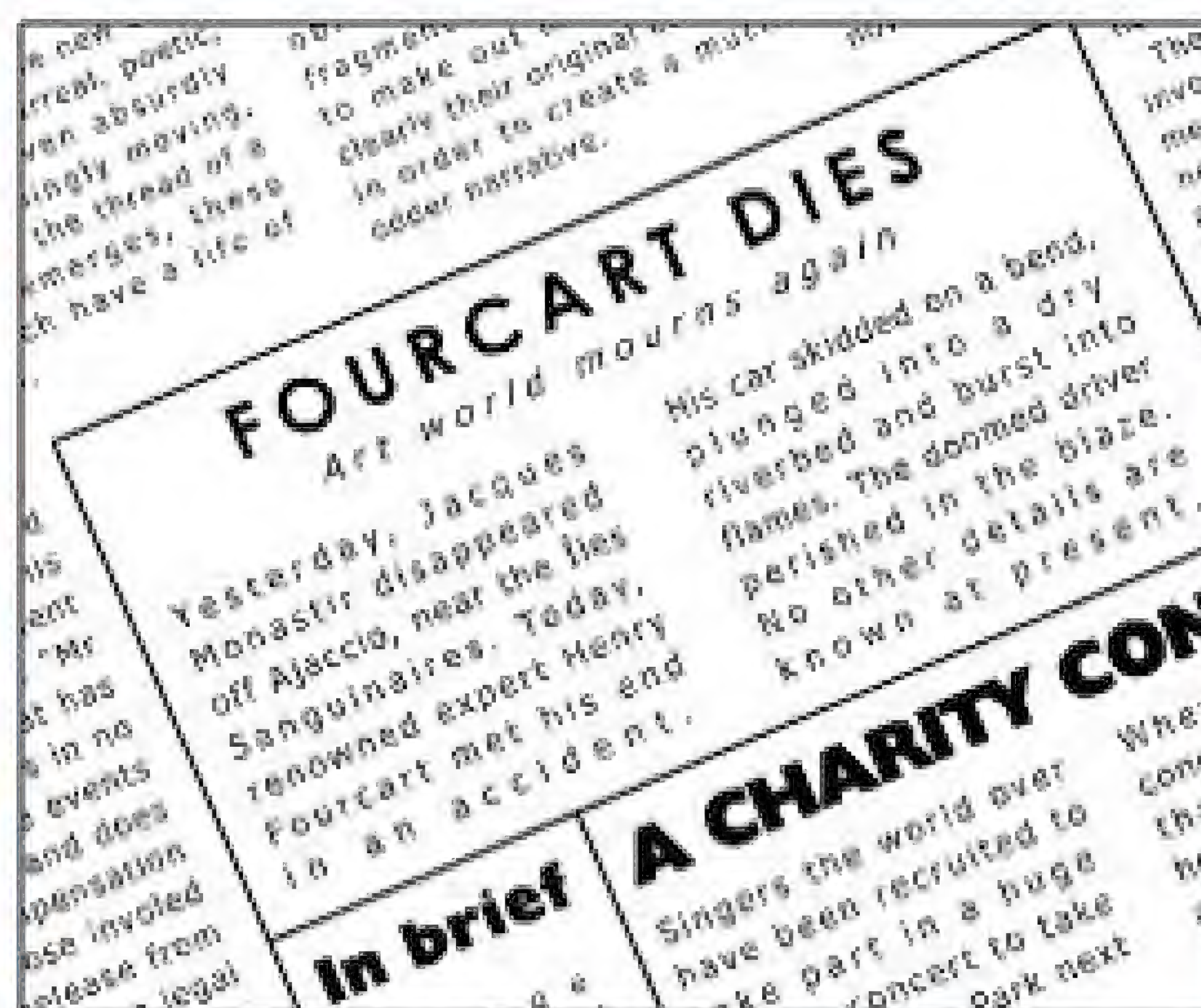


The next evening...

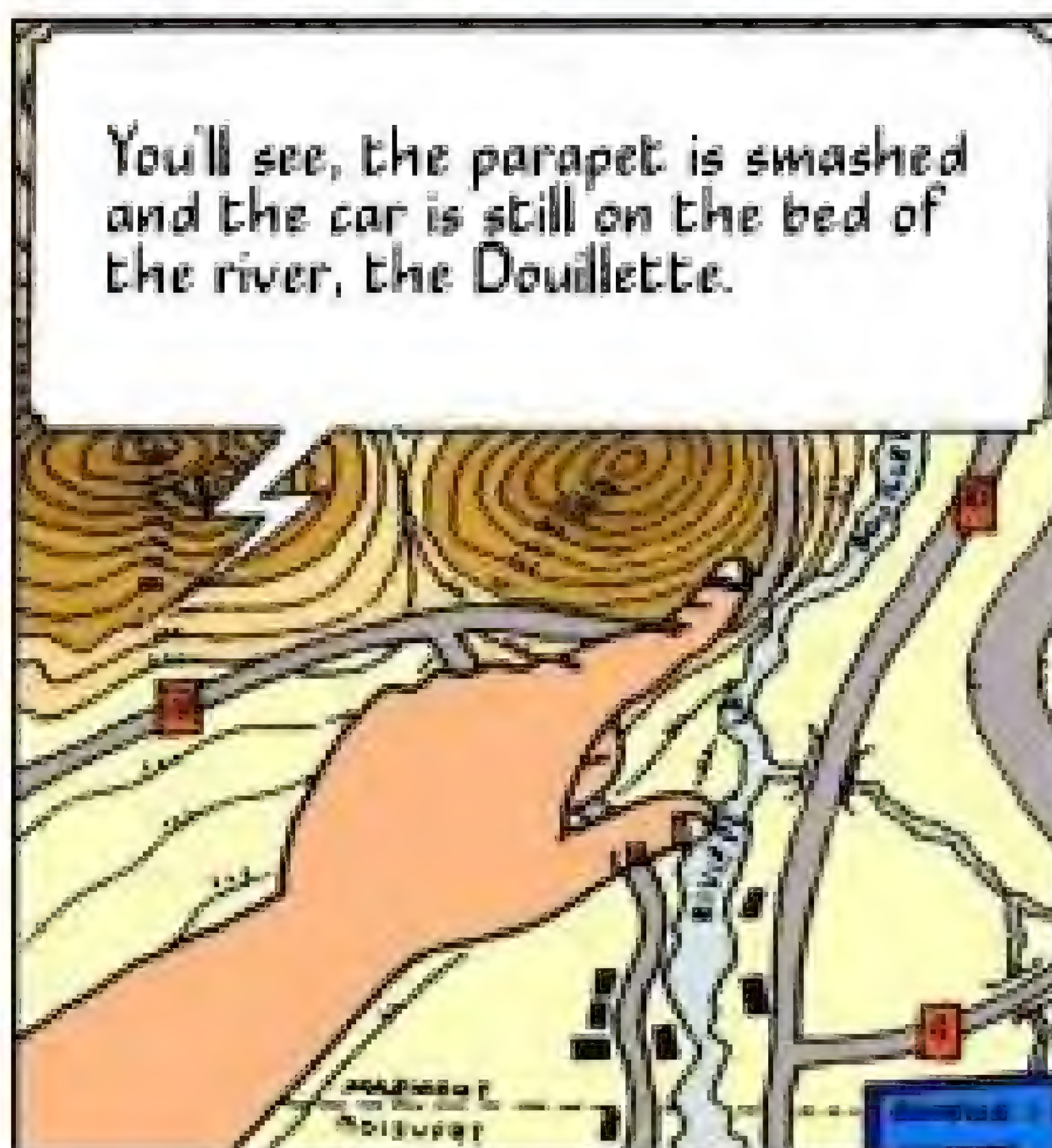
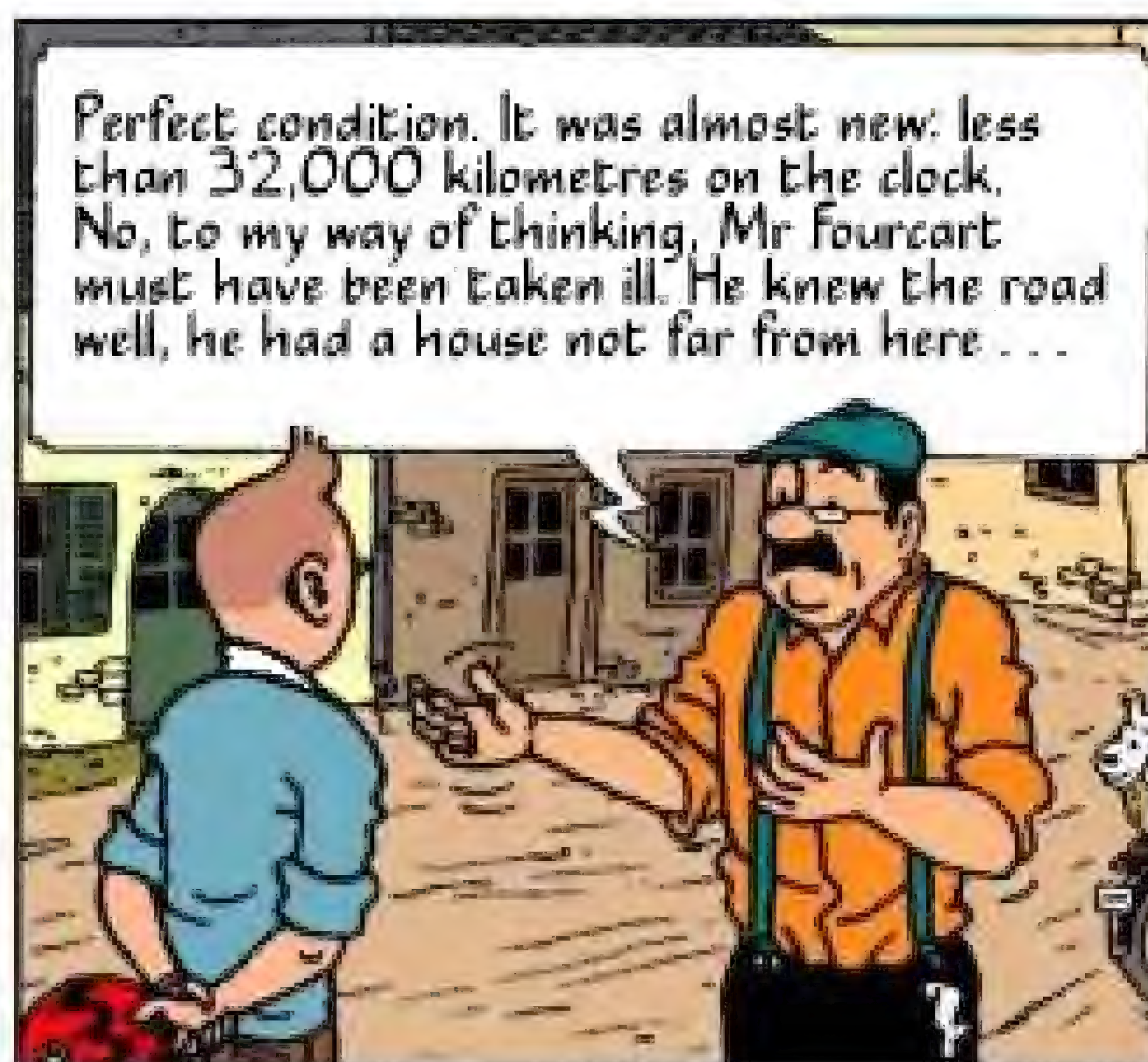
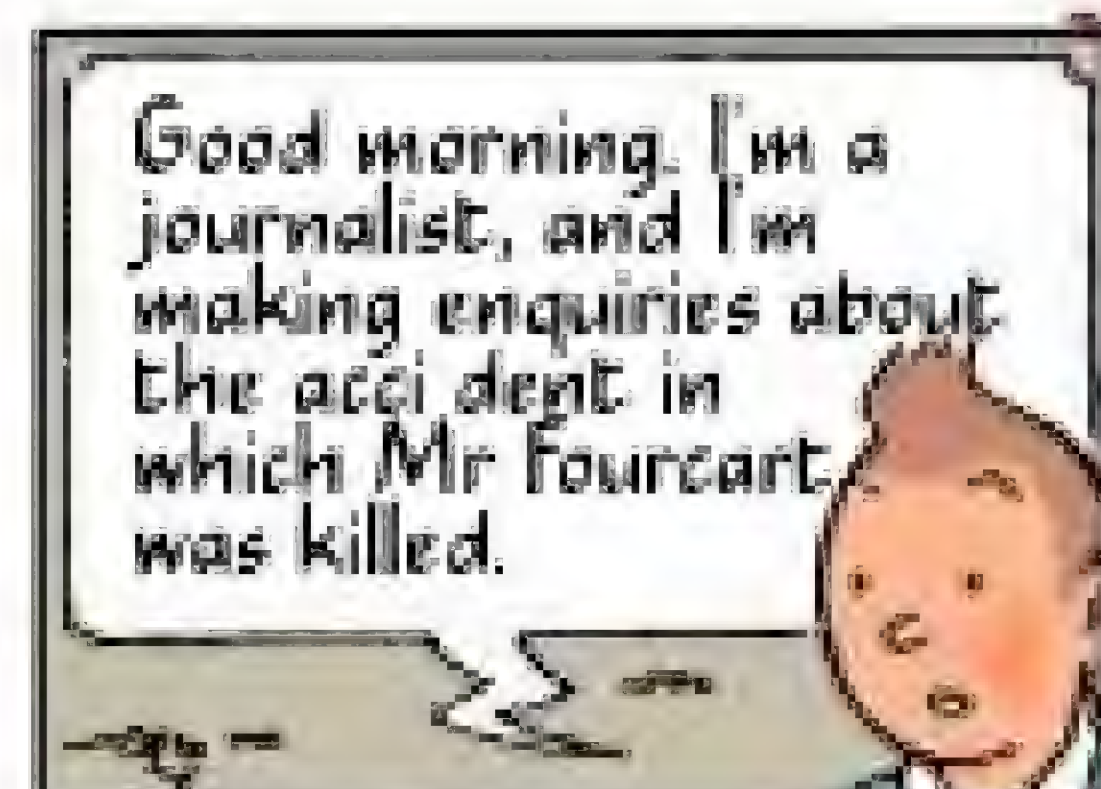
Ten to six ... Mr Fourcart should be here soon.

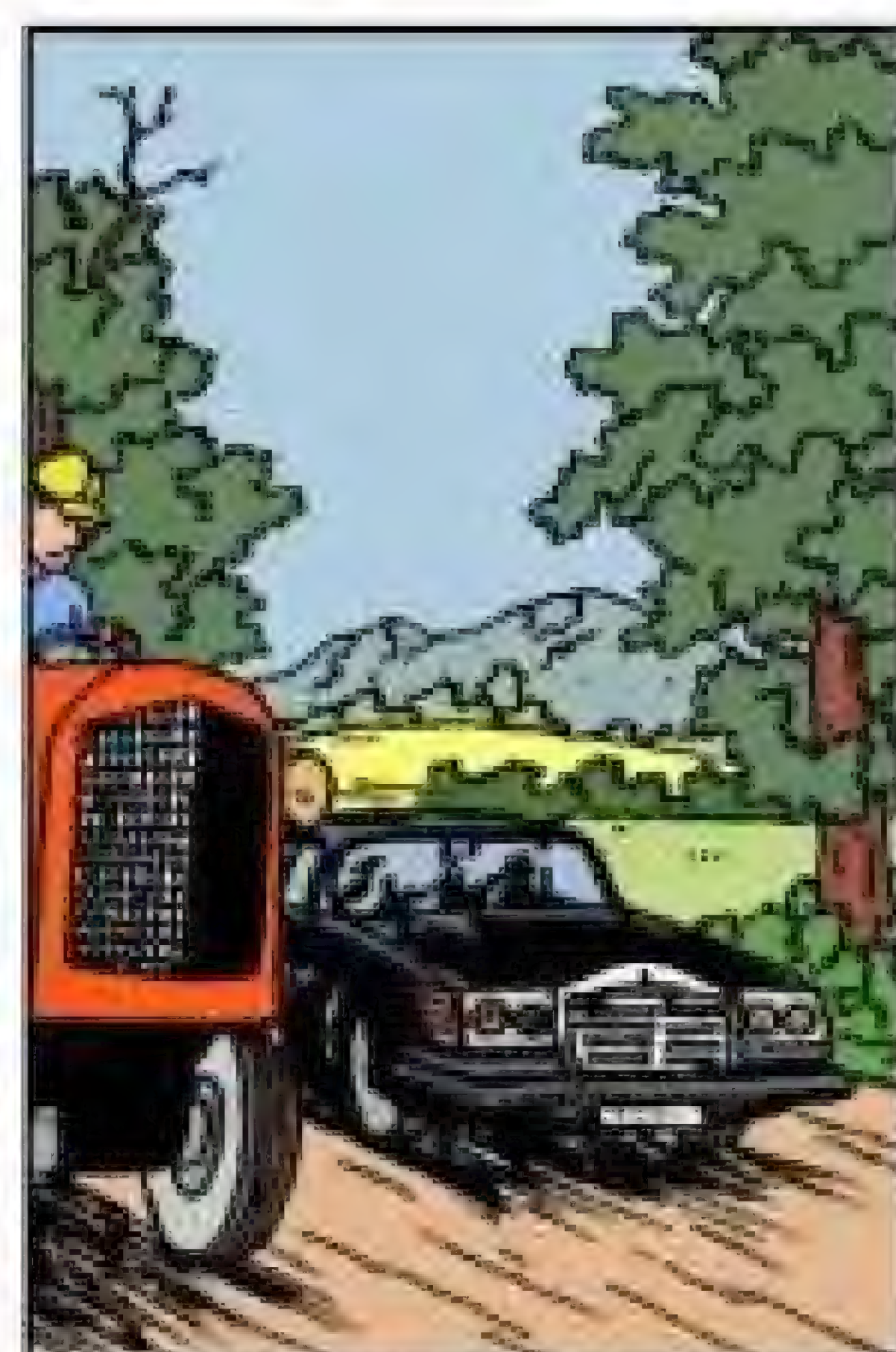
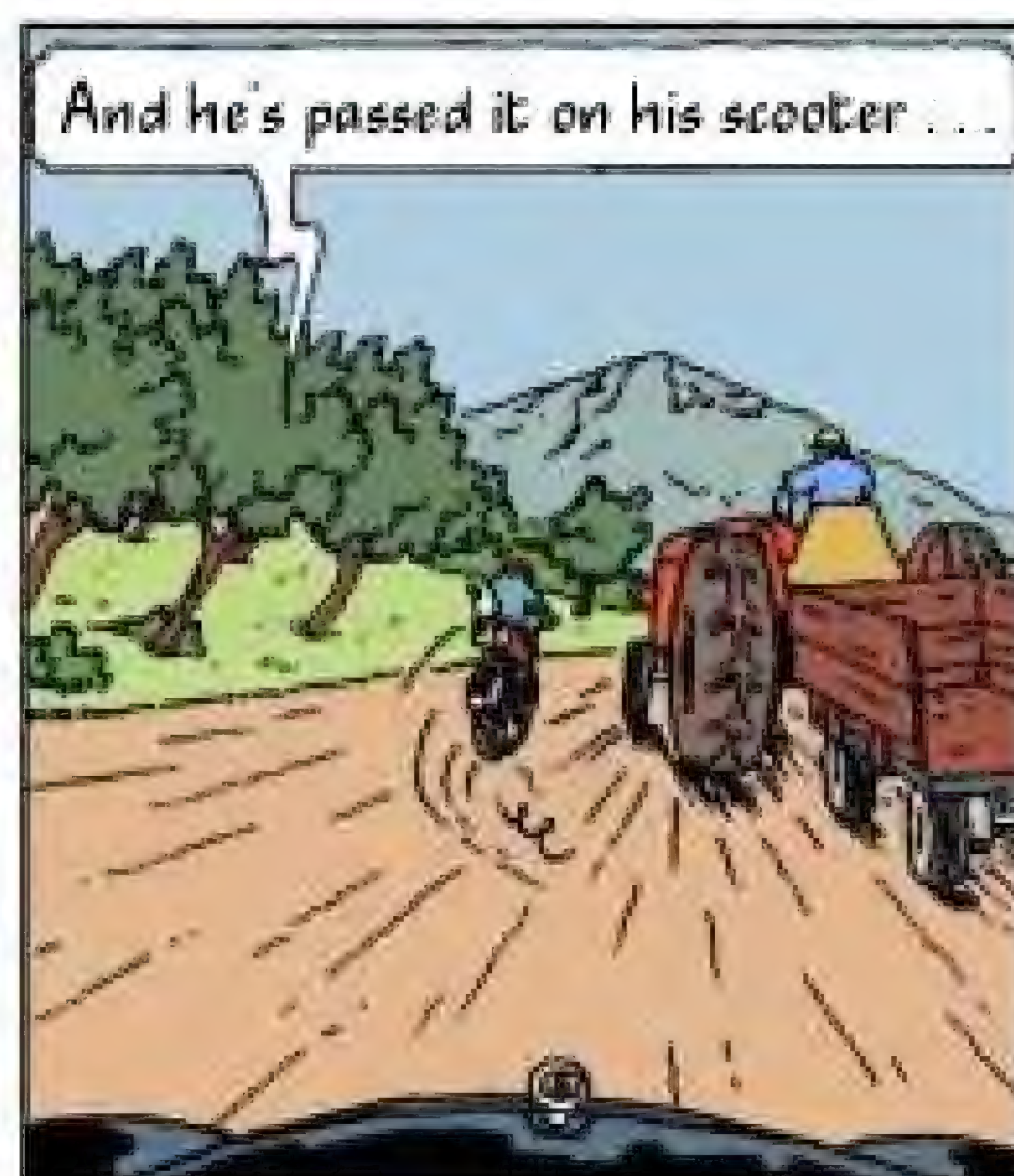


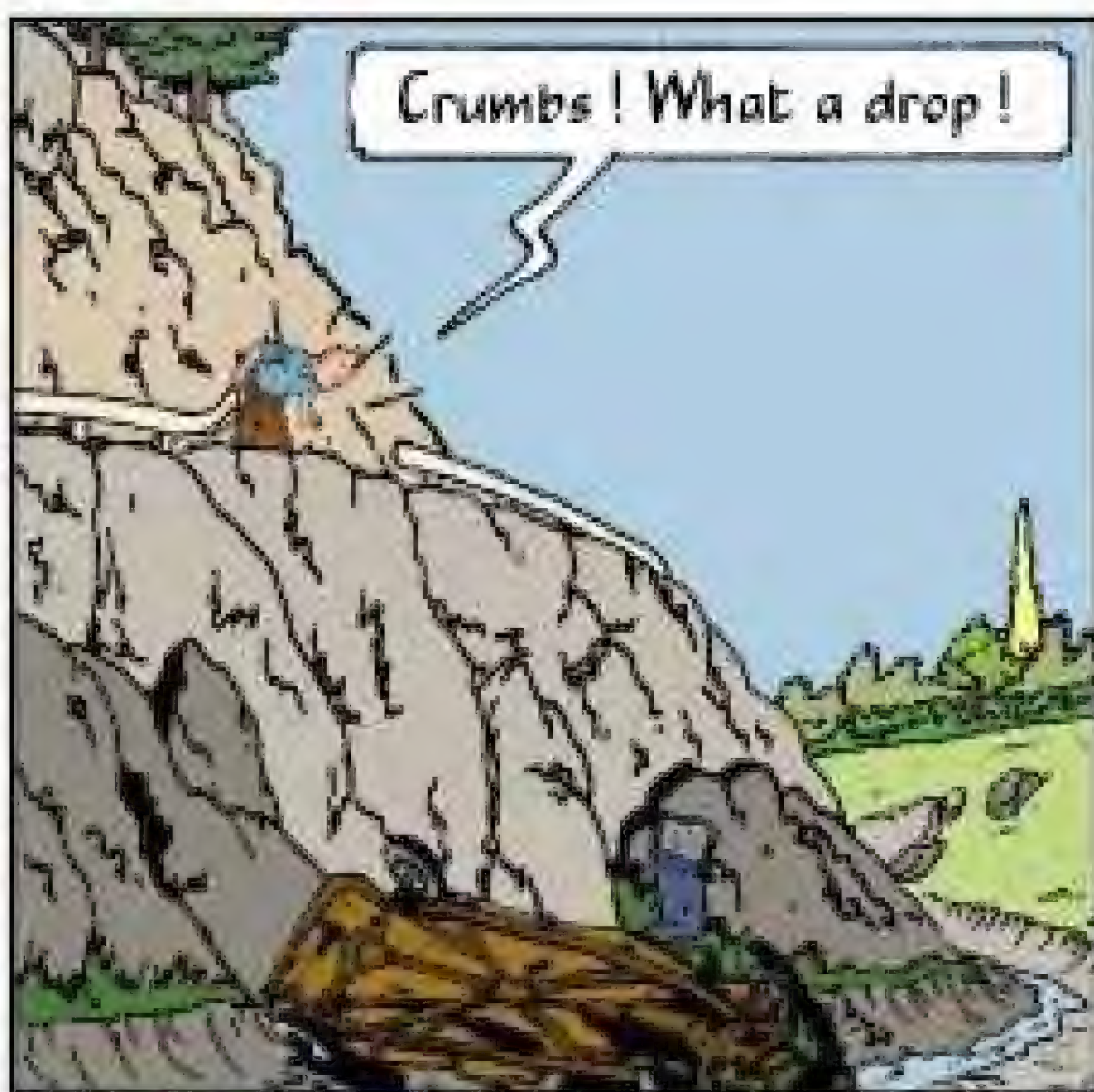
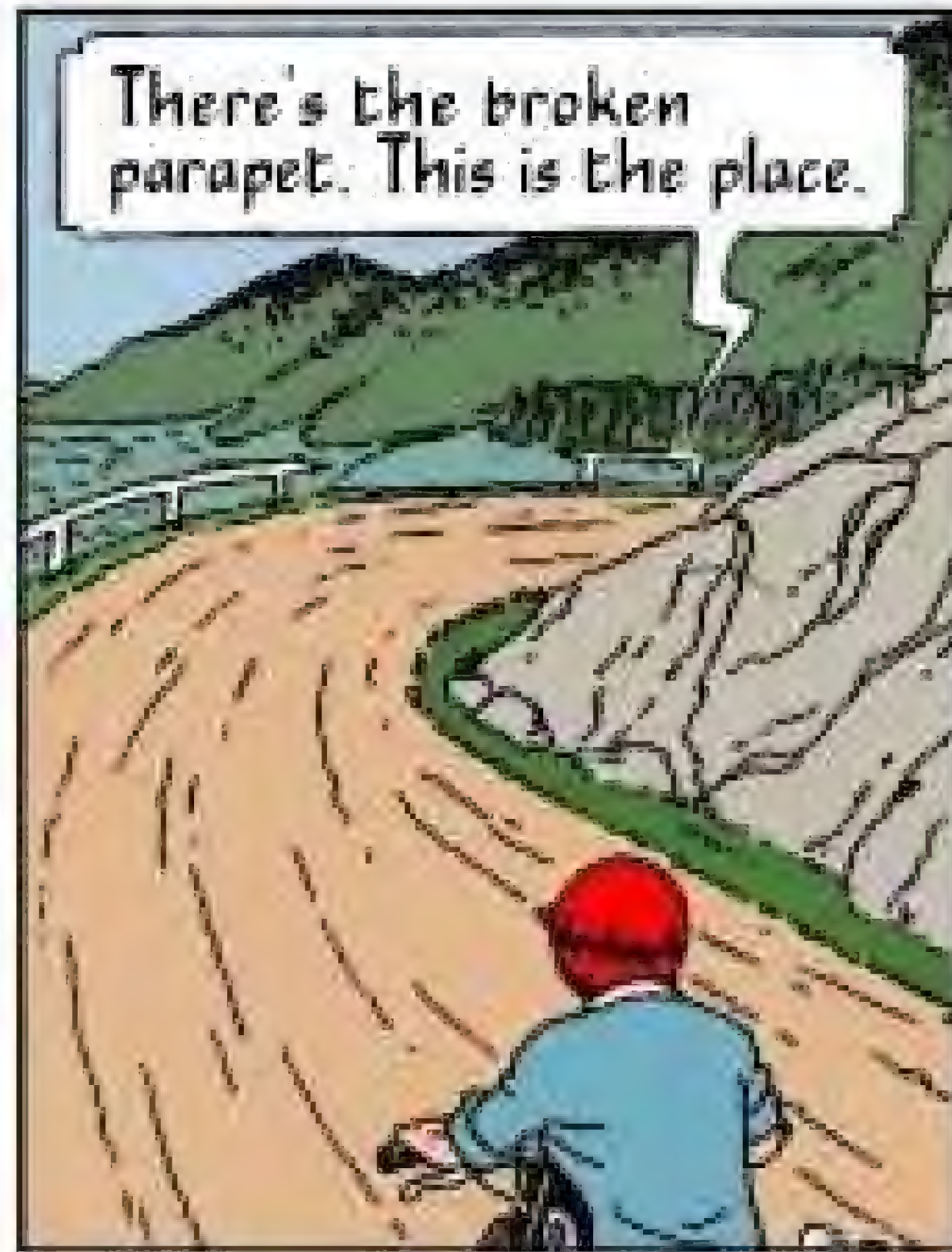
Half past seven ... Our Mr Fourcart surely won't come now ... Funny ... Has he forgotten our meeting ?

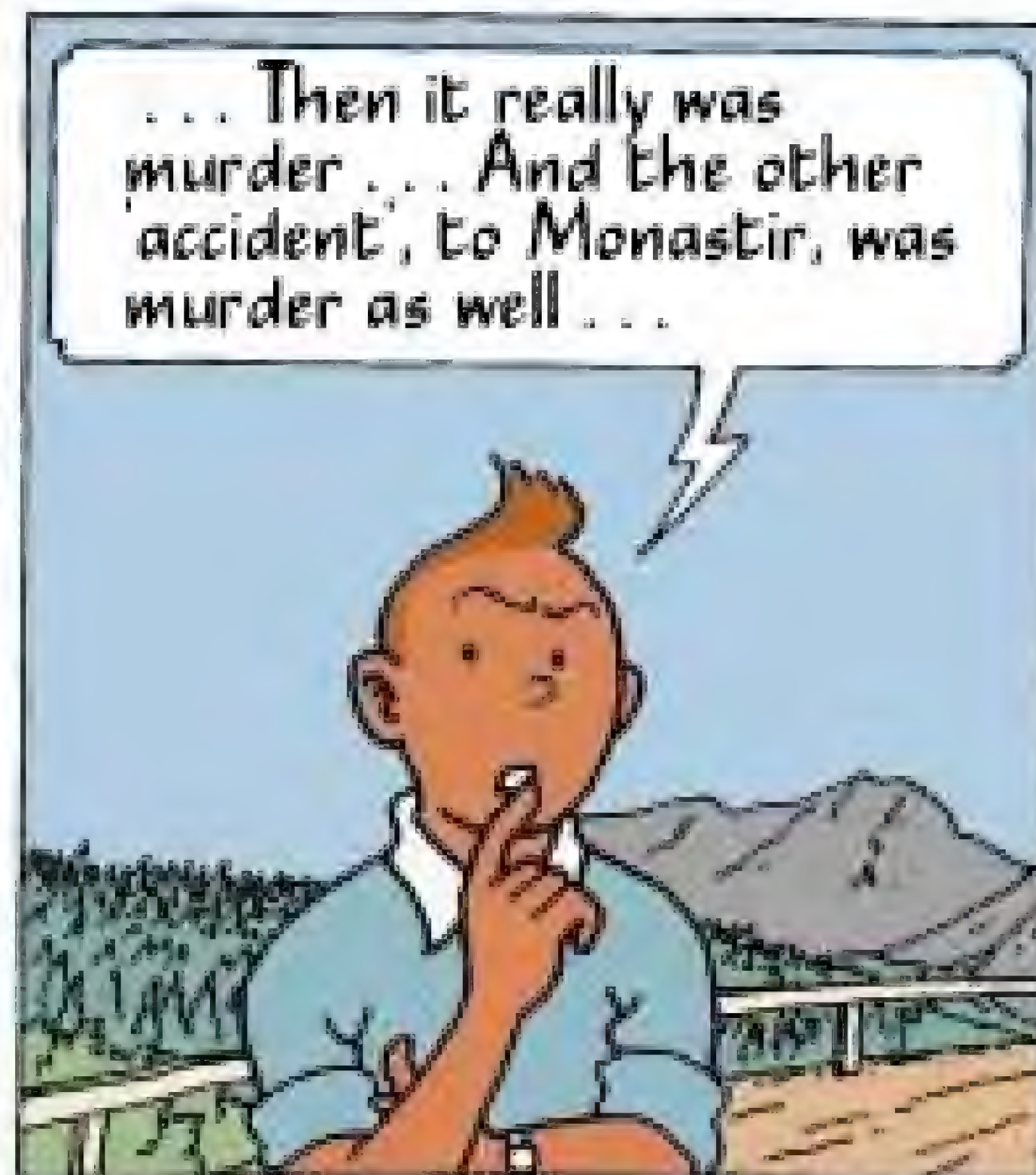














Get going! We've botched it!



Those people must be absolutely daft!

WOOAH!
WOOAH!



I say, look at this!



Don't touch it! ... There'll probably be fingerprints.



I'm taking this to the police. But first of all, I'm going after them.

In the state they're in, they won't get far.



This time there's no mistake. They tried to kill me. But how did they know they'd find me here? ...



Only the garage-man ... Yes, but Miss Martine ... she knew I was going to see the garage-man ...



Stop! There's their car!



Careful, Snowy! We must keep our eyes open ...



... They'll stop at nothing.



TACATACATAC TACAC



The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,
Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more
convinced that Mr Fourcart's
death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you
really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that
yesterday, someone tried to kill
me too.

What did you say?
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,
one single person knew that I
was going to see Fleurette at
the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know
who that person is?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande
... And that
person is ...

Yes?

YOU!

Me?

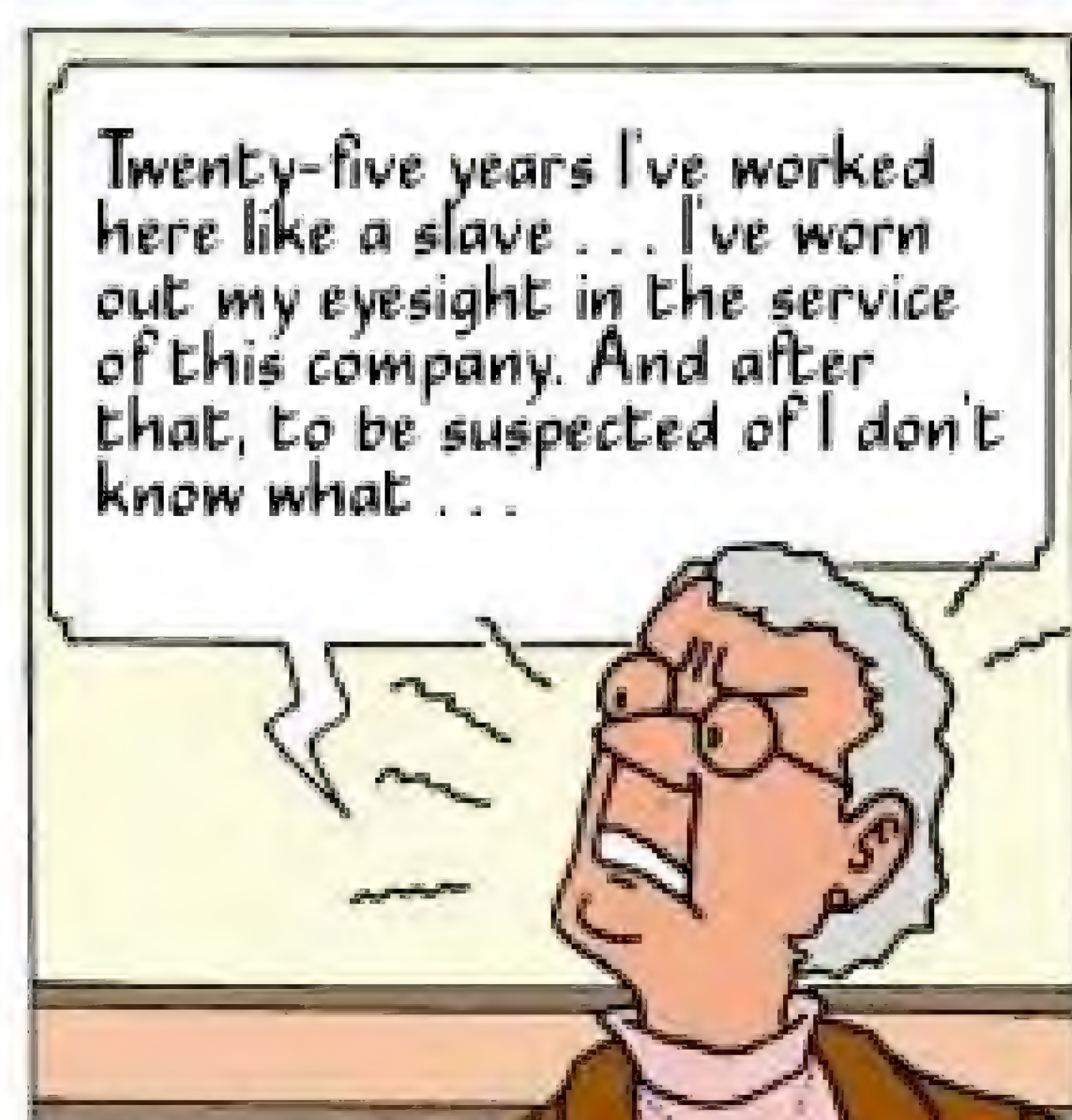
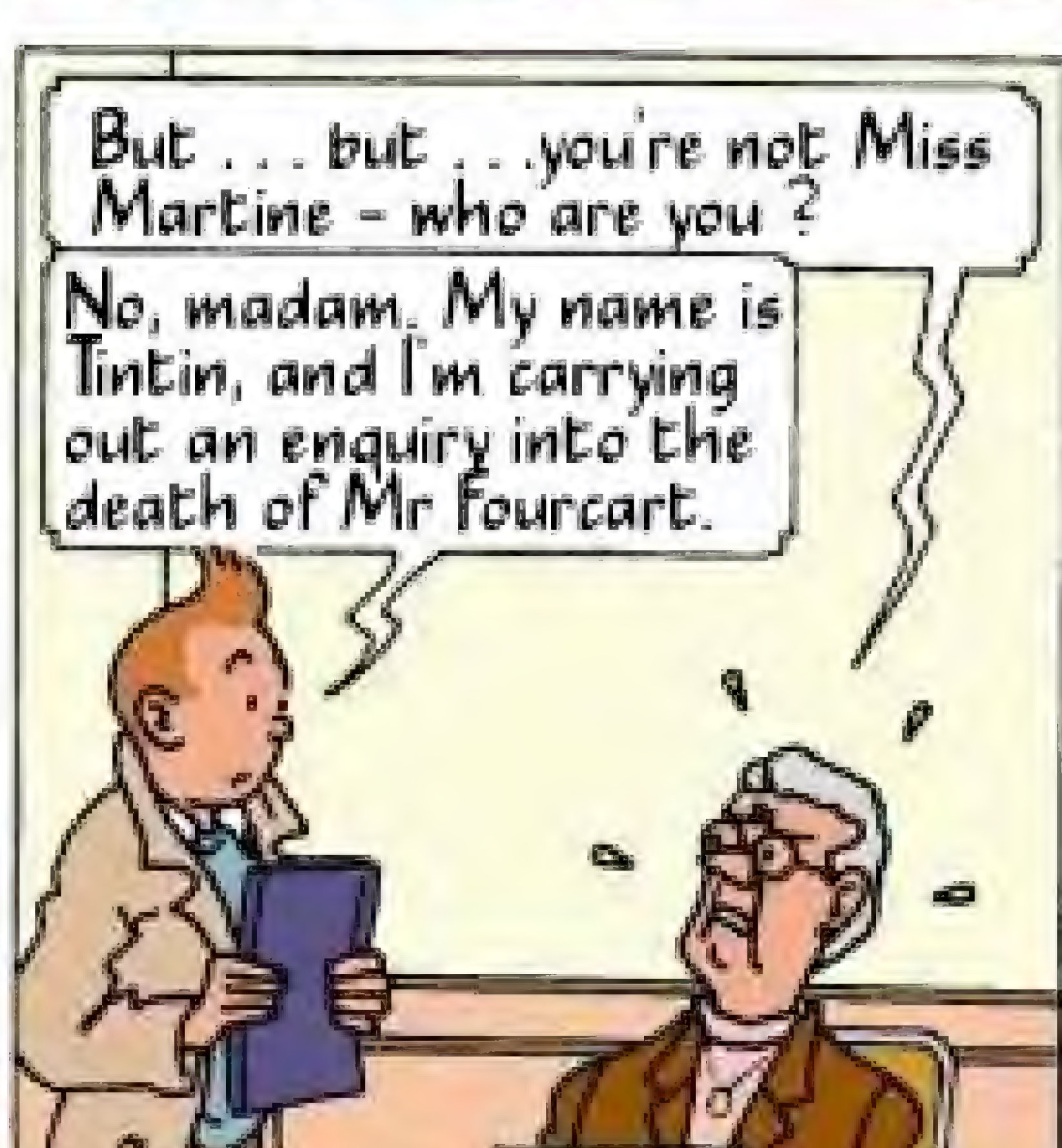
Yes, you! ... Who did you tell
I was going to Leignault?

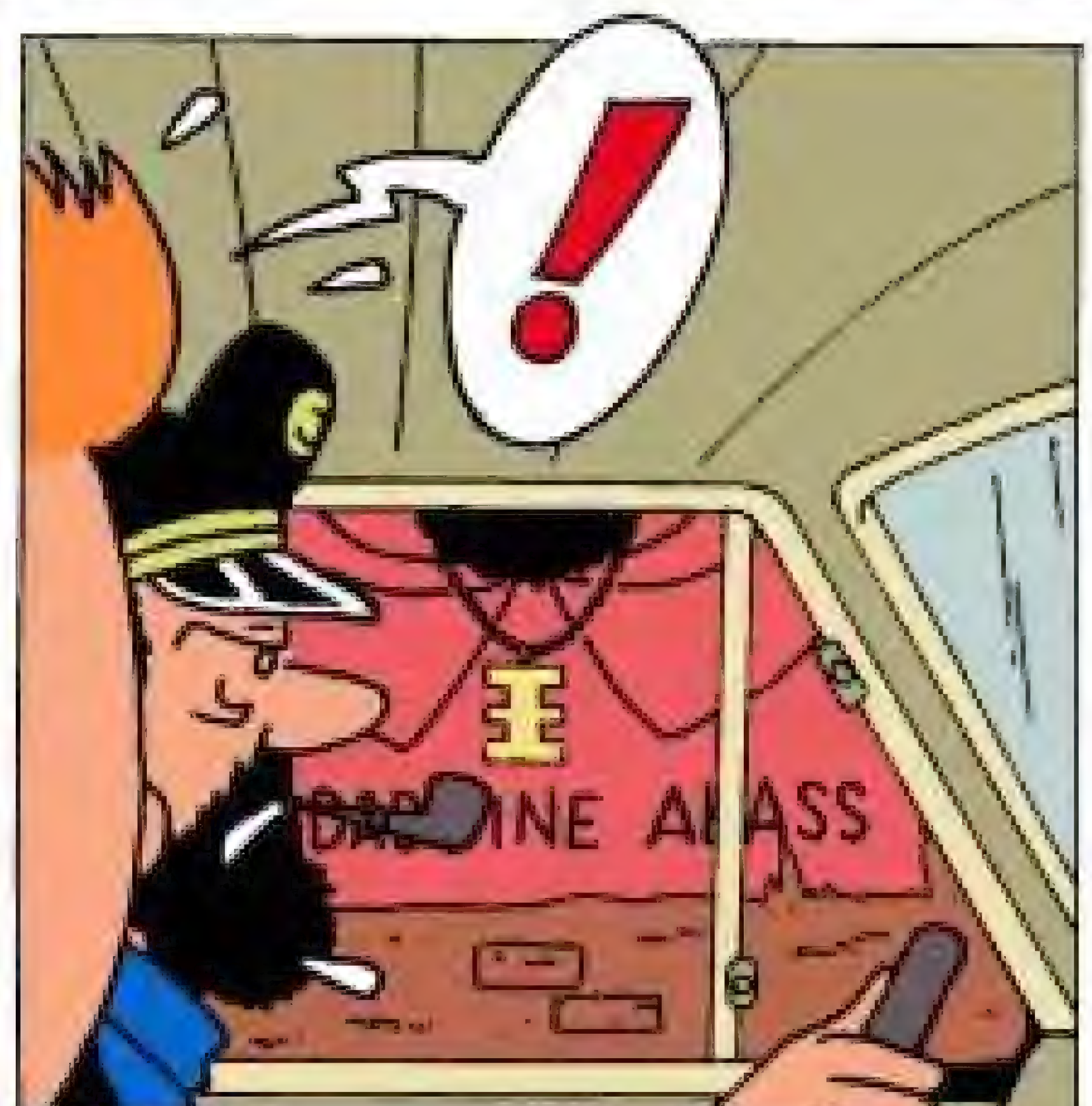
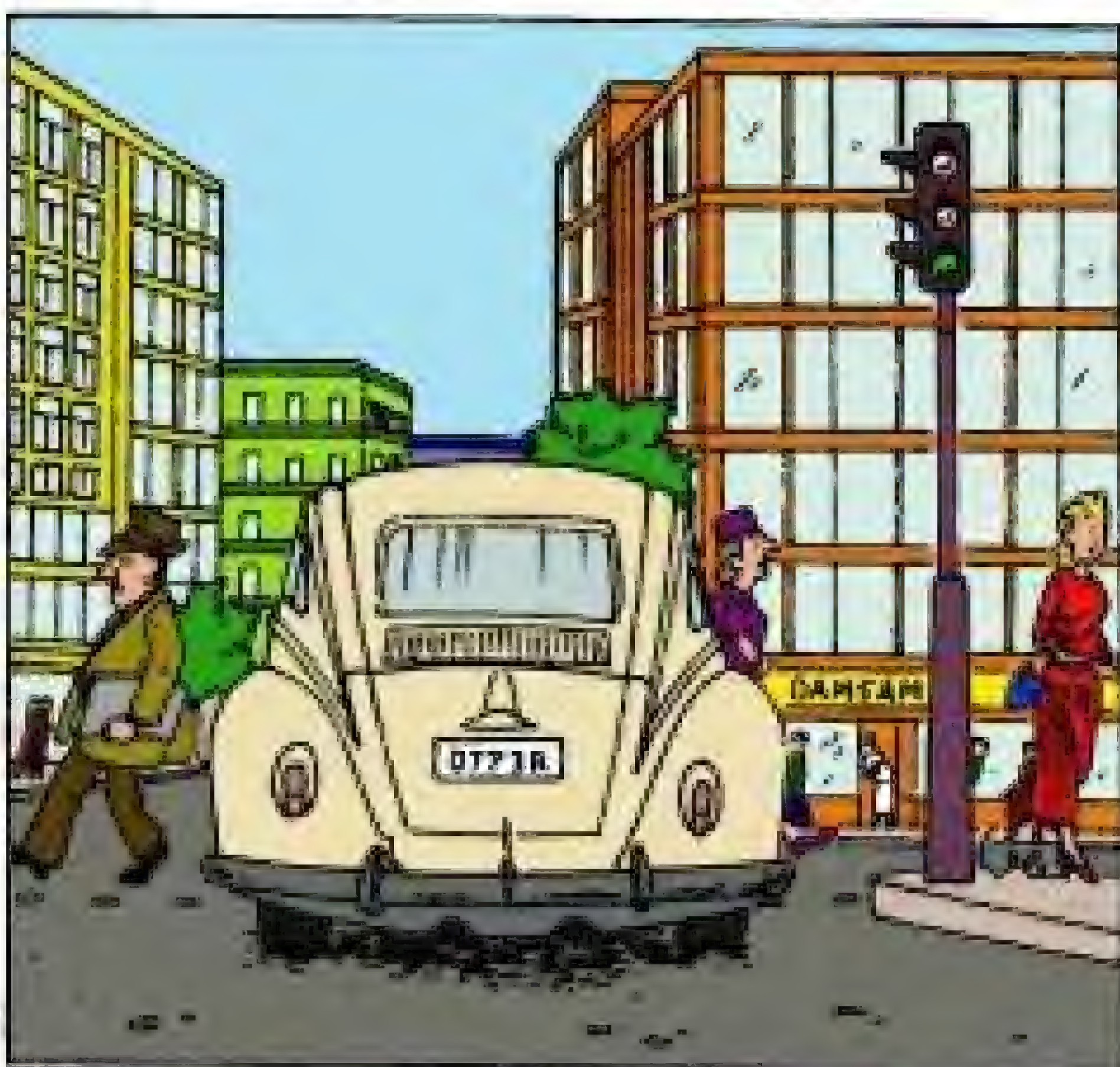
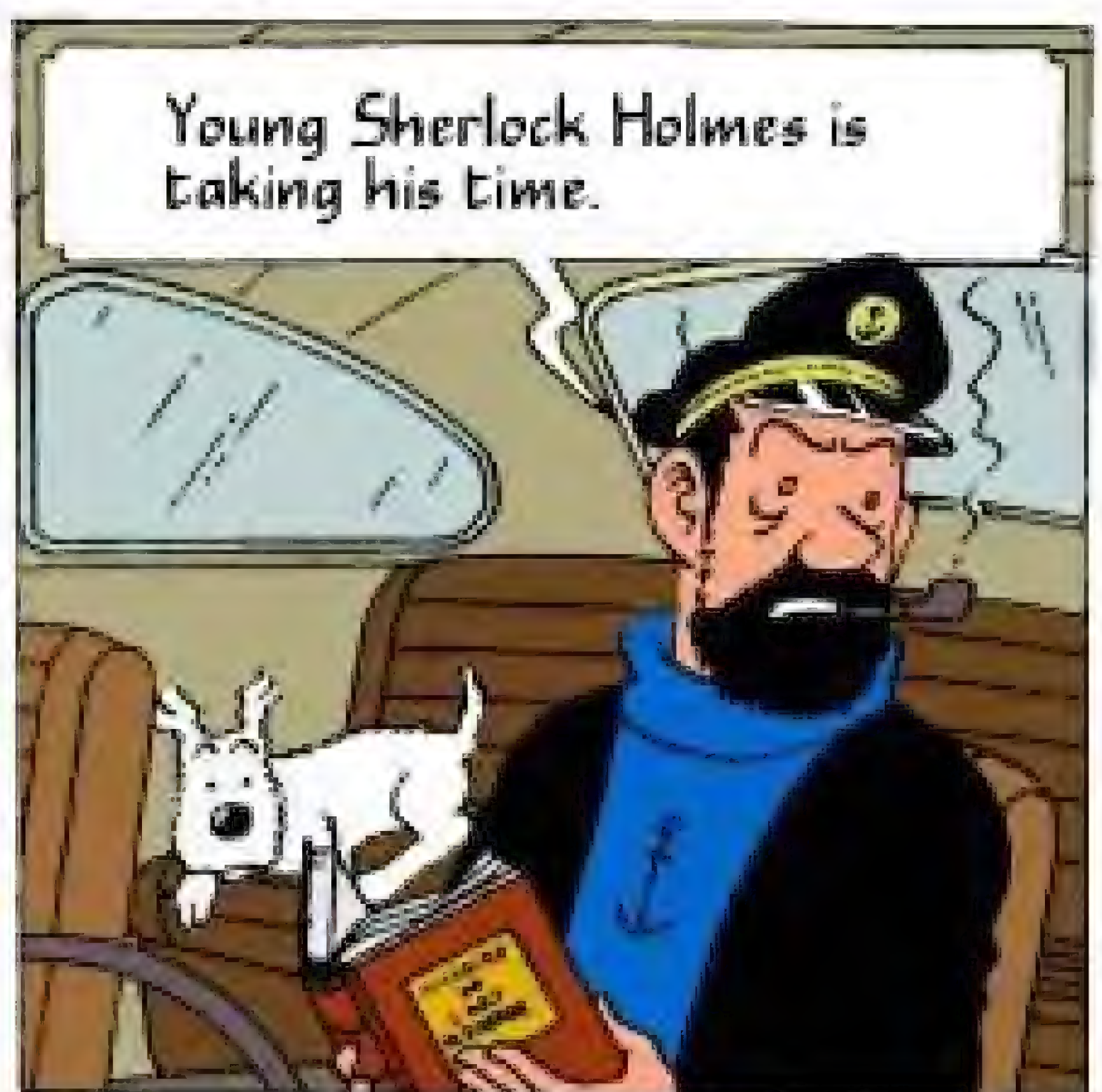
But ... but I told no one,
I swear to you! ...

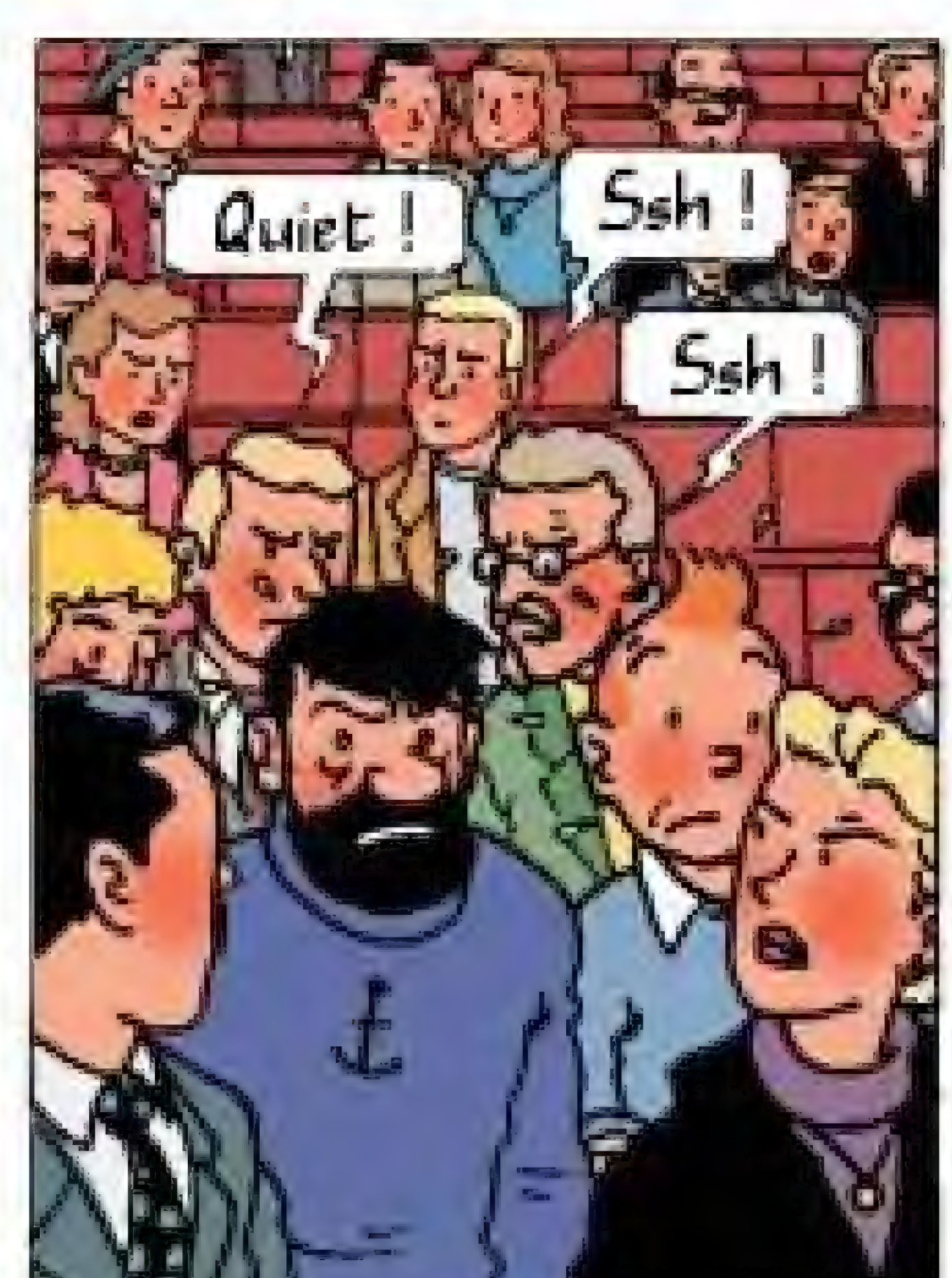
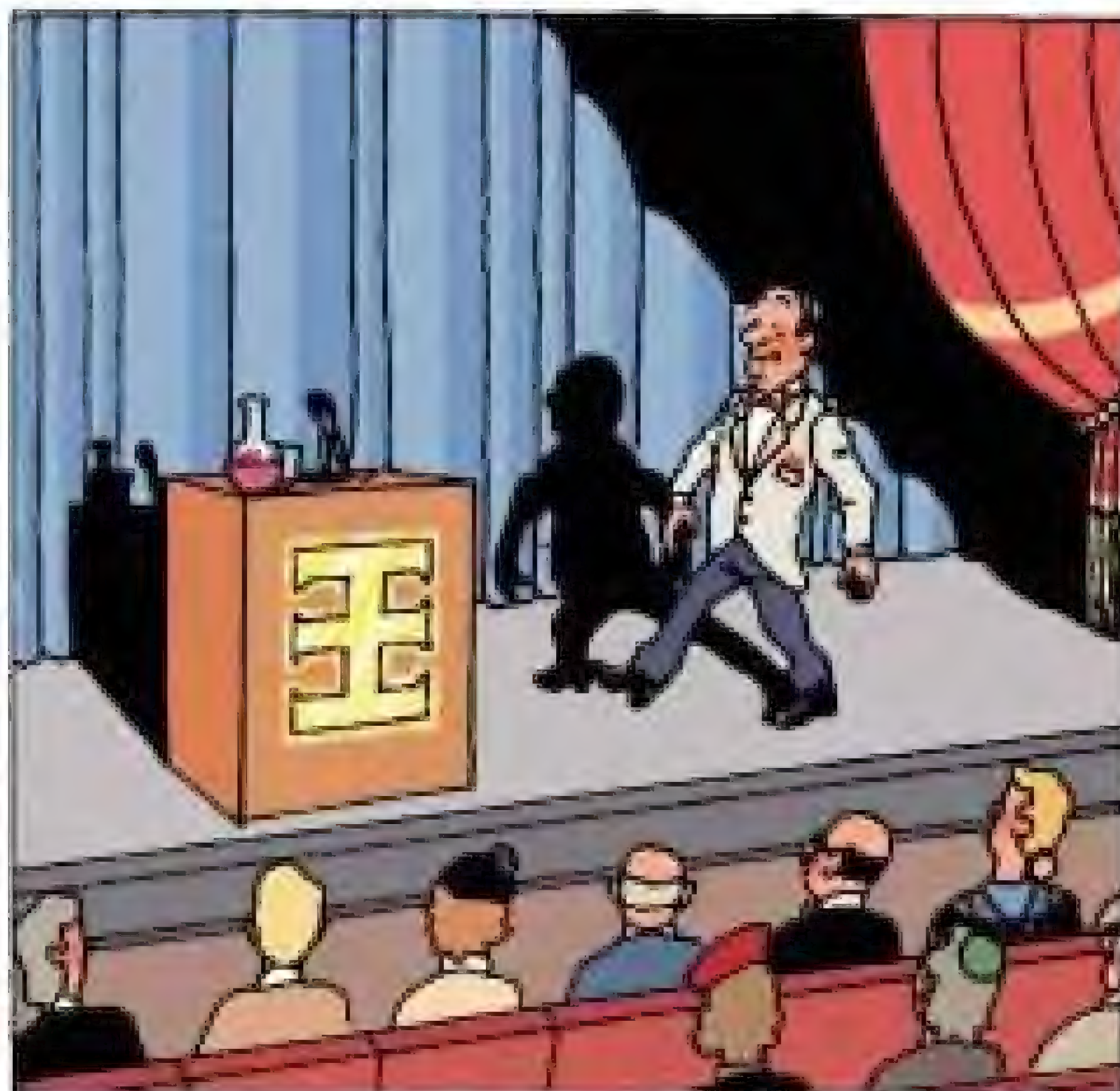
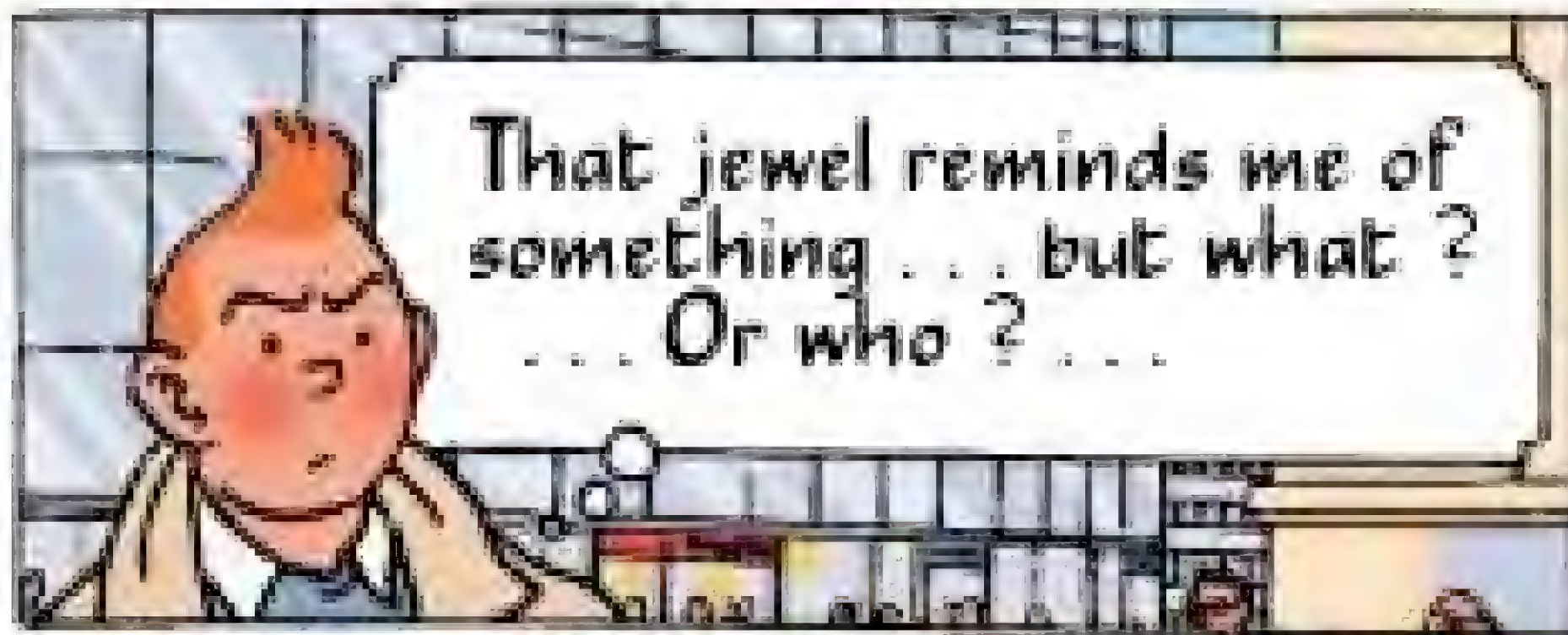
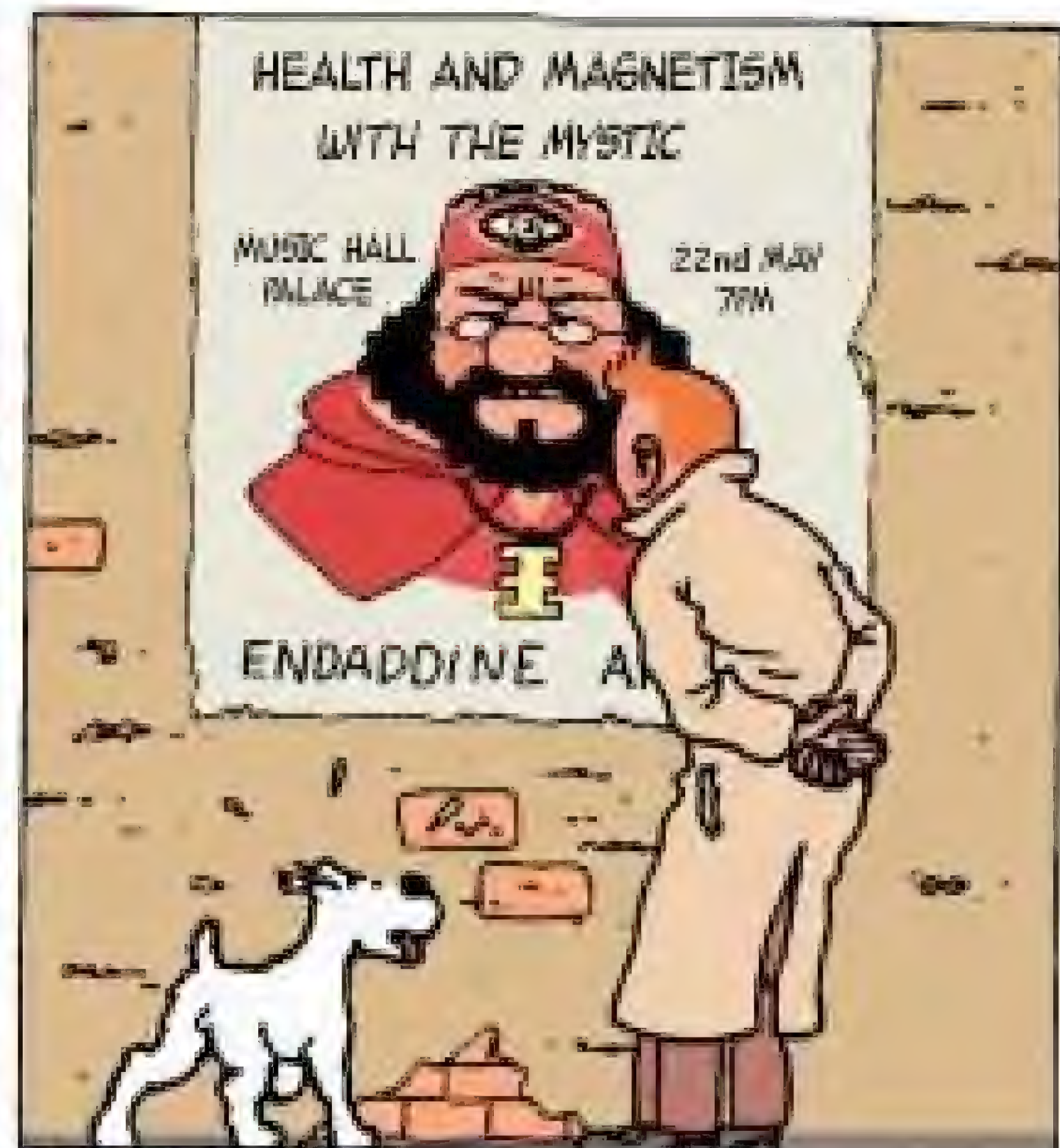
It's dreadful! ... You dare to
suspect me ... Me who ... Me
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

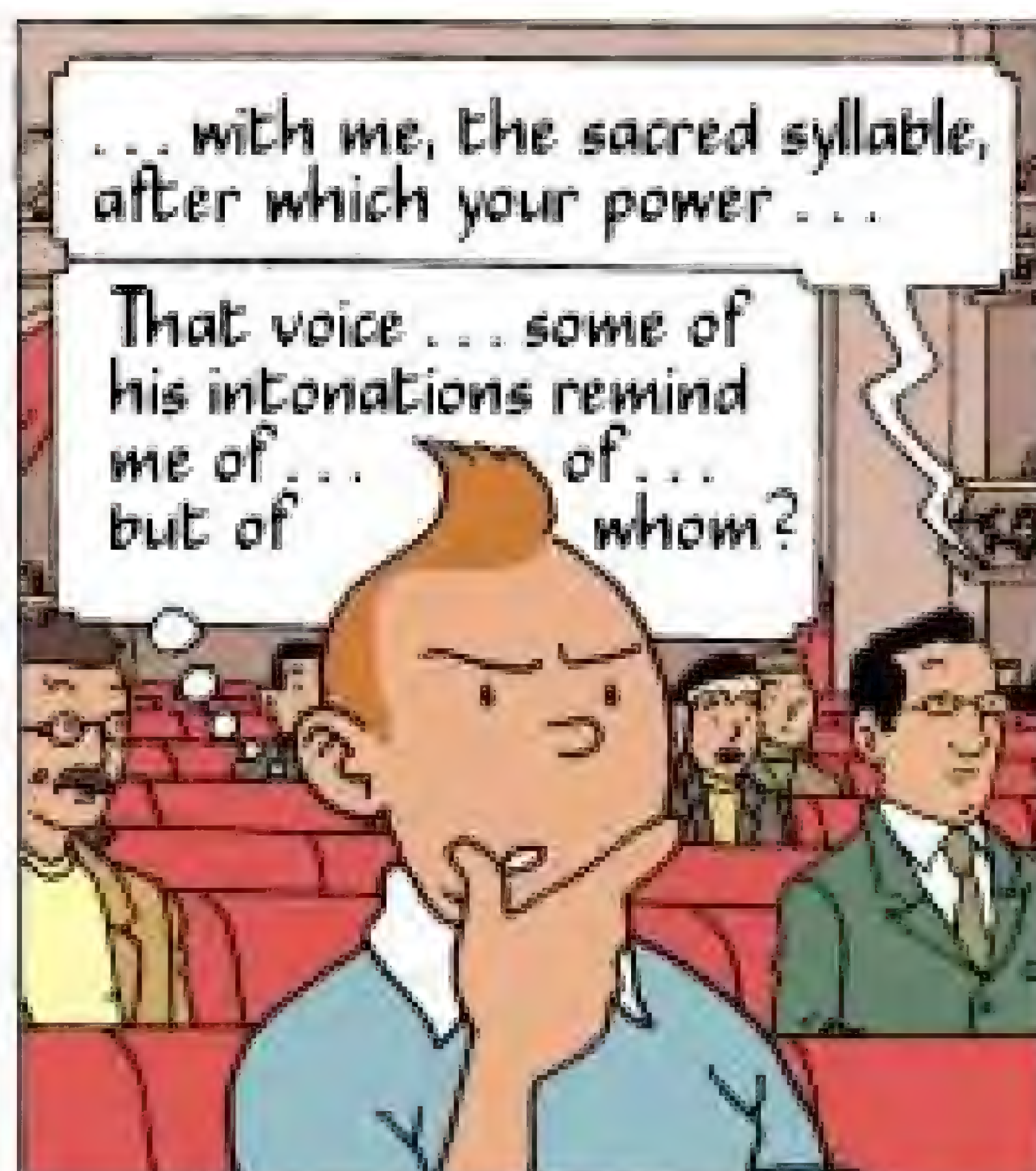
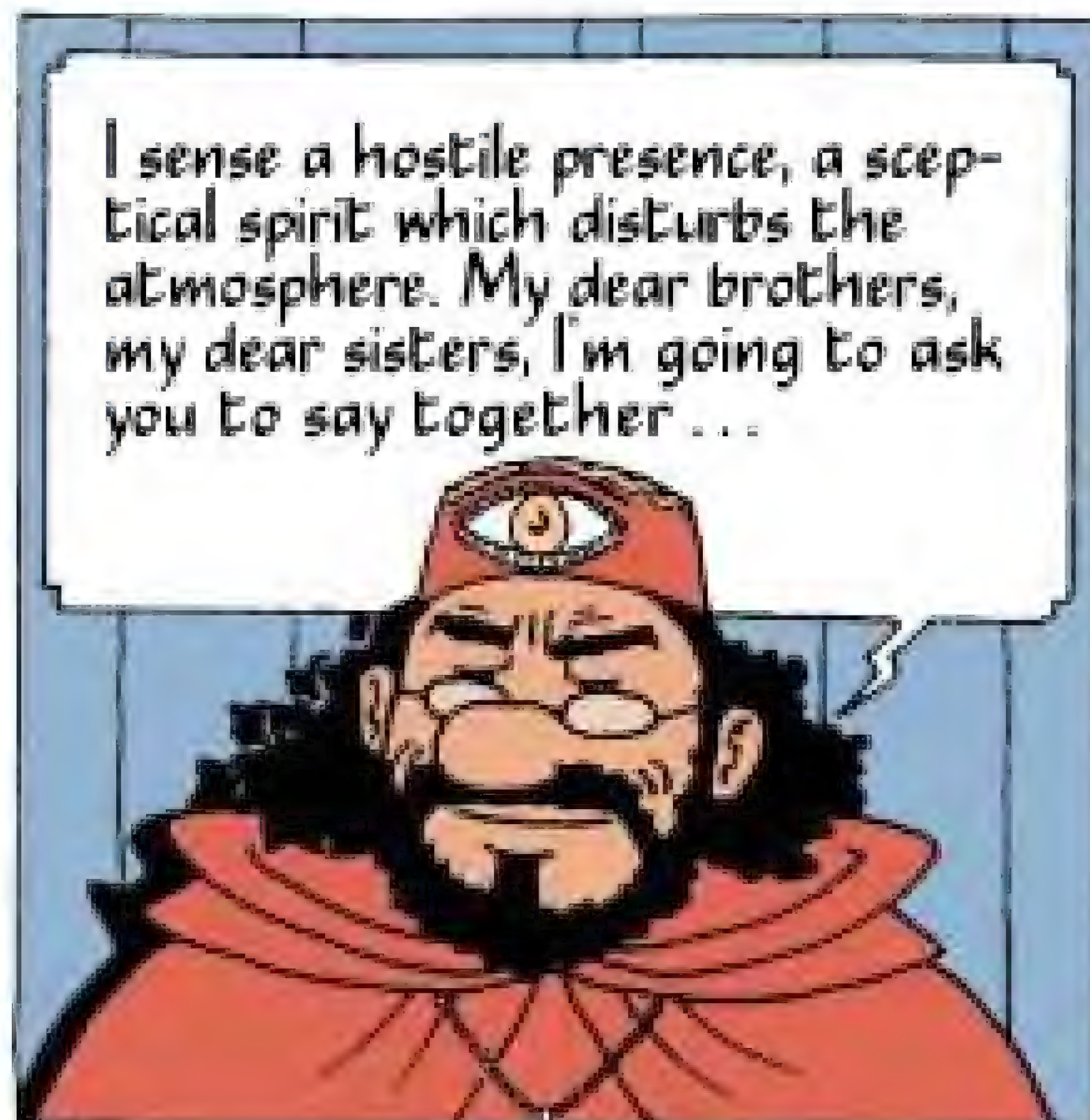
She seems sincere, this girl ...
But who, then? ... Who? ...
I wonder ... Who? ...
Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't
we think of it before?

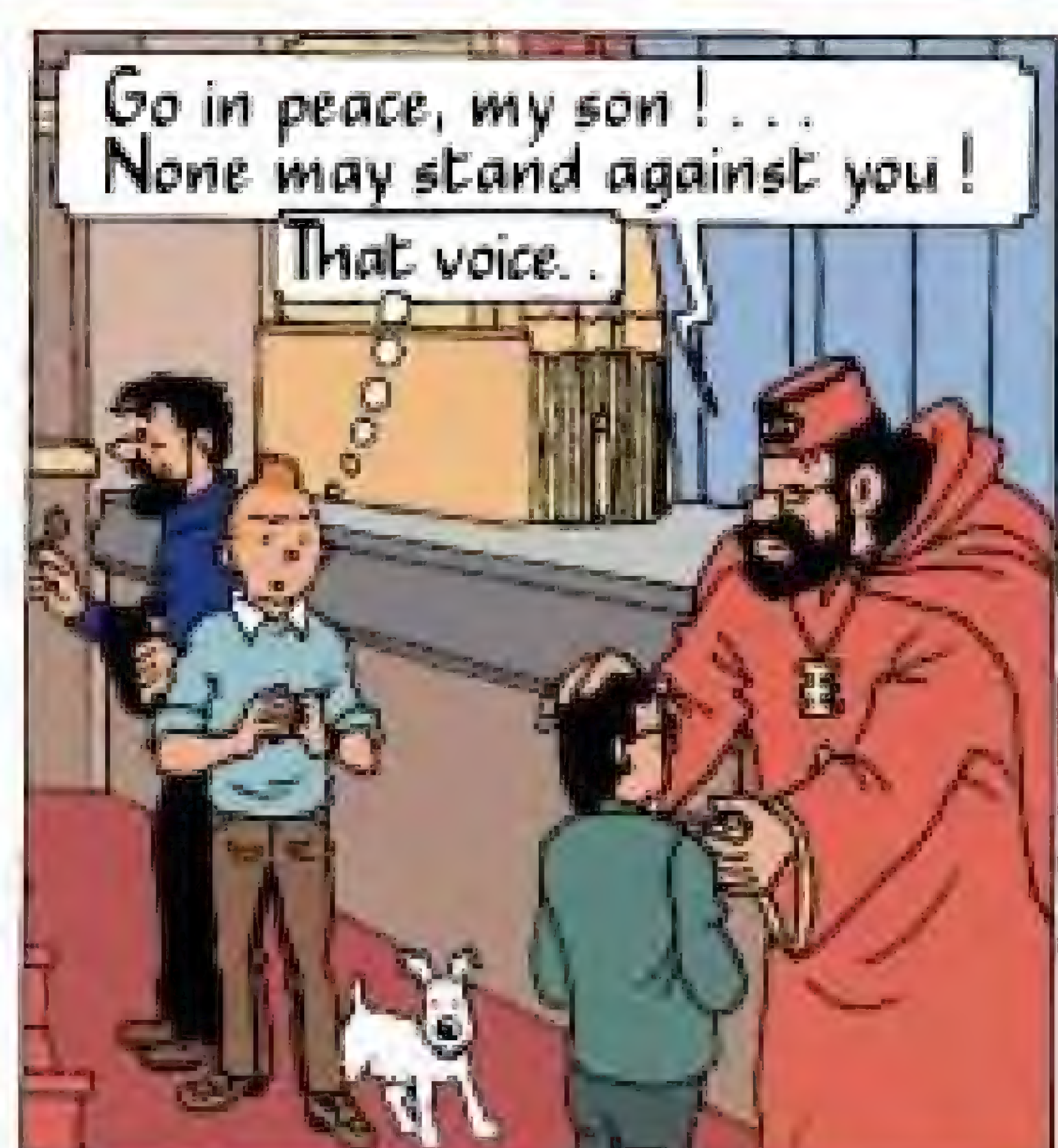
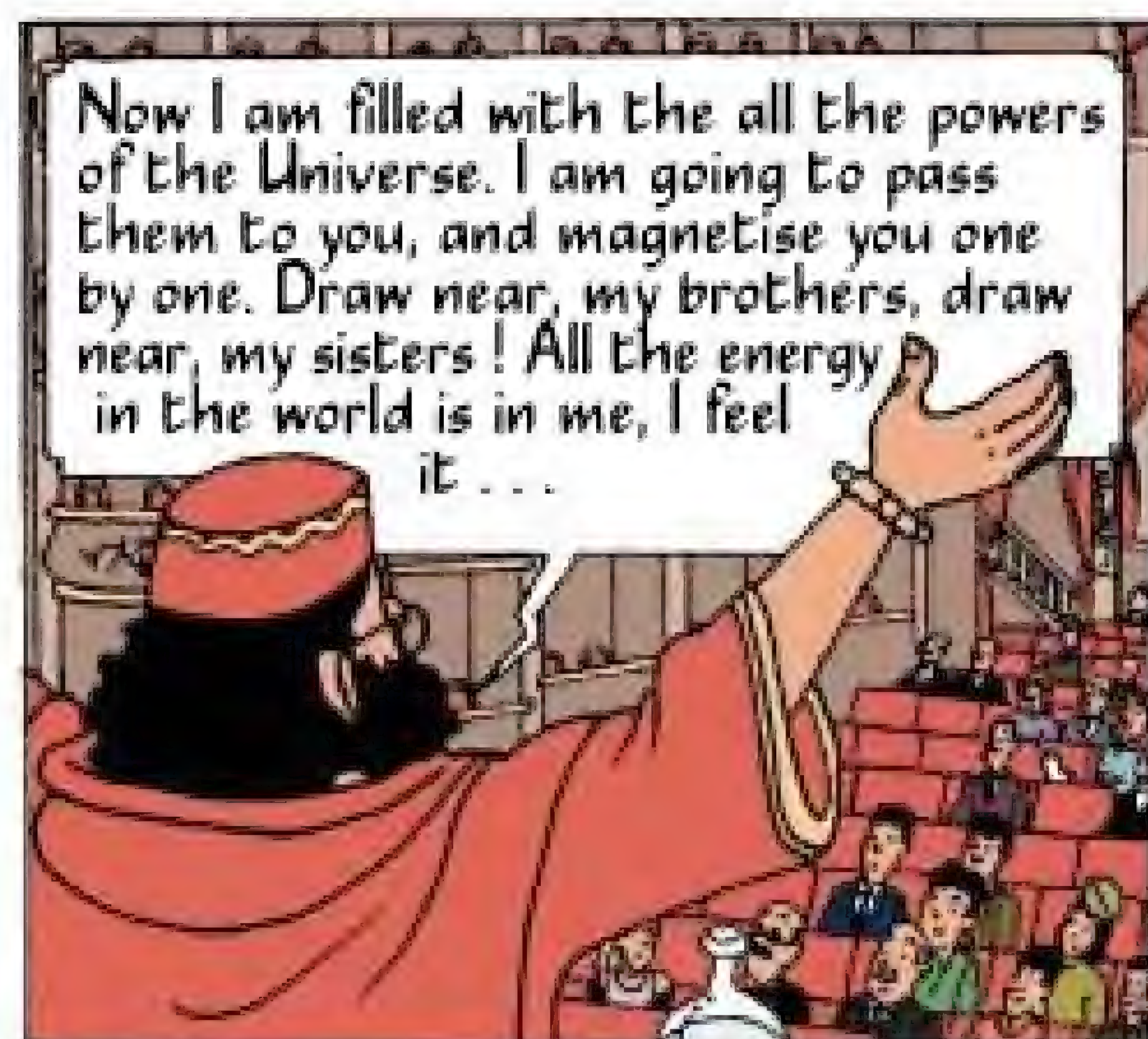
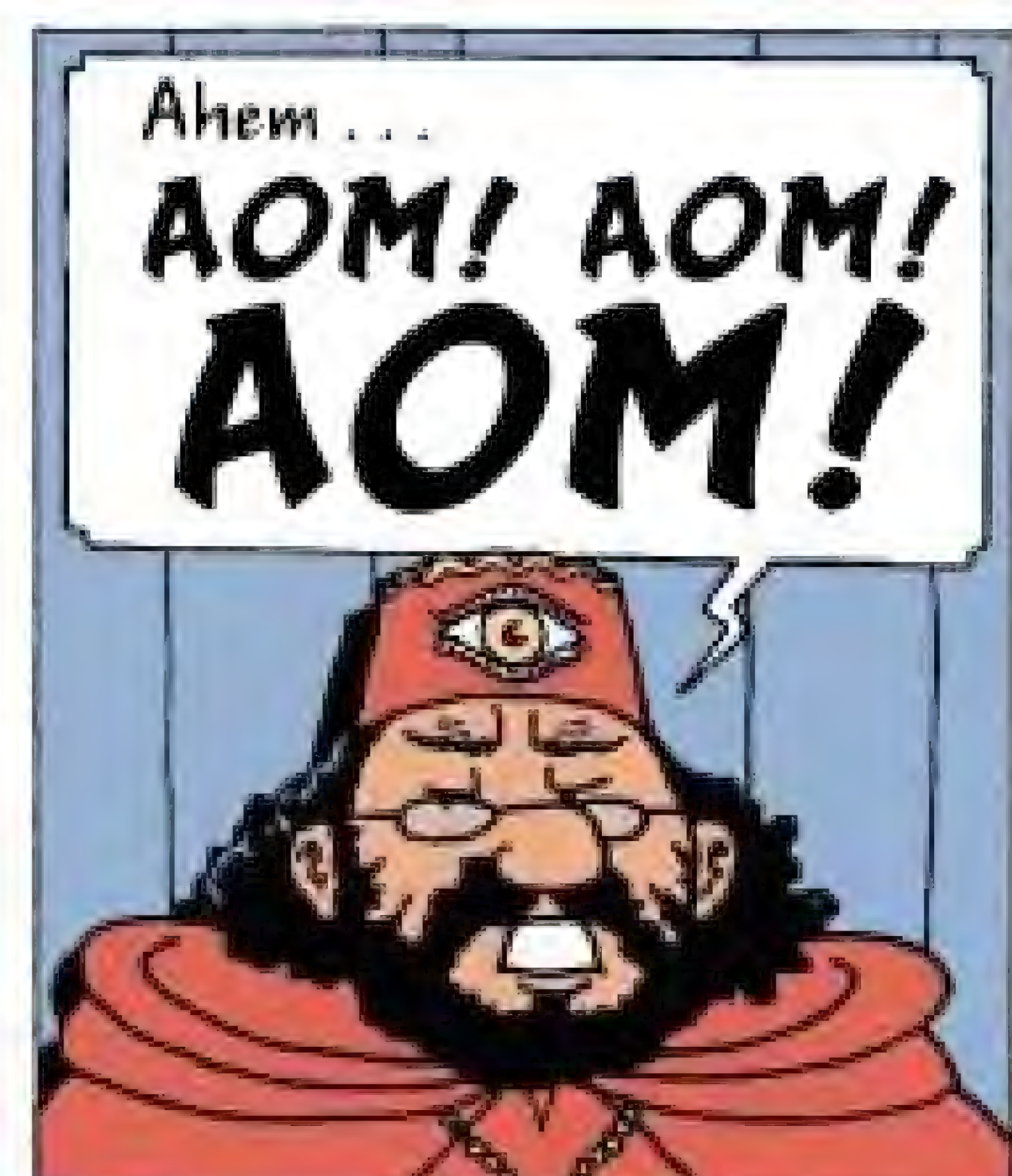
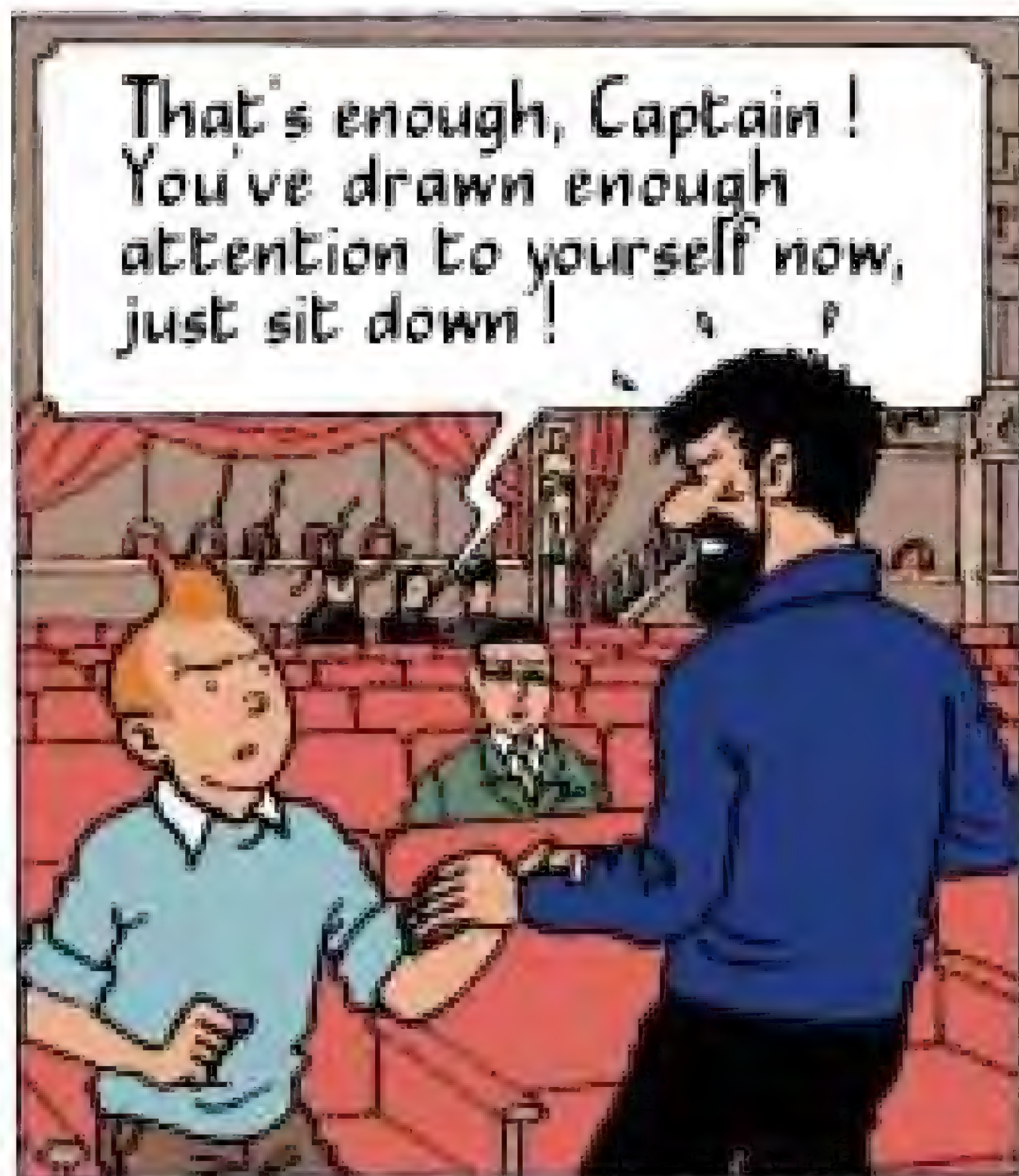




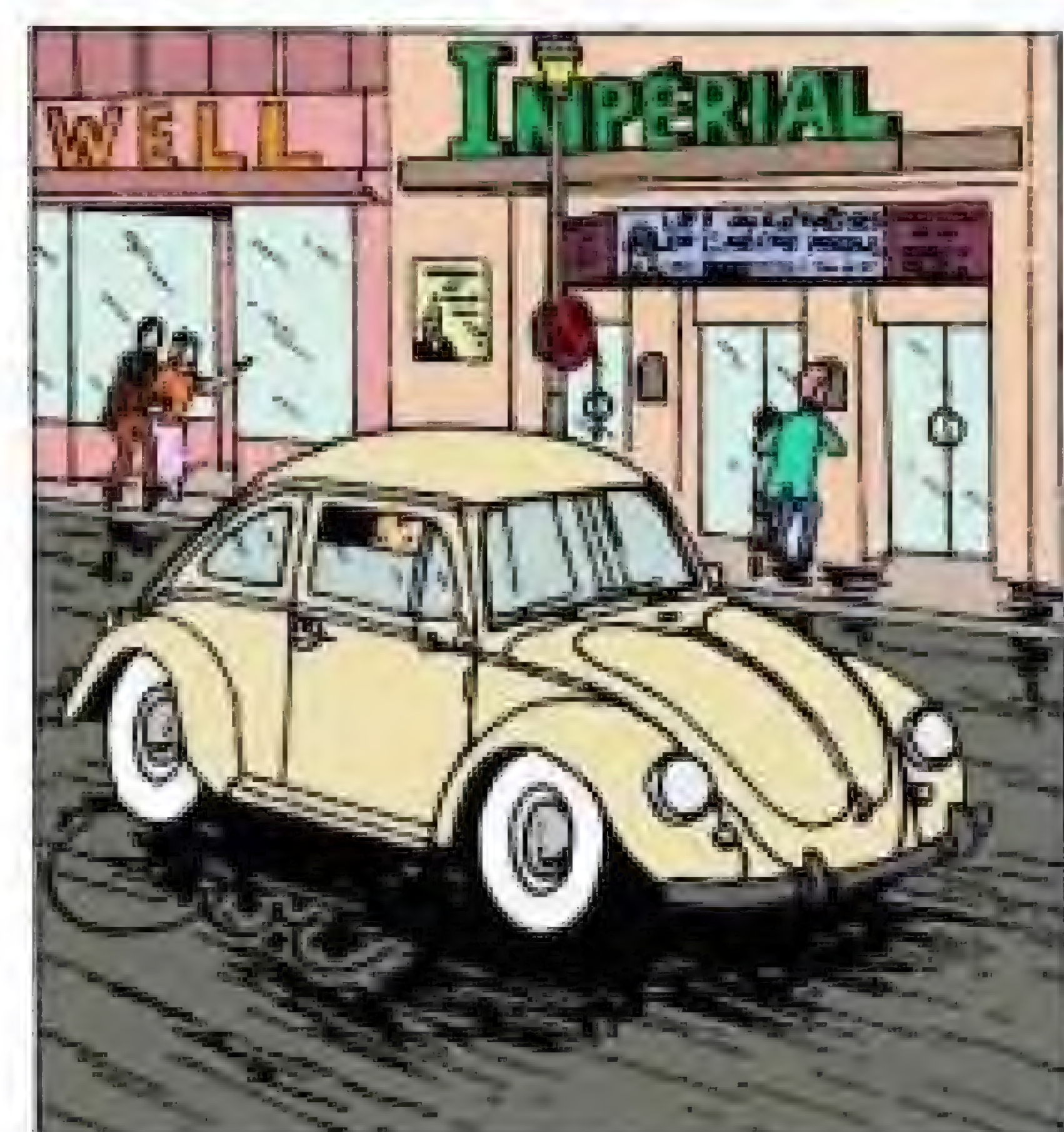
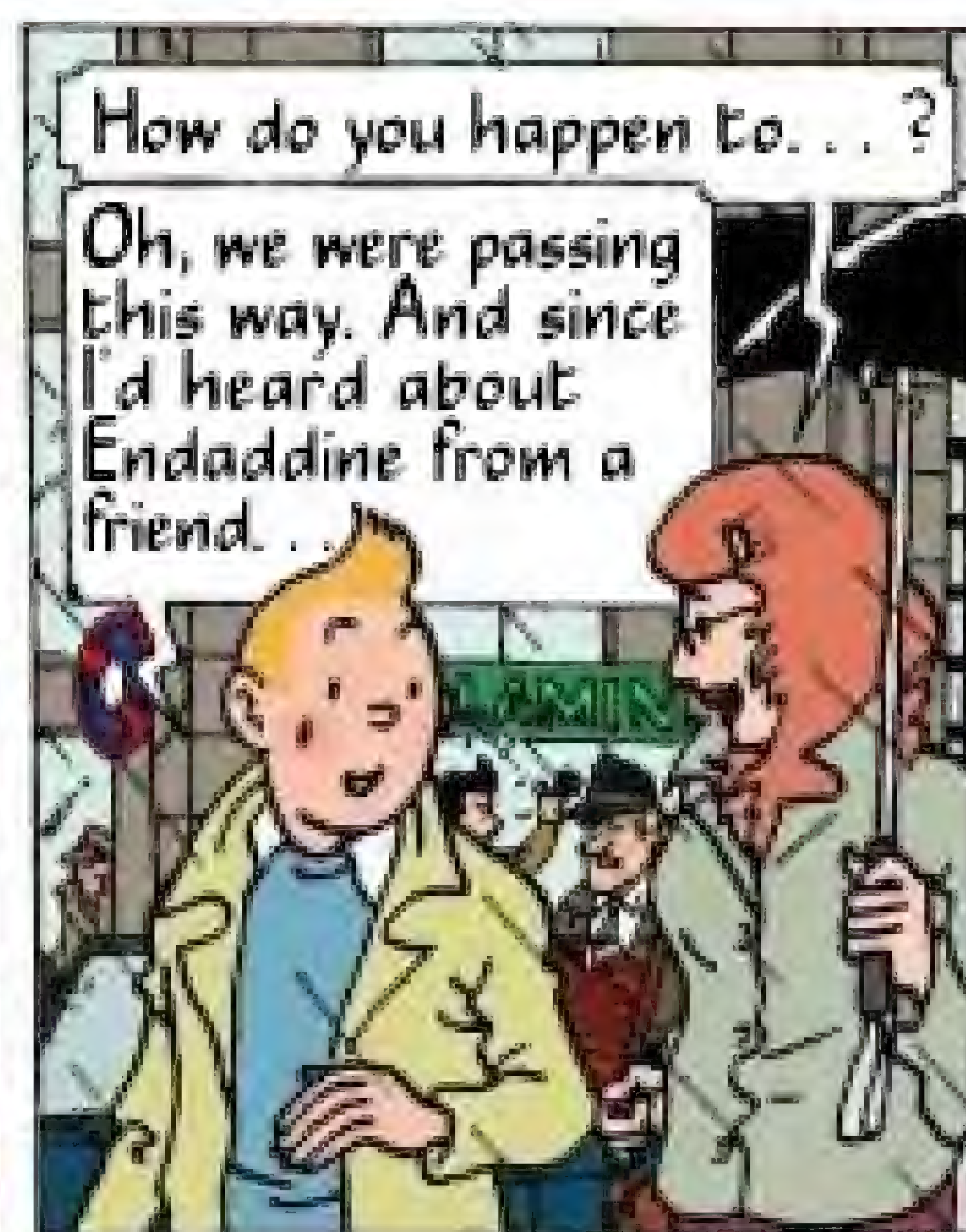


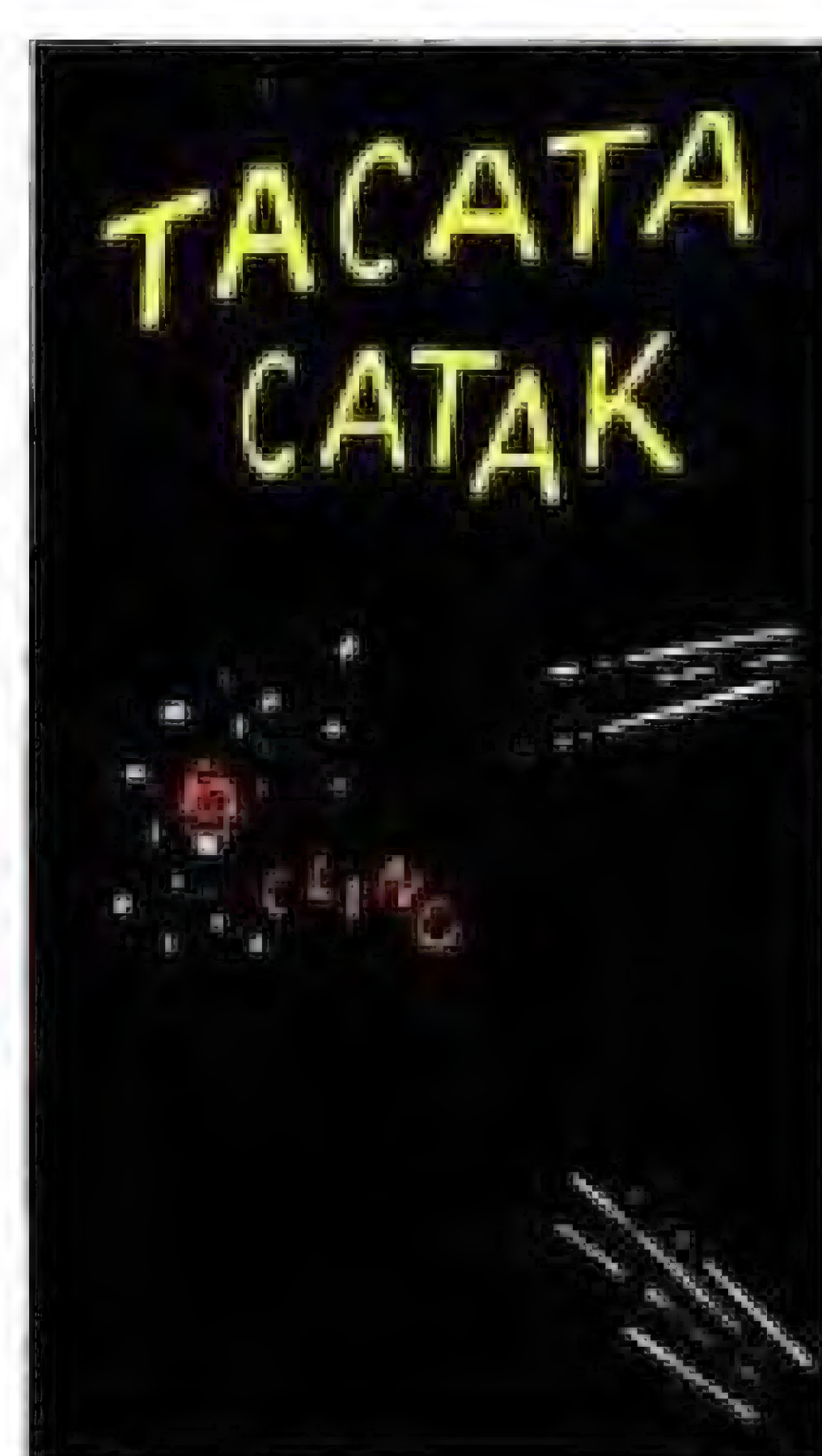
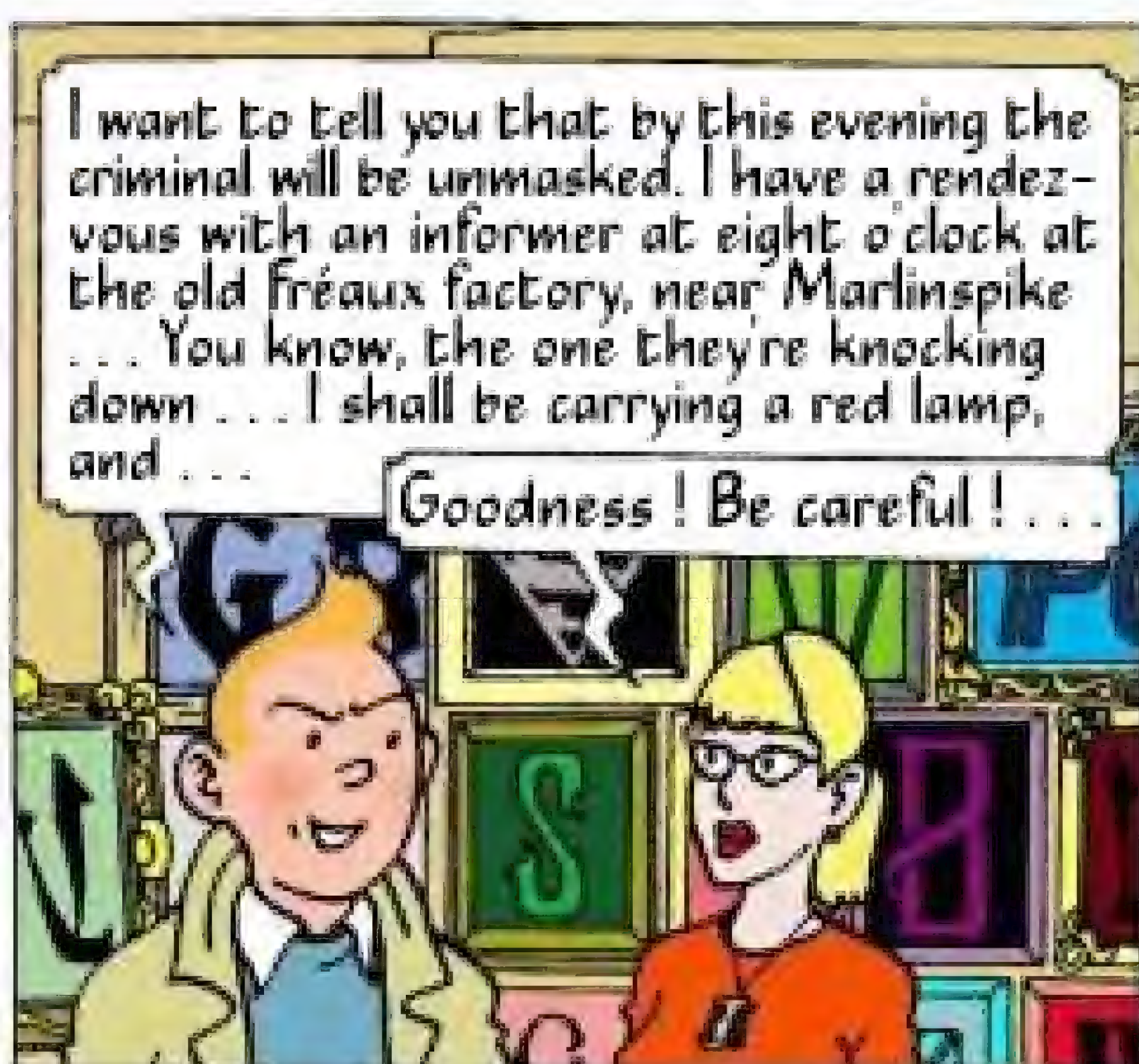


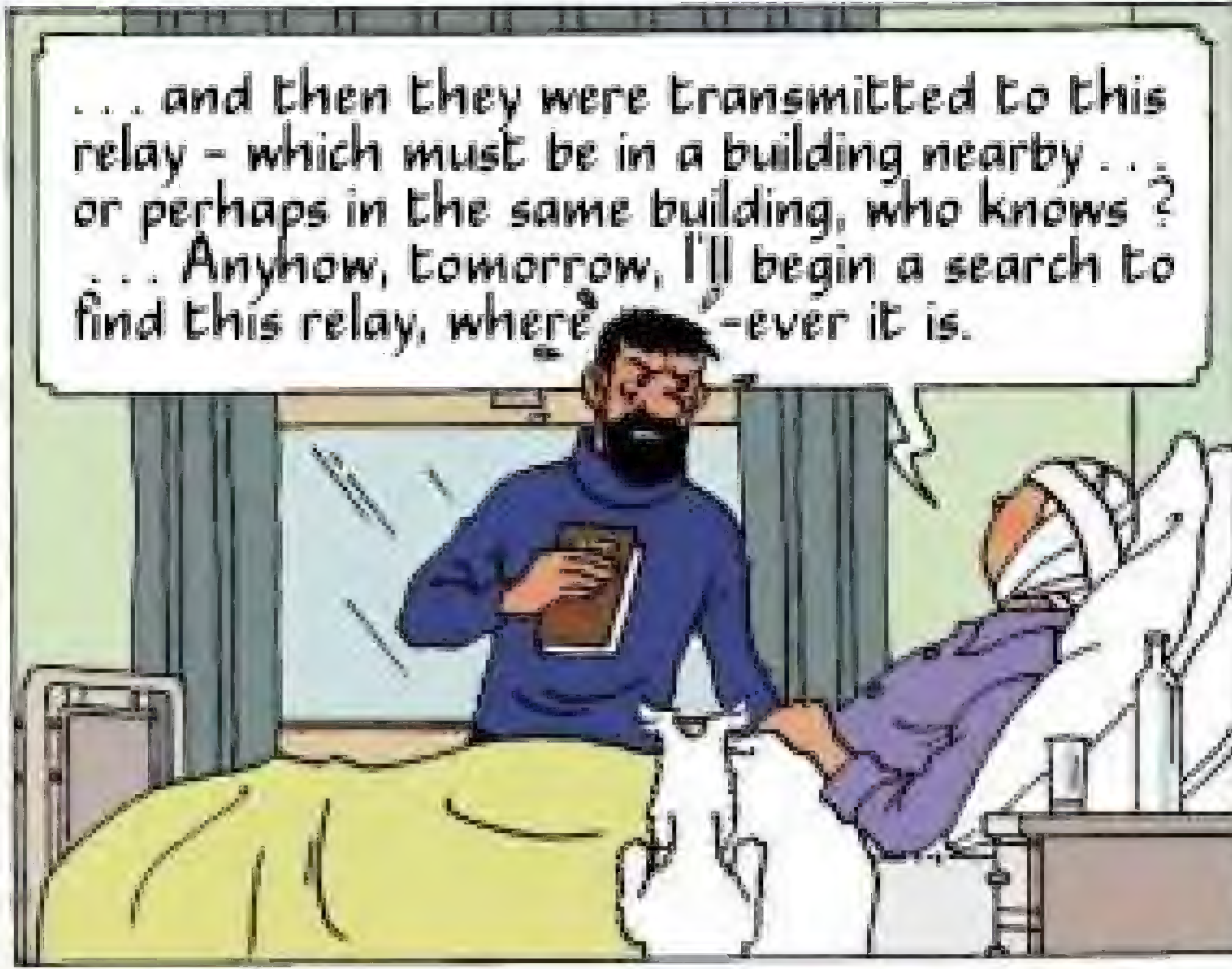
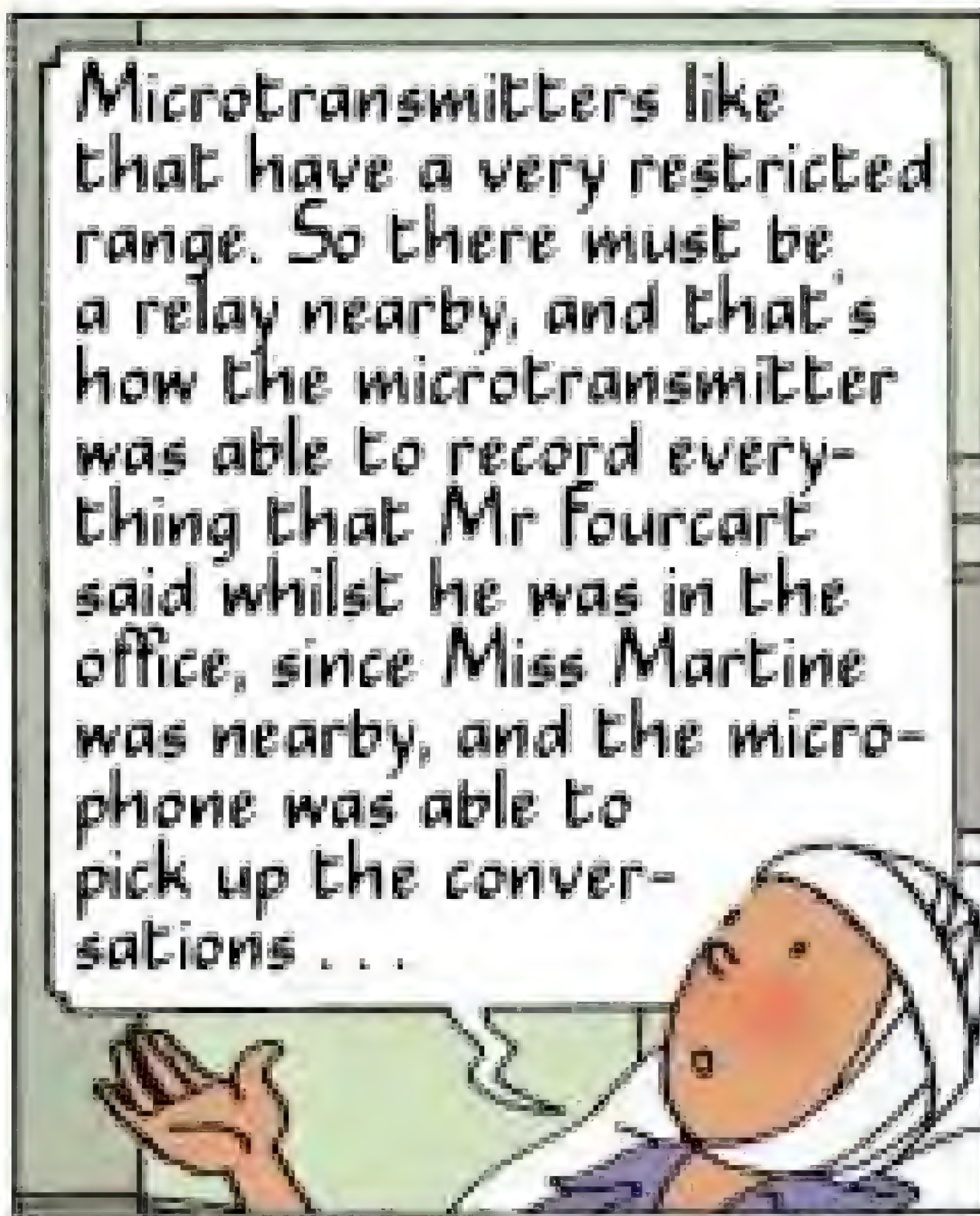
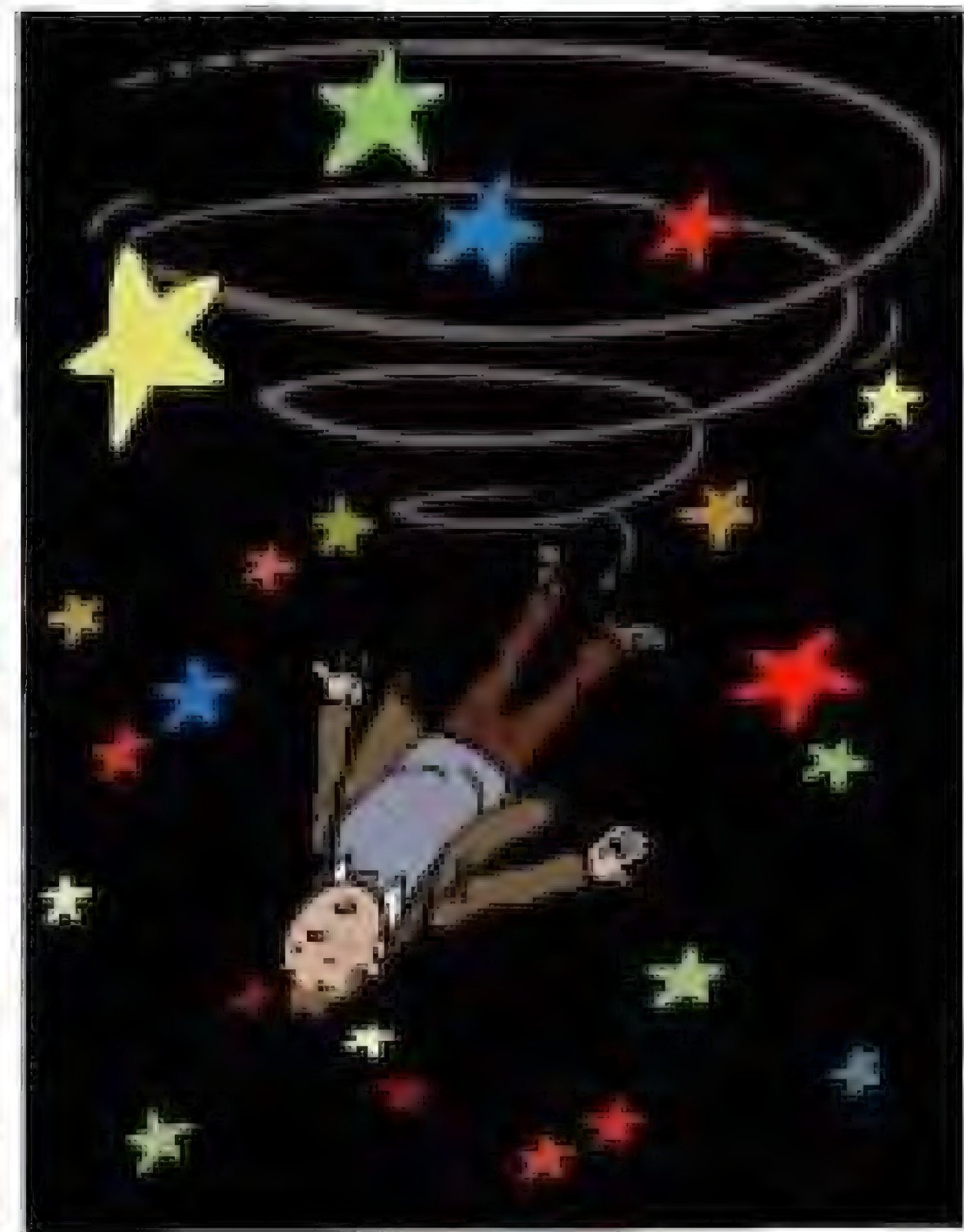
(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn

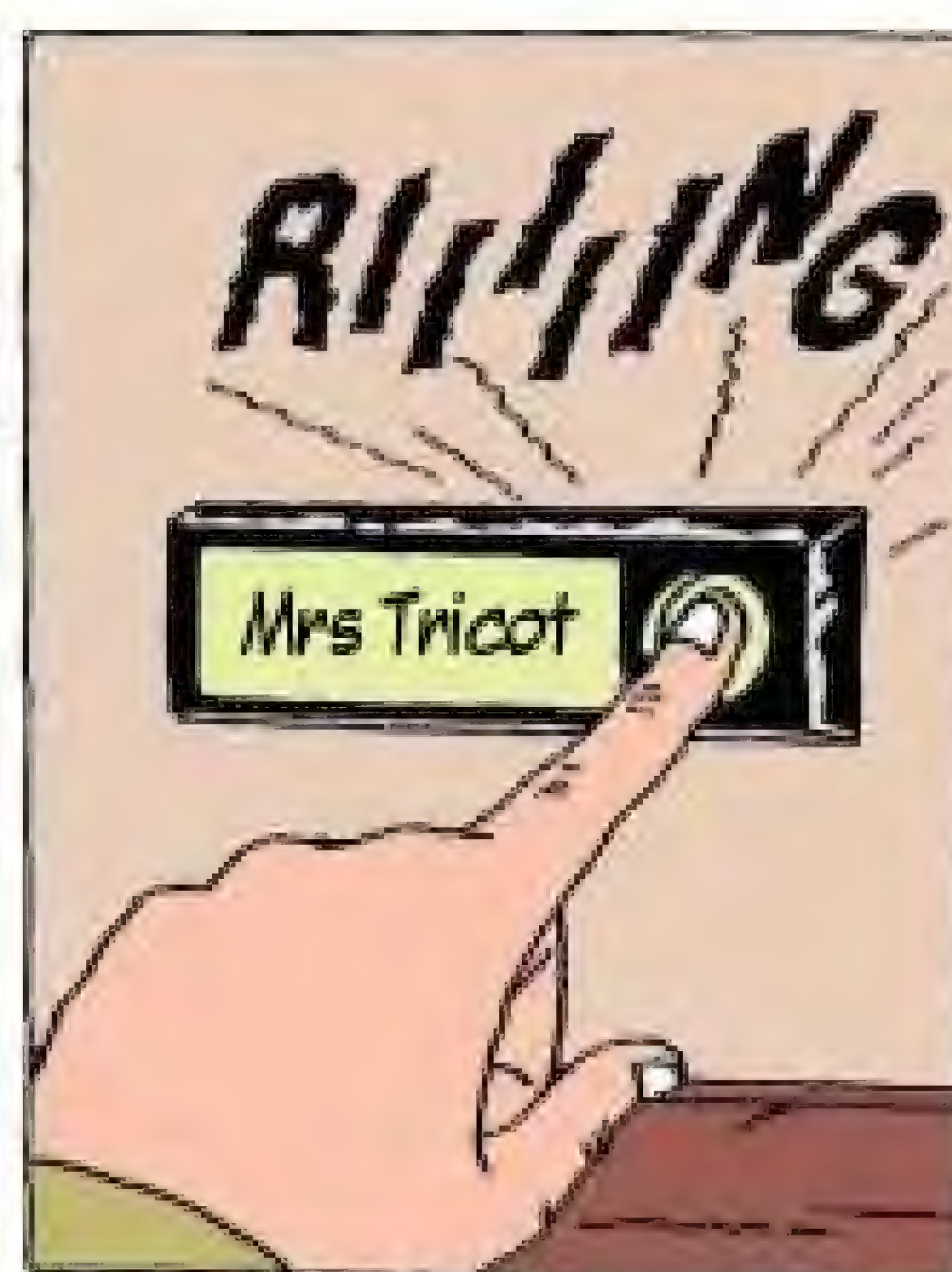


(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls









TO BE CONTINUED ...

The next morning ...

Take care ! ... You never know,
with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm
only going into
the village.



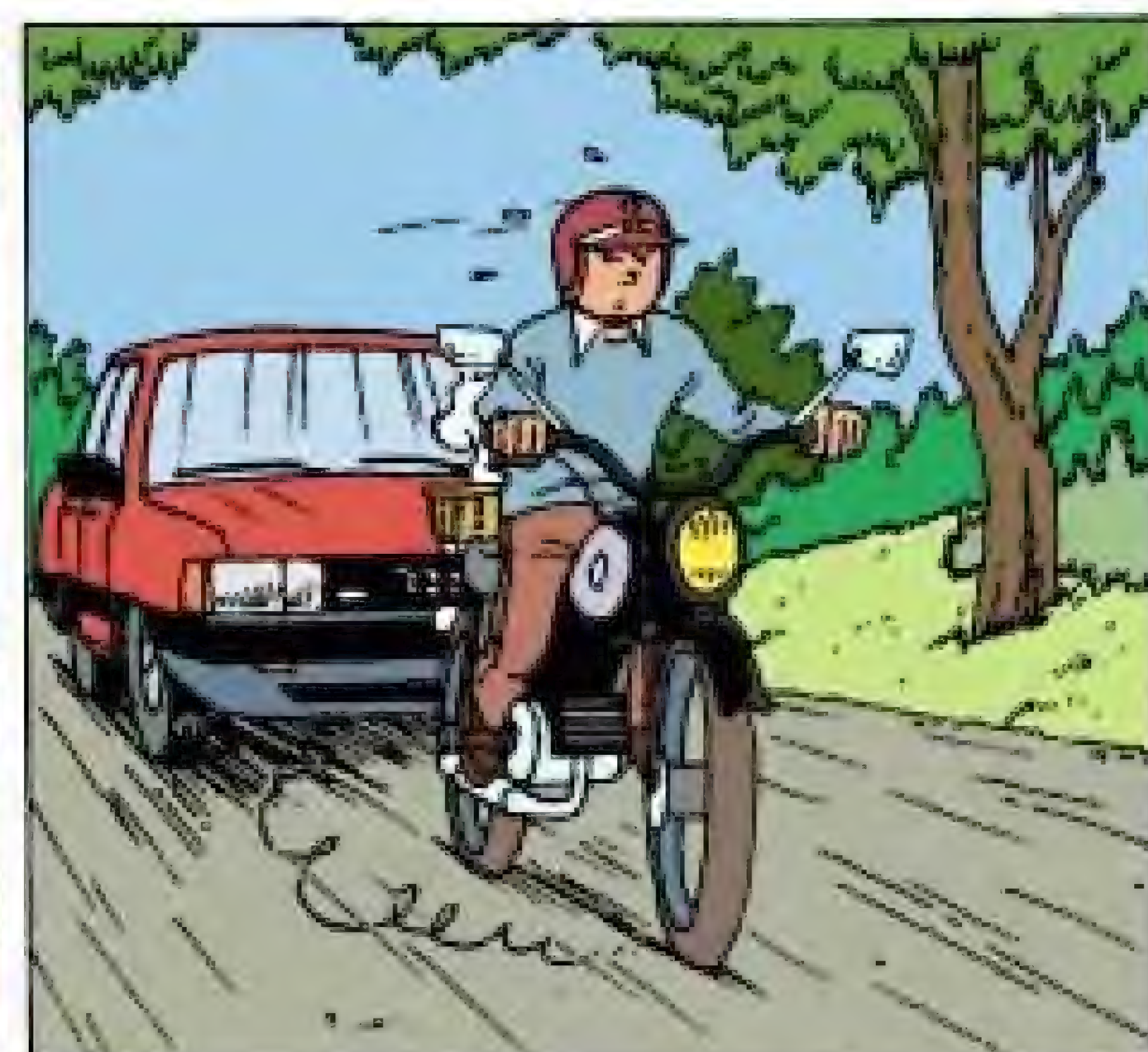
There he is !
Let's go !

GRRRRR
WOOAH!



!

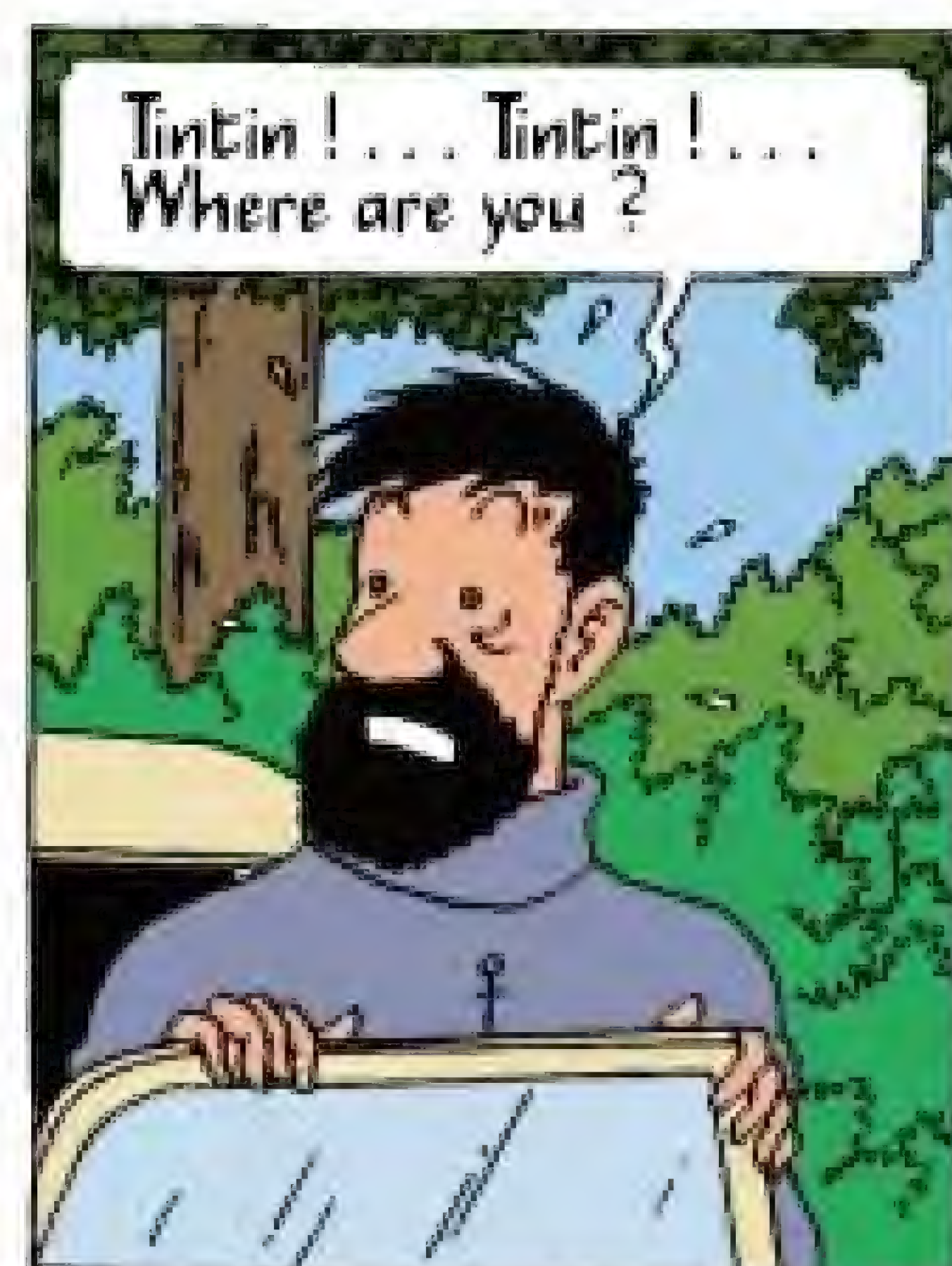
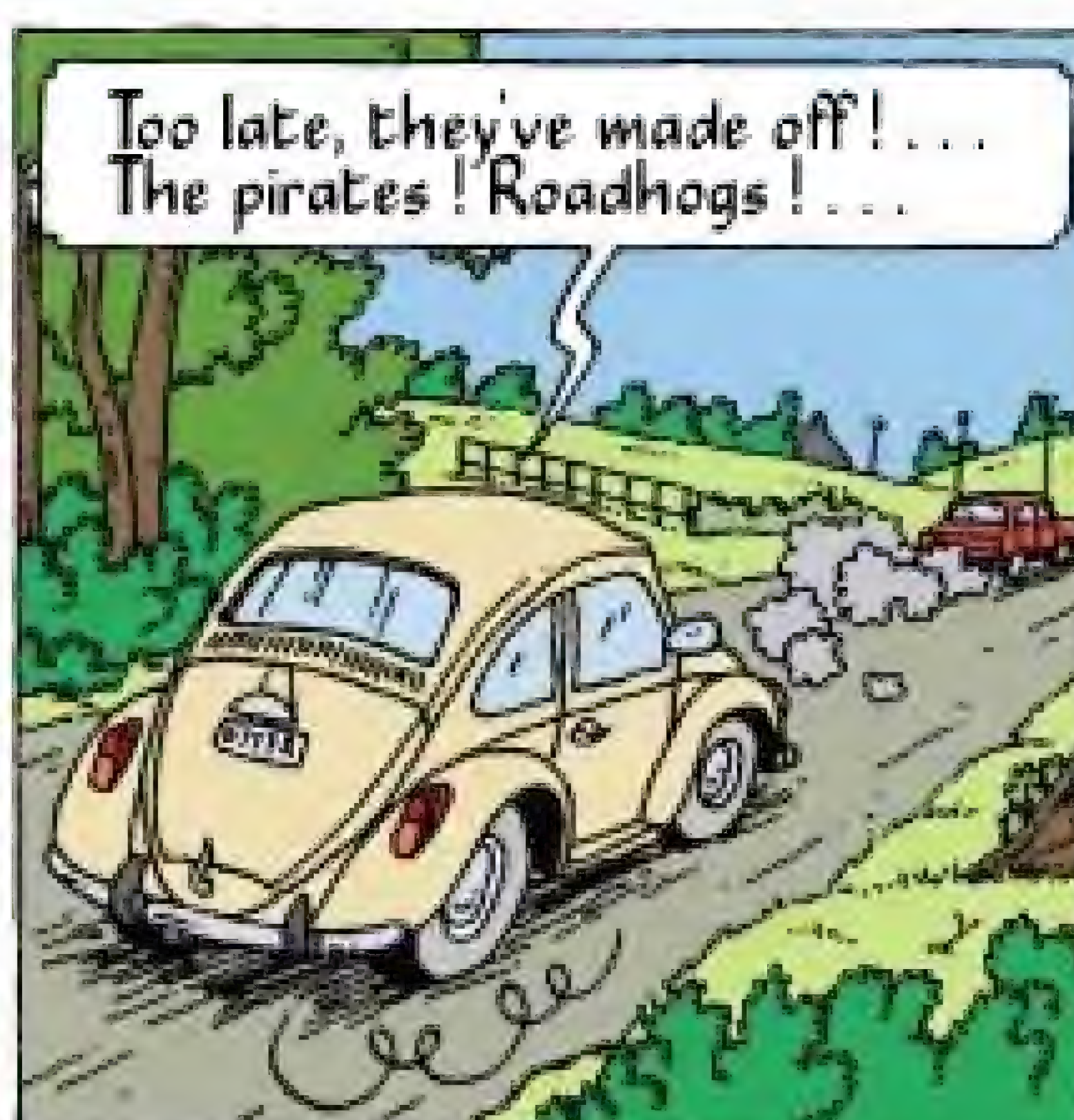
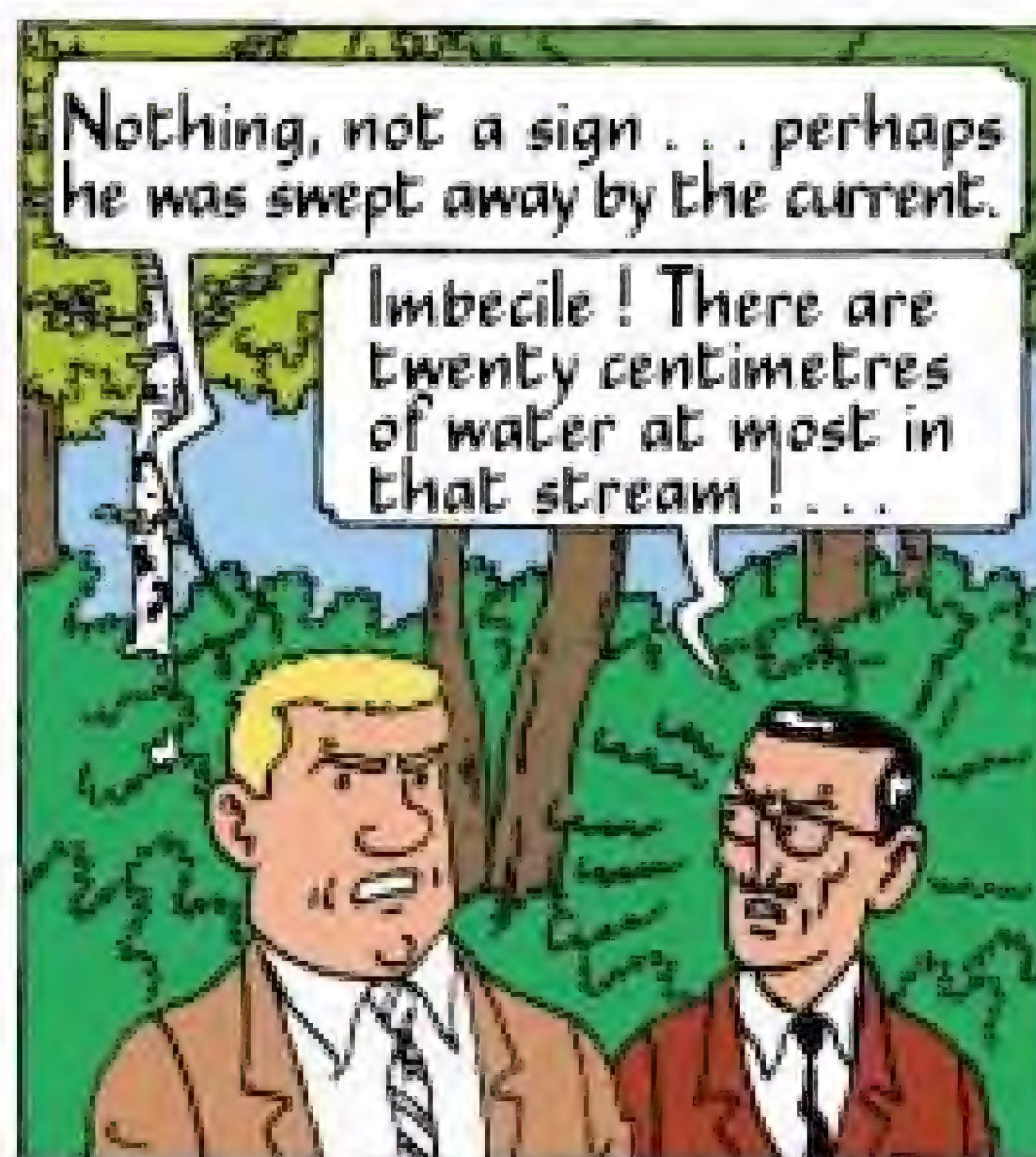
They're going to catch me !



This time, I'll finish
the job ! ...

My poor Tintin, this could well
be the end ! ...

BANG BANG
SKRRRIII
CRASH!





Is that you, Captain ?



These pollarded willows can come in handy, especially when they're hollow ...



Someone shot at you ... again ?

Yes, it's becoming a habit ... and this time they almost succeeded !



And one day they will ! ...



Oh ! The fire brigade !

Snowy ! Here !



And ... Ssh ! Listen !



They're going to the Hall ! ?



Quick, where is the fire ?

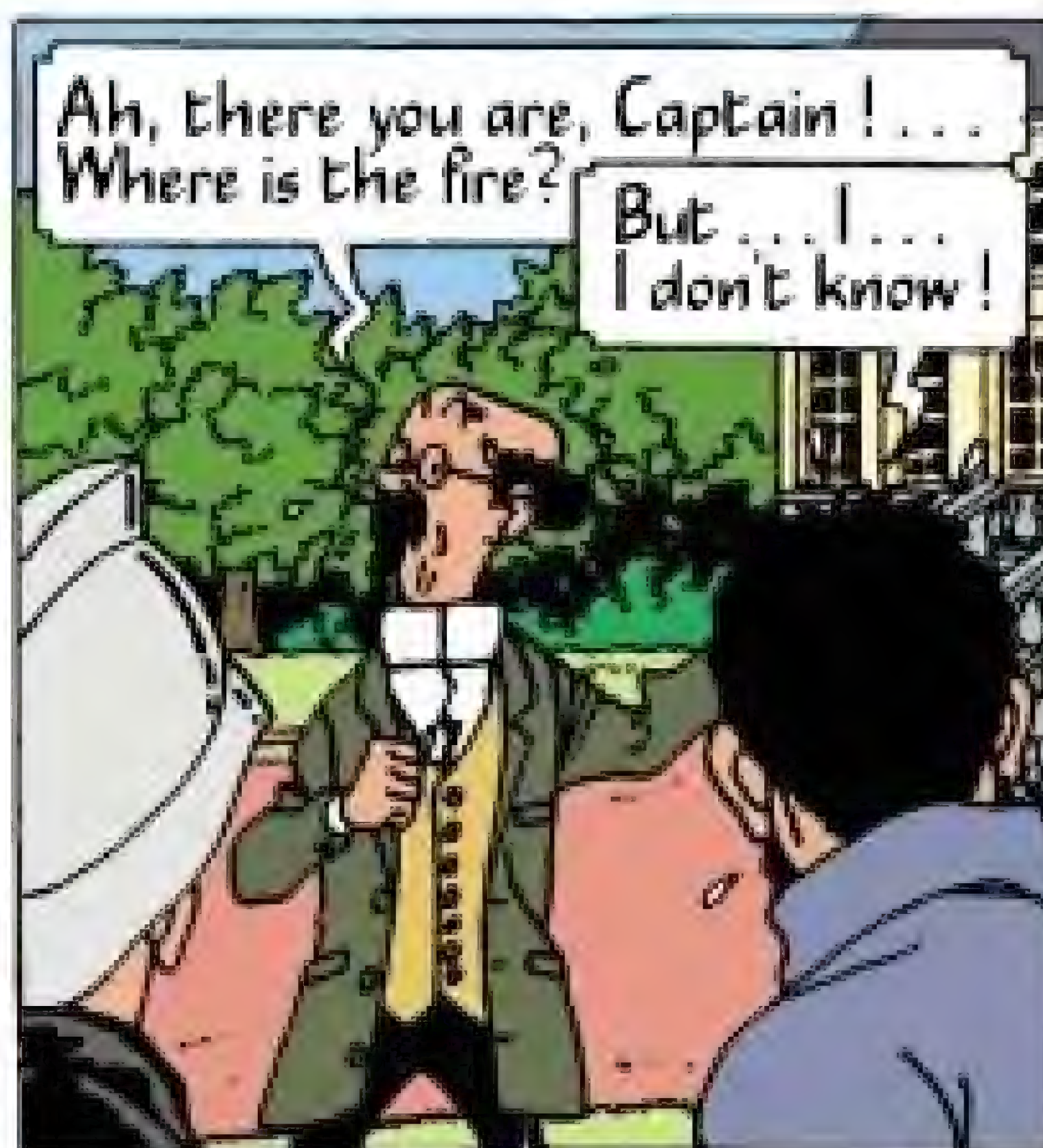
There's a fire ?



What do you mean ?! Someone called us to report a fire here ...

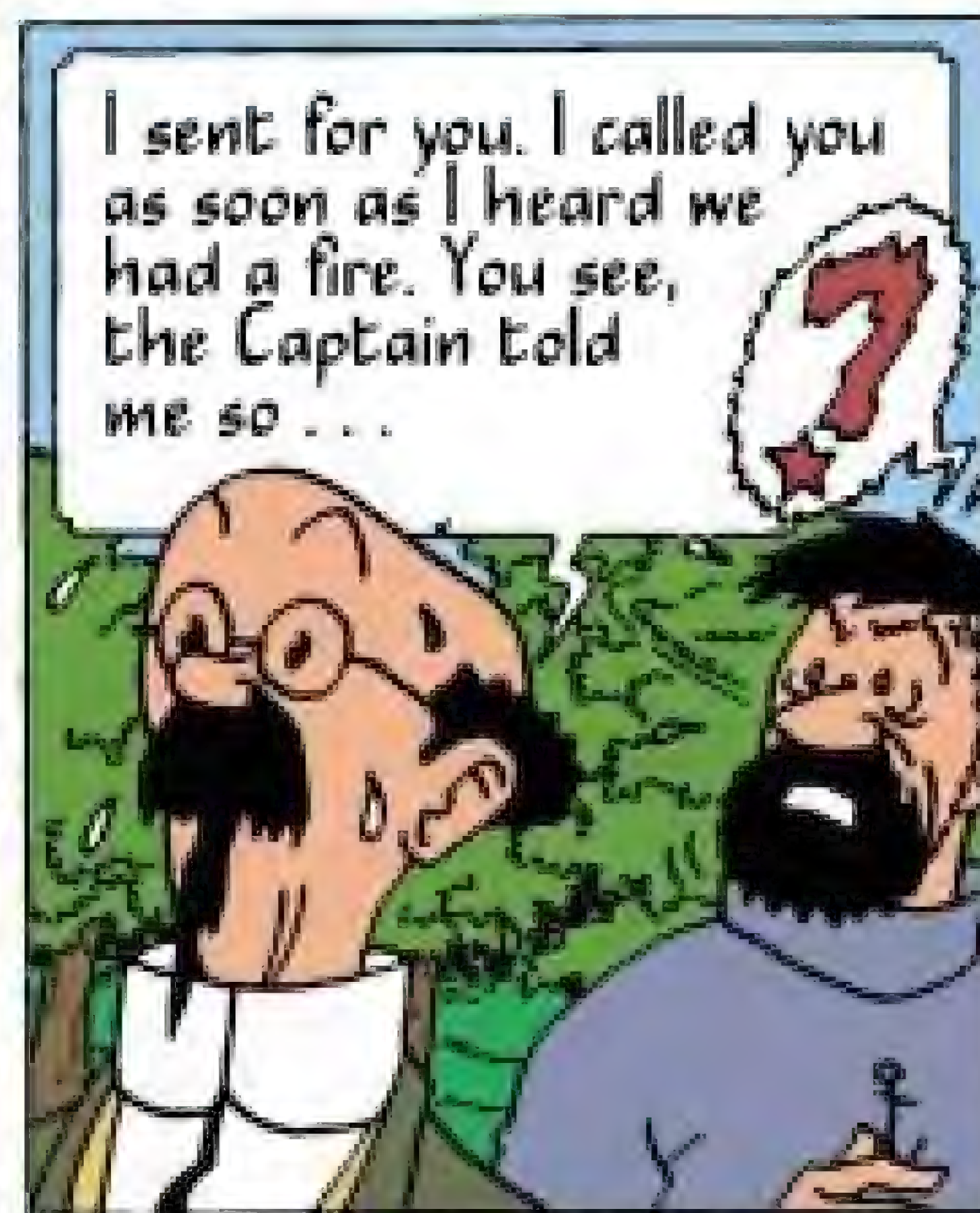


Ah, there's the professor, maybe he can explain ...



Ah, there you are, Captain ! ... Where is the fire ?

But ... I ... I don't know !

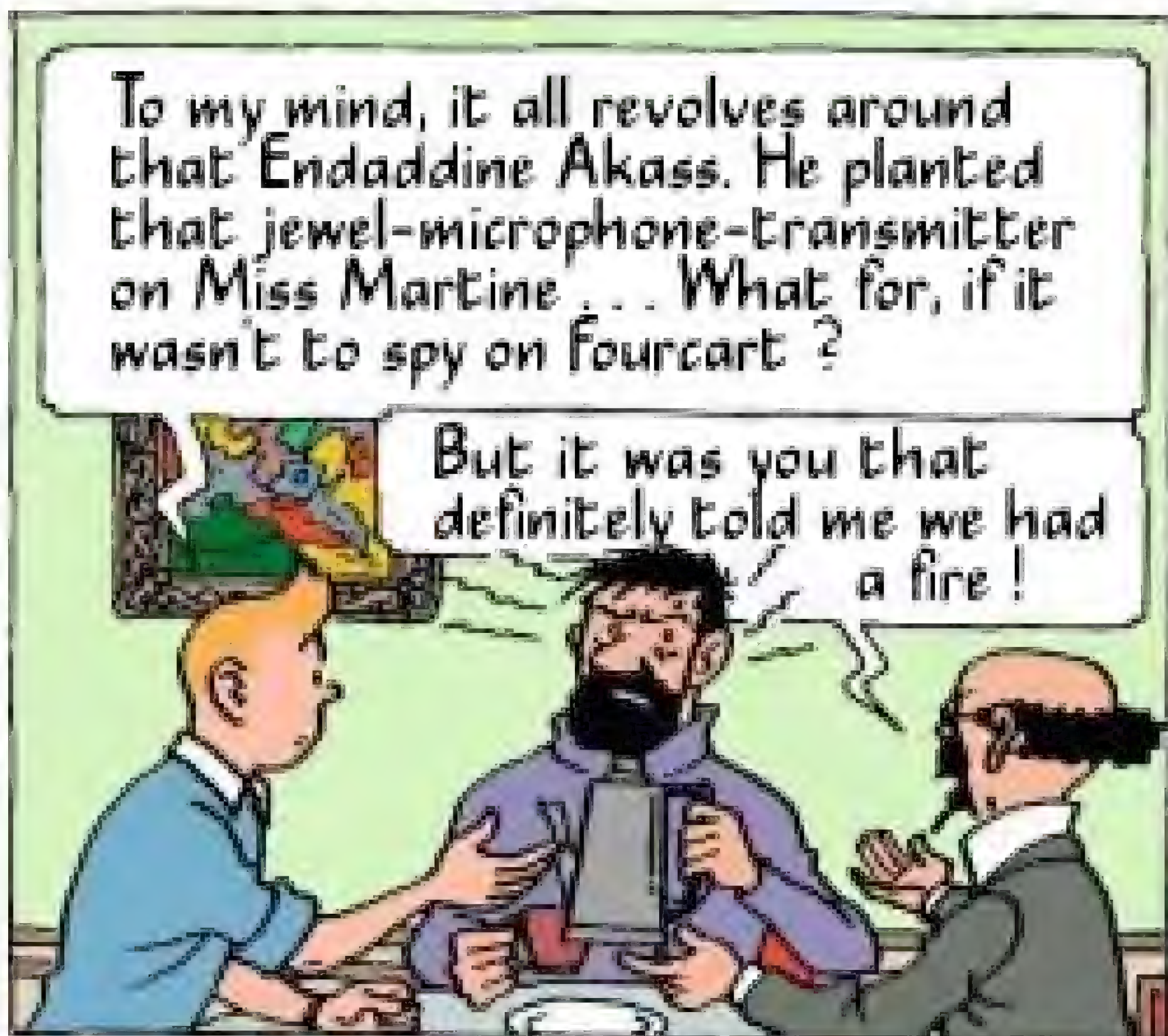


I sent for you. I called you as soon as I heard we had a fire. You see, the Captain told me so ...



But who is trying to get rid of you ?
And why ? ...

That's what I'm
wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around
that Endaddine Akass. He planted
that jewel-microphone-transmitter
on Miss Martine ... What for, if it
wasn't to spy on Fourcart ?

But it was you that
definitely told me we had
a fire !



We must find out more
about this mystic ...

Yes, but where
can we find the
overdressed
windbag ?



Yes, where ?



I've got it!



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned
last week, she told me that she
was going to spend a few days with
him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia ?

It's an island
just off Naples.



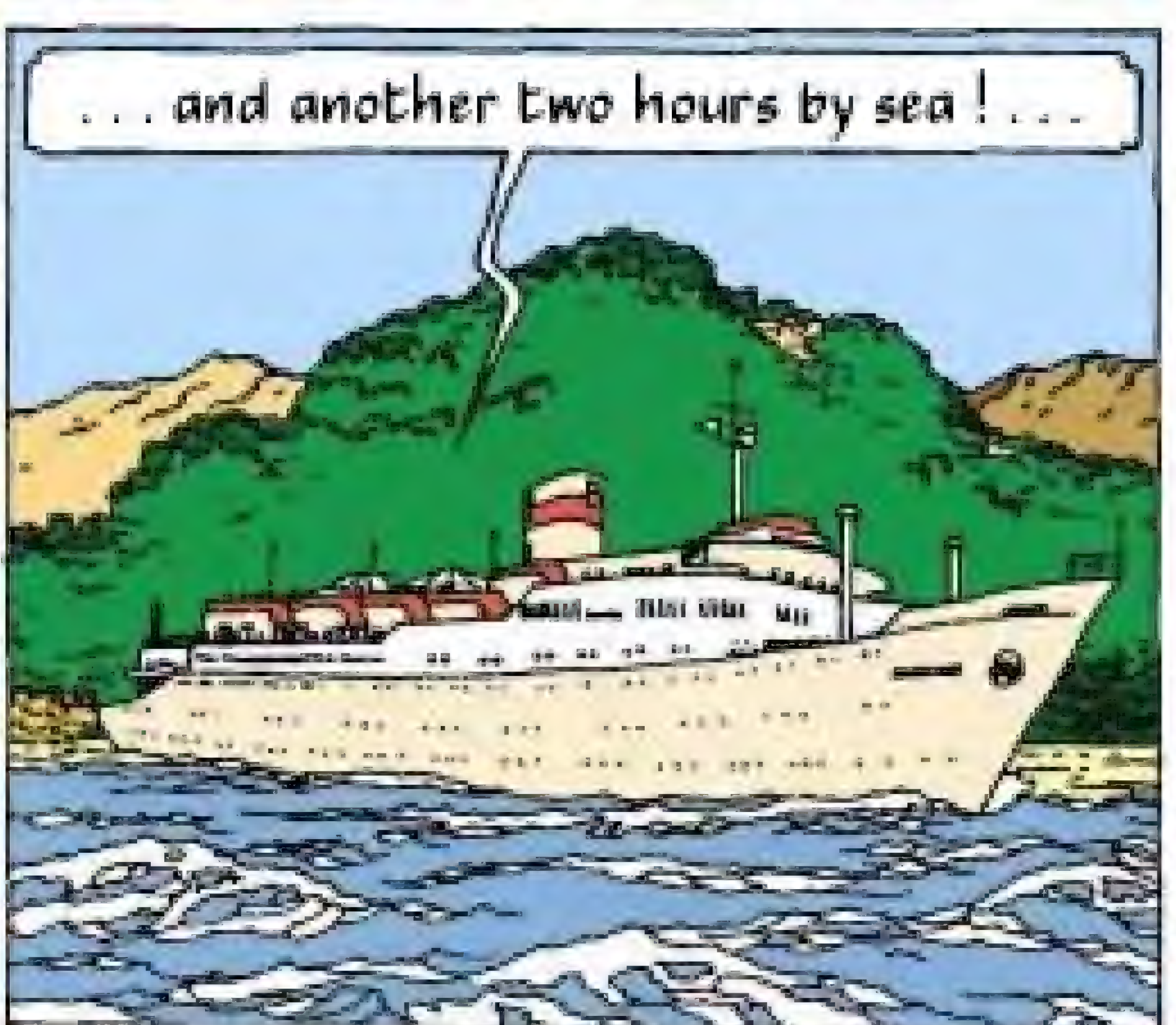
The next day, at dawn ...



10.30am, at Naples airport ...



This is sheer, deliberate,
unqualified masochism.
To come 2000
kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea ! ...



All to find Castafiore ! ...
We must be stark raving mad !

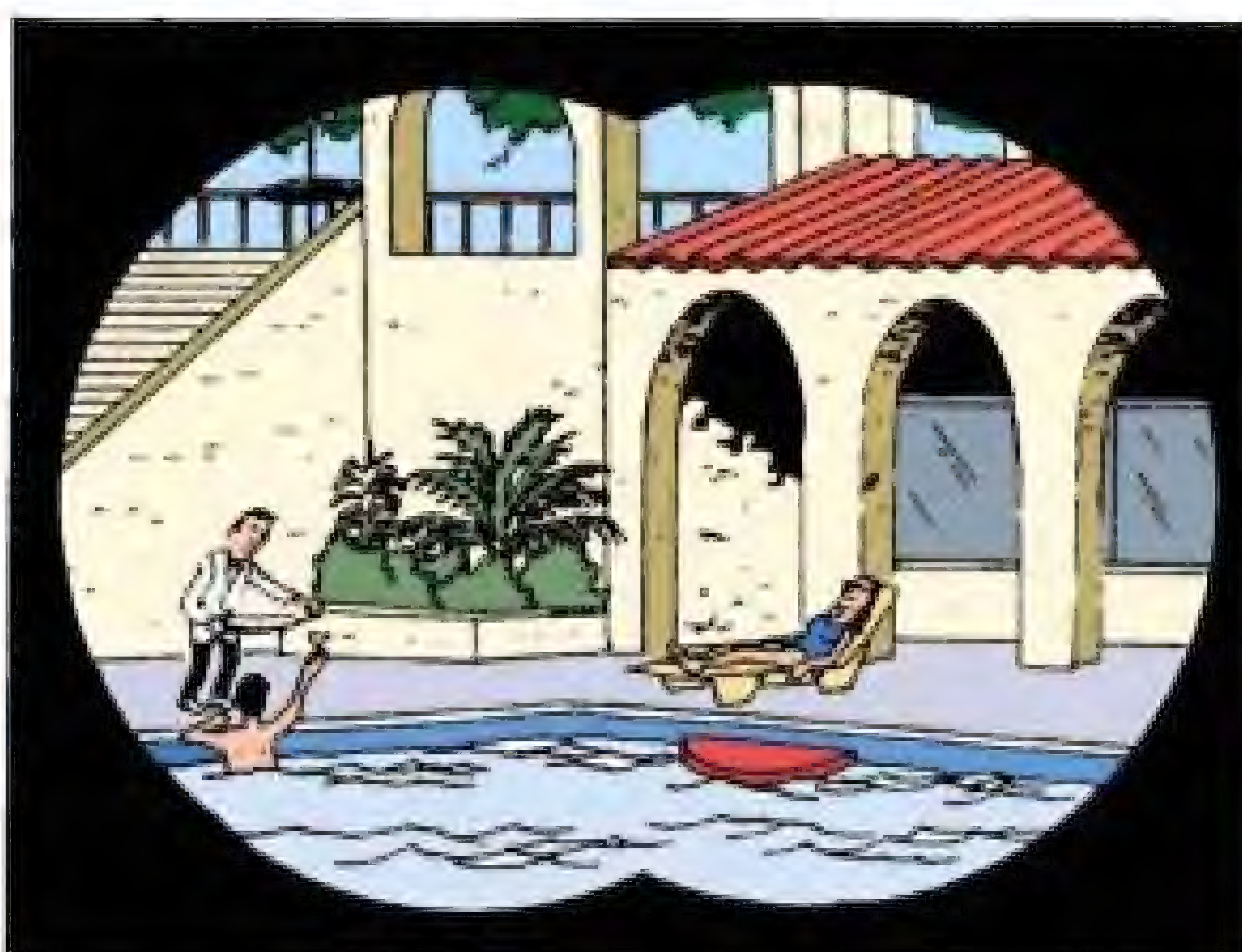
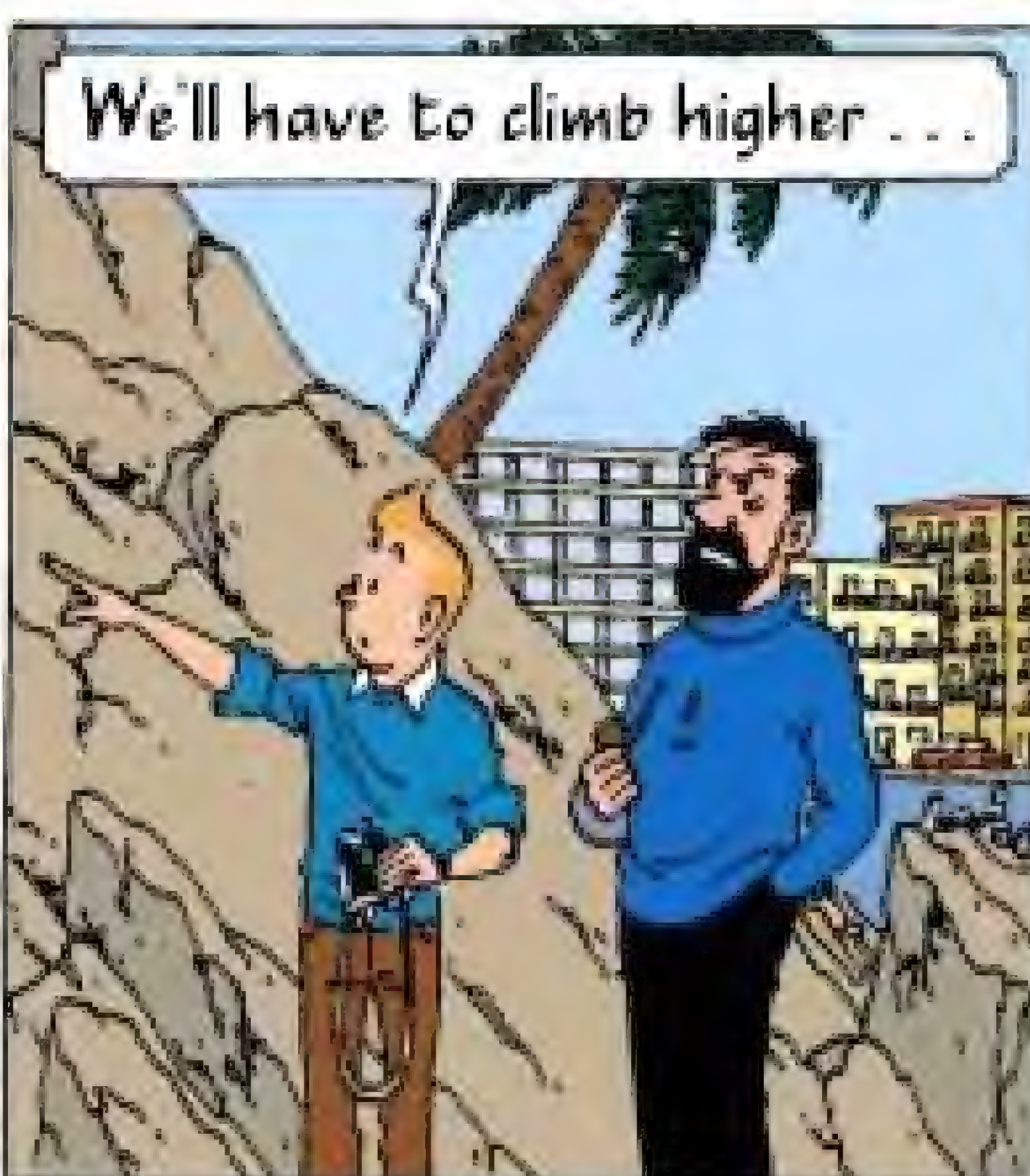
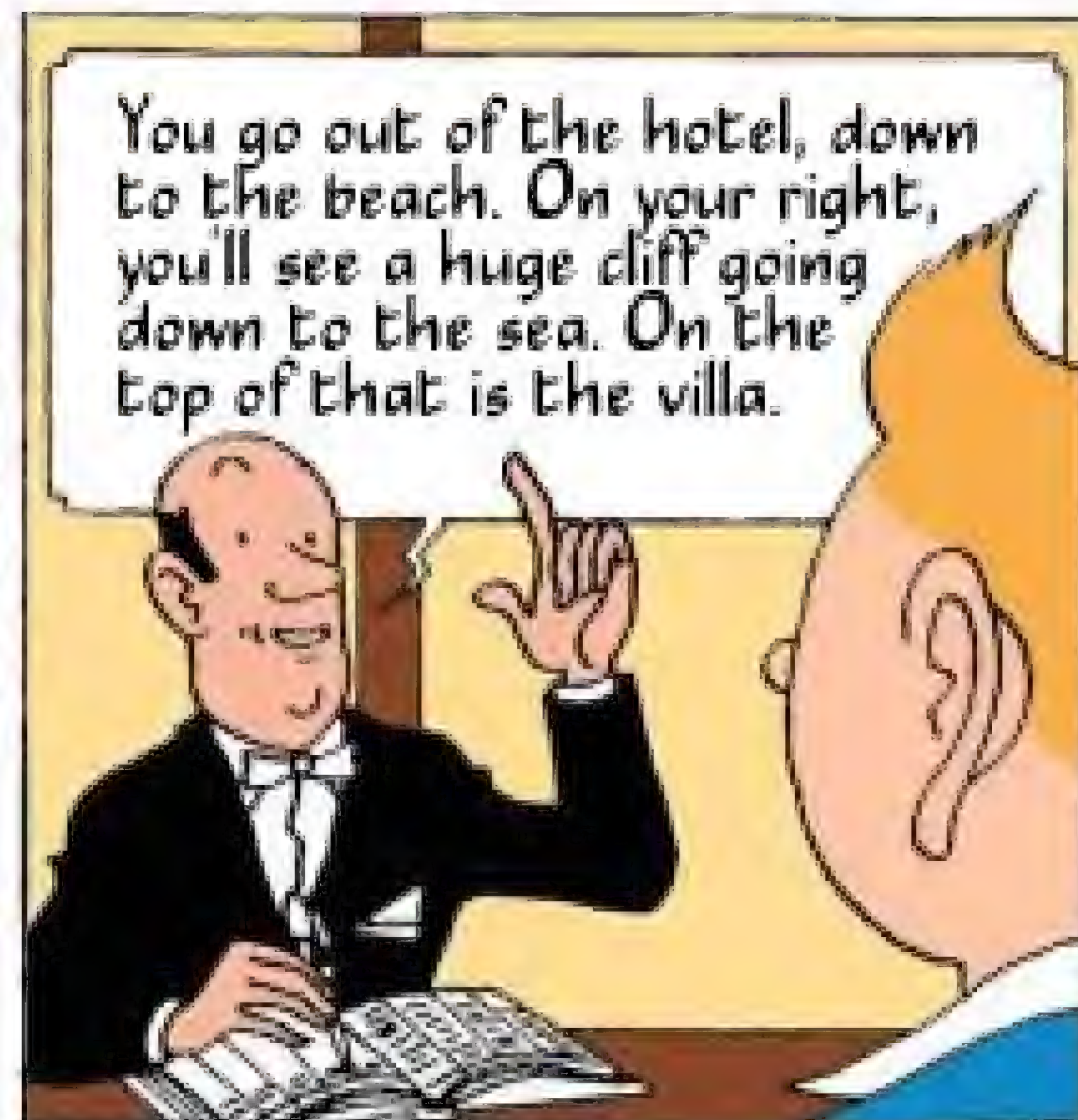
Taxi !

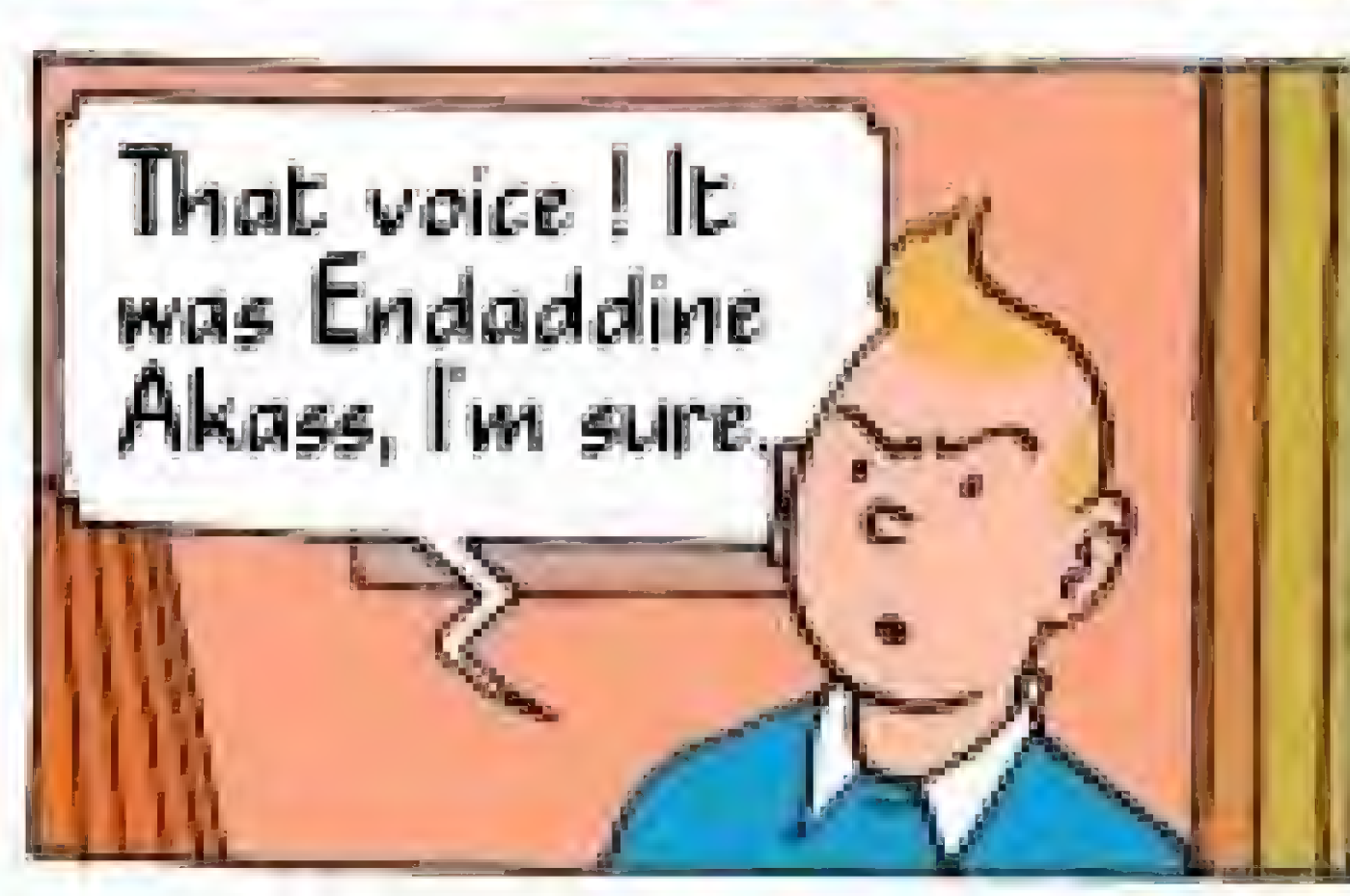
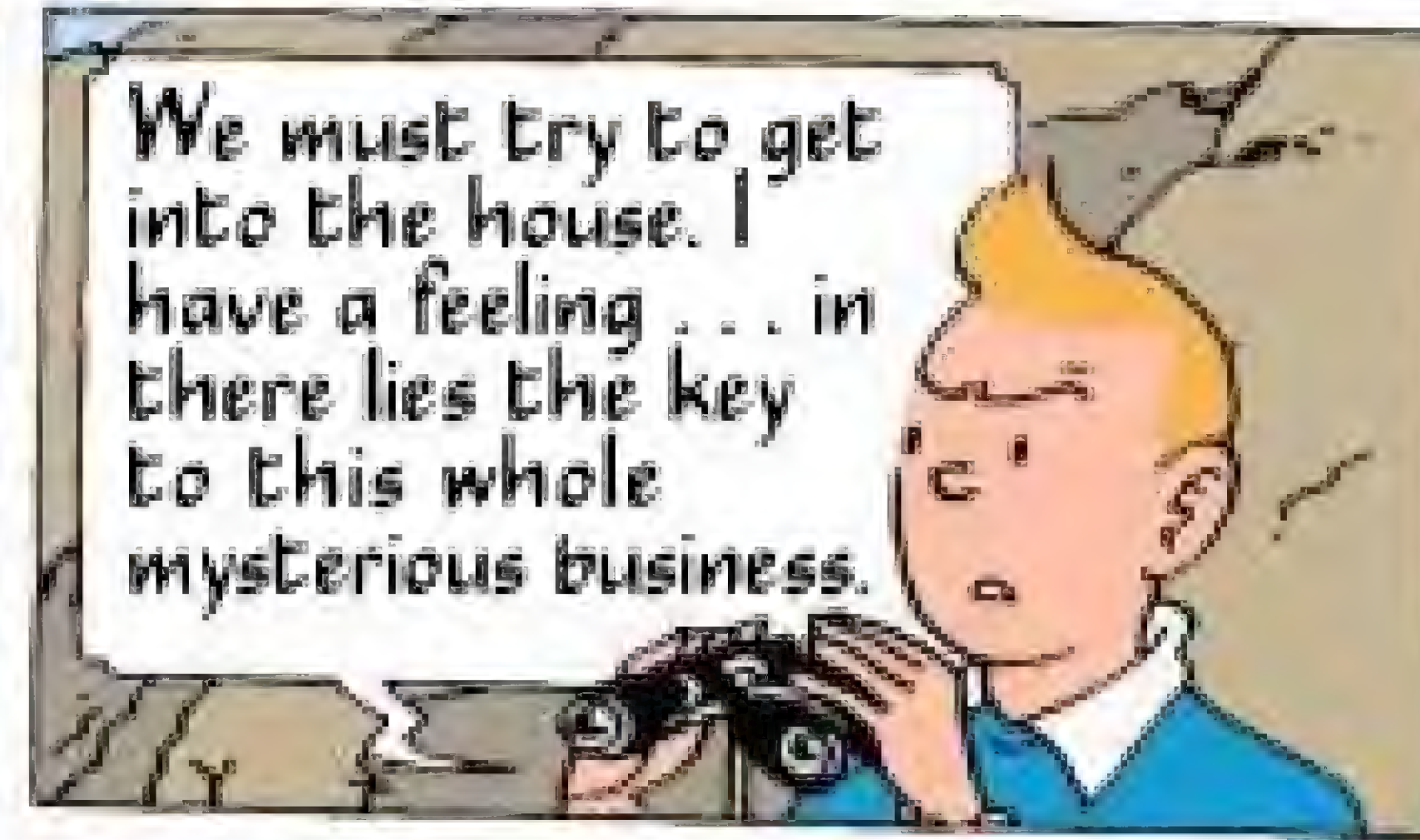
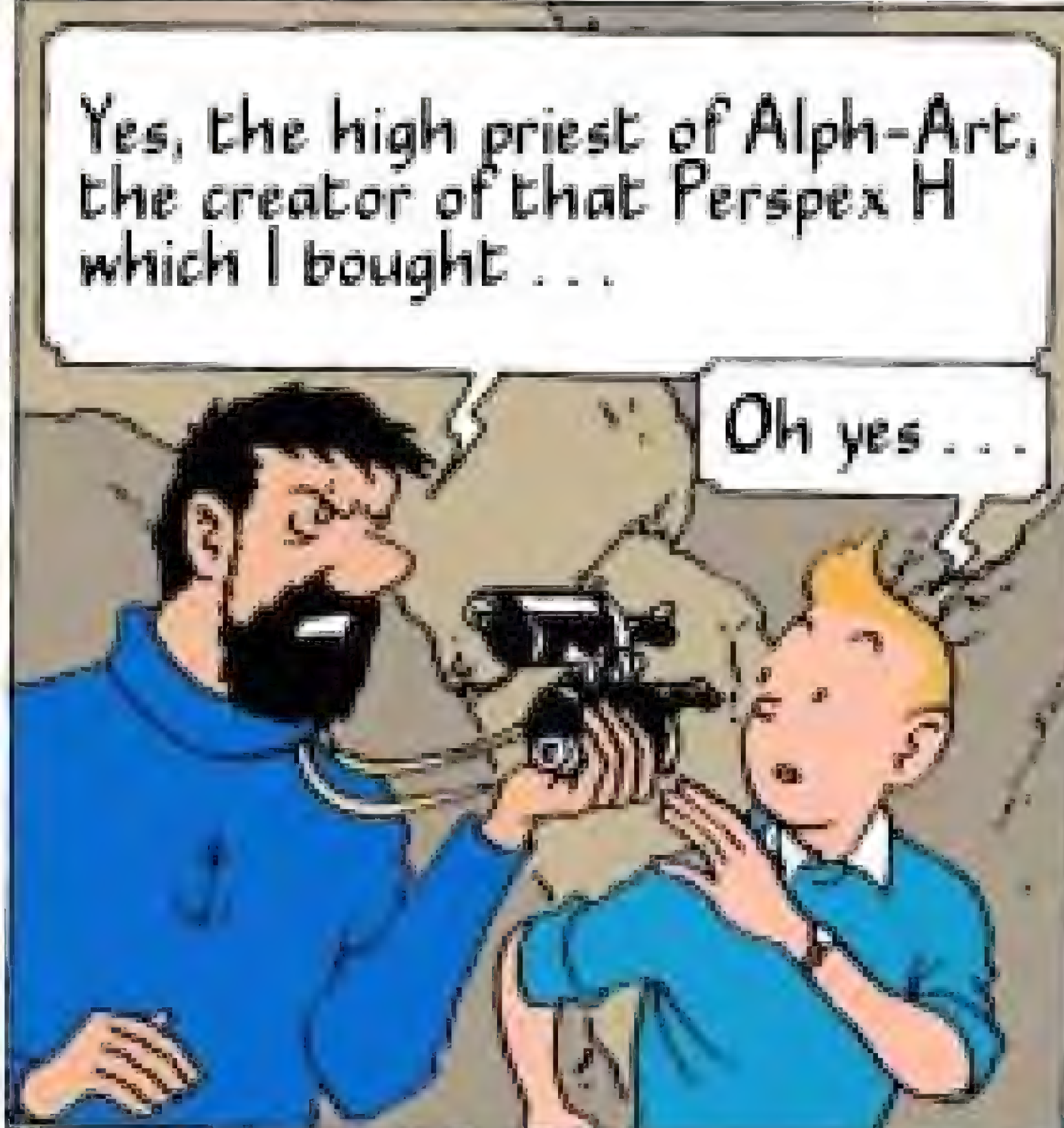


Here we are.



?







The door's not locked!
I don't like this one bit.



Captain!!!... Captain!!!... In
Heaven's name, say something!...



What? Can't I sleep now?
Phew! That's all!



No, you can't sleep now. I've
got some news. I've just
received an anonymous tele-
phone call. Someone stongly
advises us to leave here, and
fast...

But who knows we're
here?



I've no idea,
but news can
travel very
quickly on an
island.



The one thing we must
avoid at all costs is for
Castafiore to find out that
we're here!...



RRRRRIING



Hello... Yes... Who?



It's HER!
CASTAFIORE!



My dear friend... but
how did you know that
we were here...?



You old slyboots! Irma
recognised you! She was
taking a walk... You
absolutely have to come
here, Captain Karlock...
The Master is ado-o-o-rable...



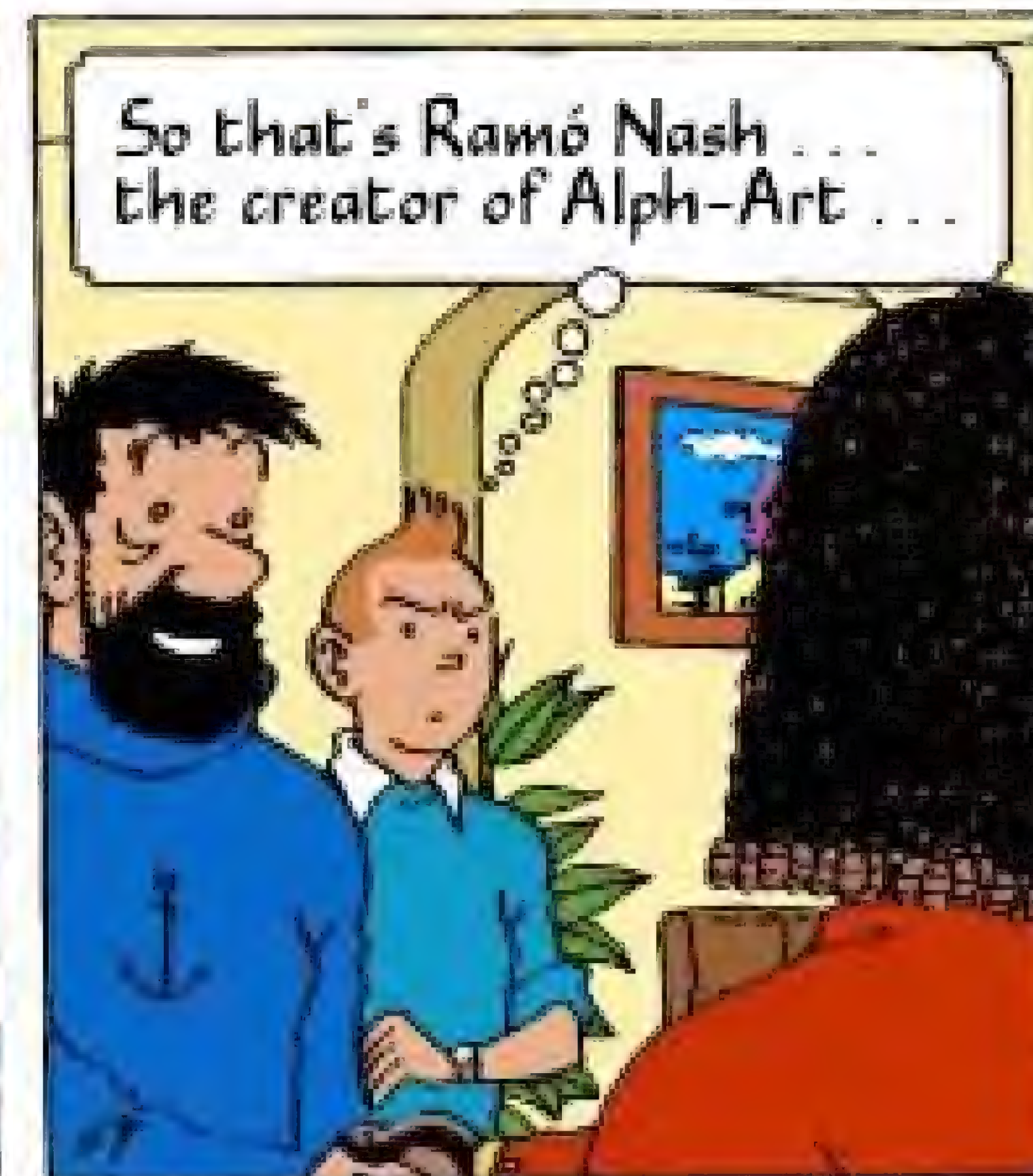
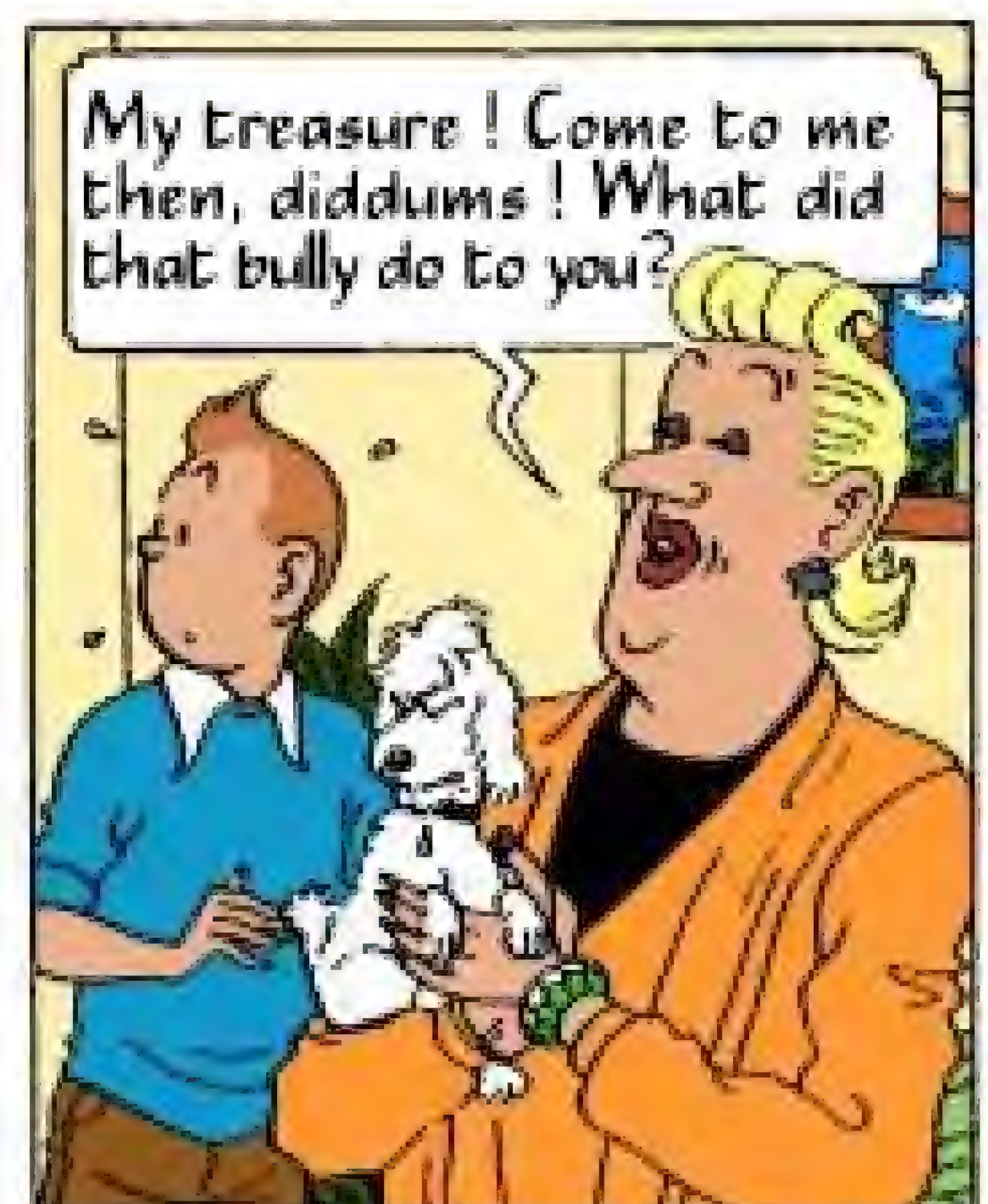
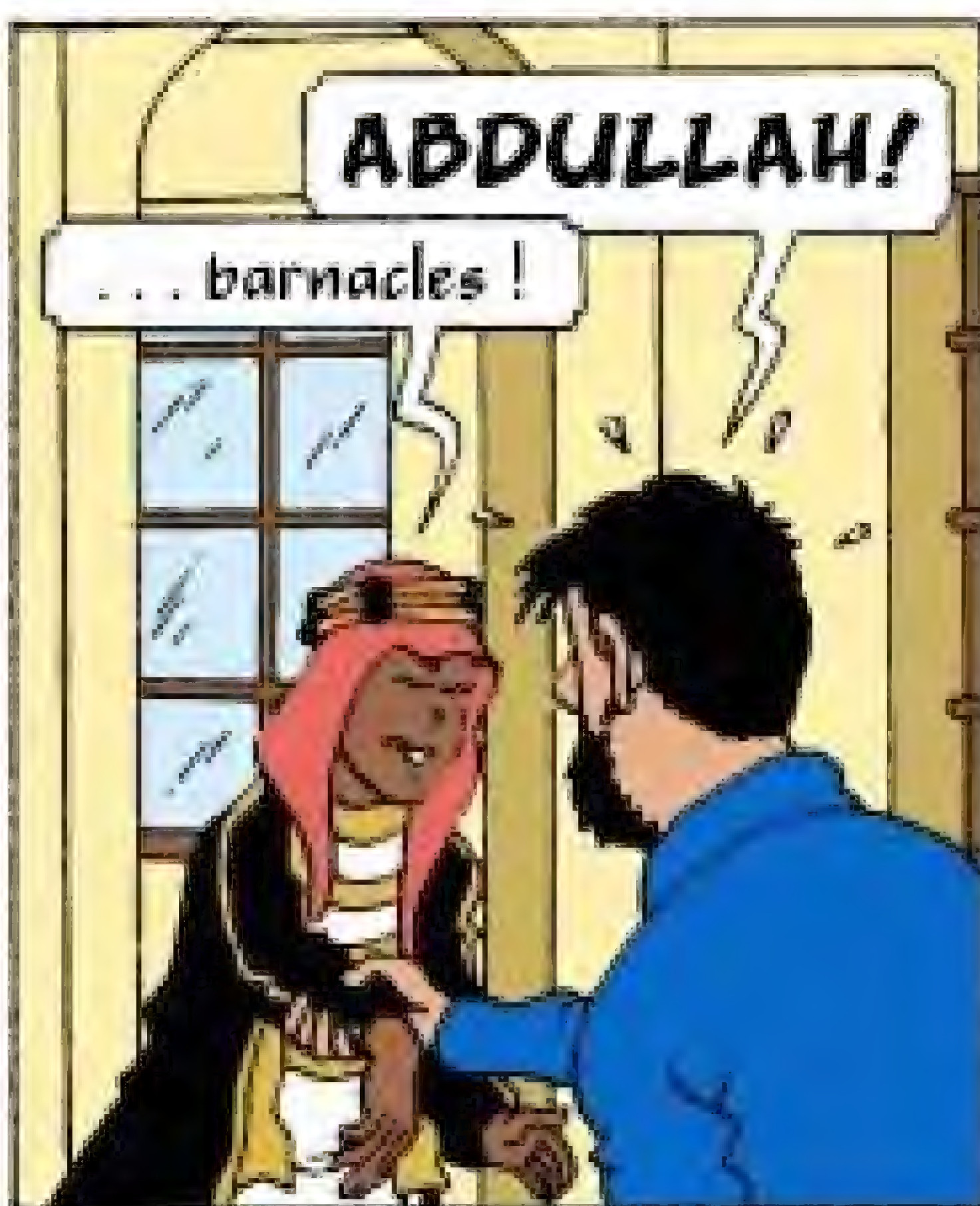
I... I'm sure... But... No, it's
impossible, we have to... Yes...
yes... yes... I promise...



We have been officially invited,
tomorrow afternoon, to see the
Master, Endaddine Akass...

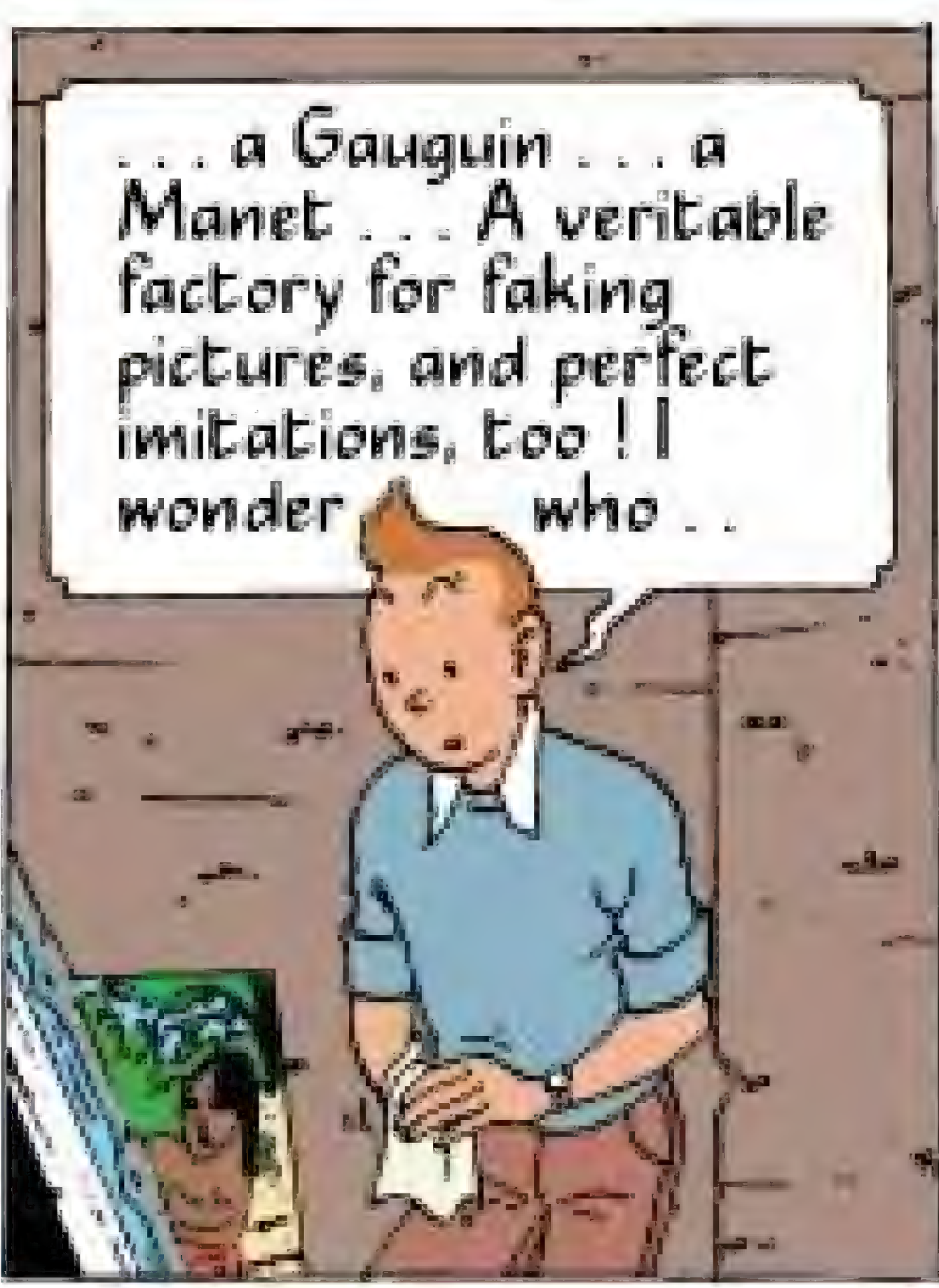
That alters everything!





(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear

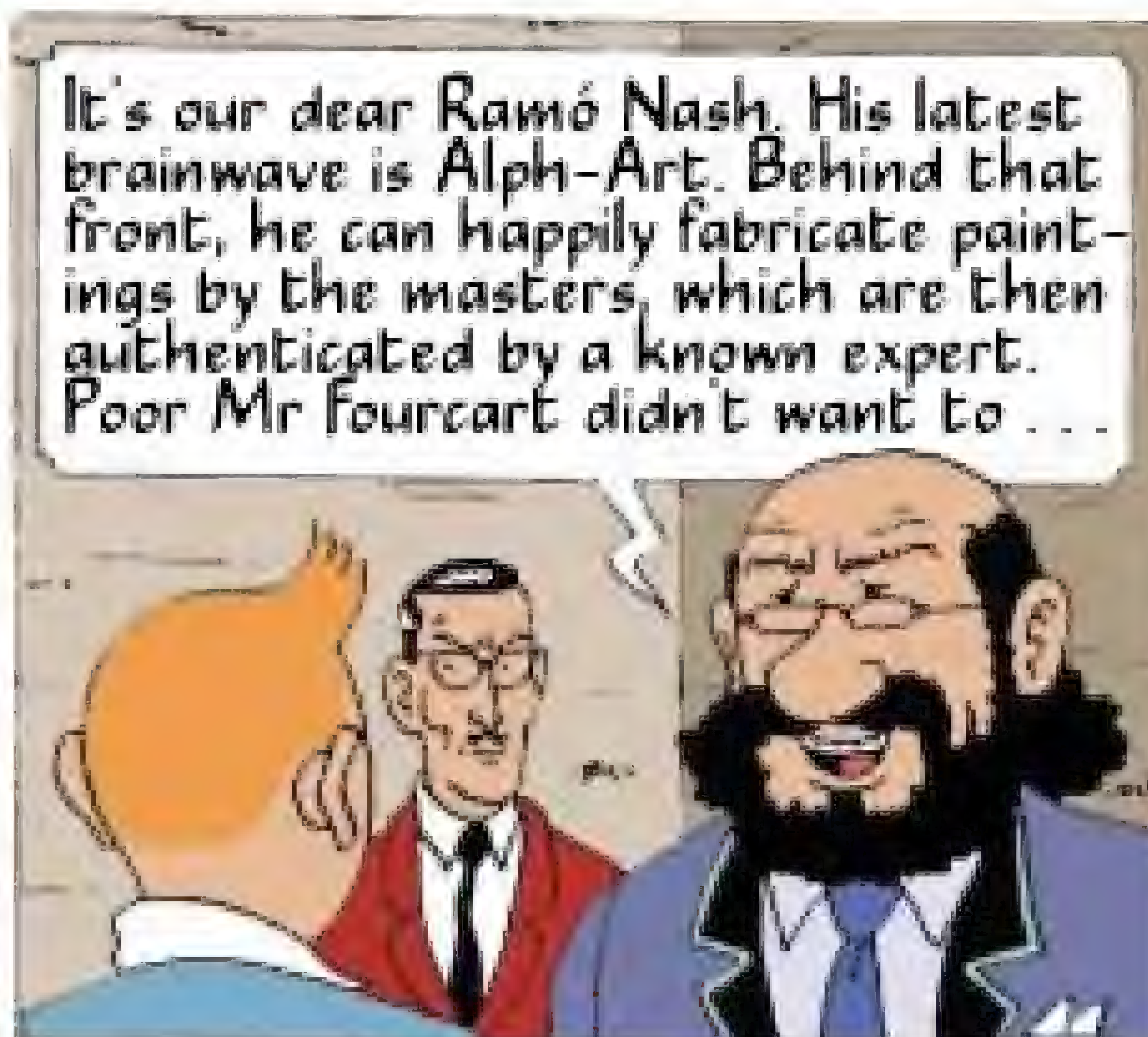






Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him!



It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Mongstir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!...



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...



And this is one of his "Expansions"...



Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter'...



... constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.

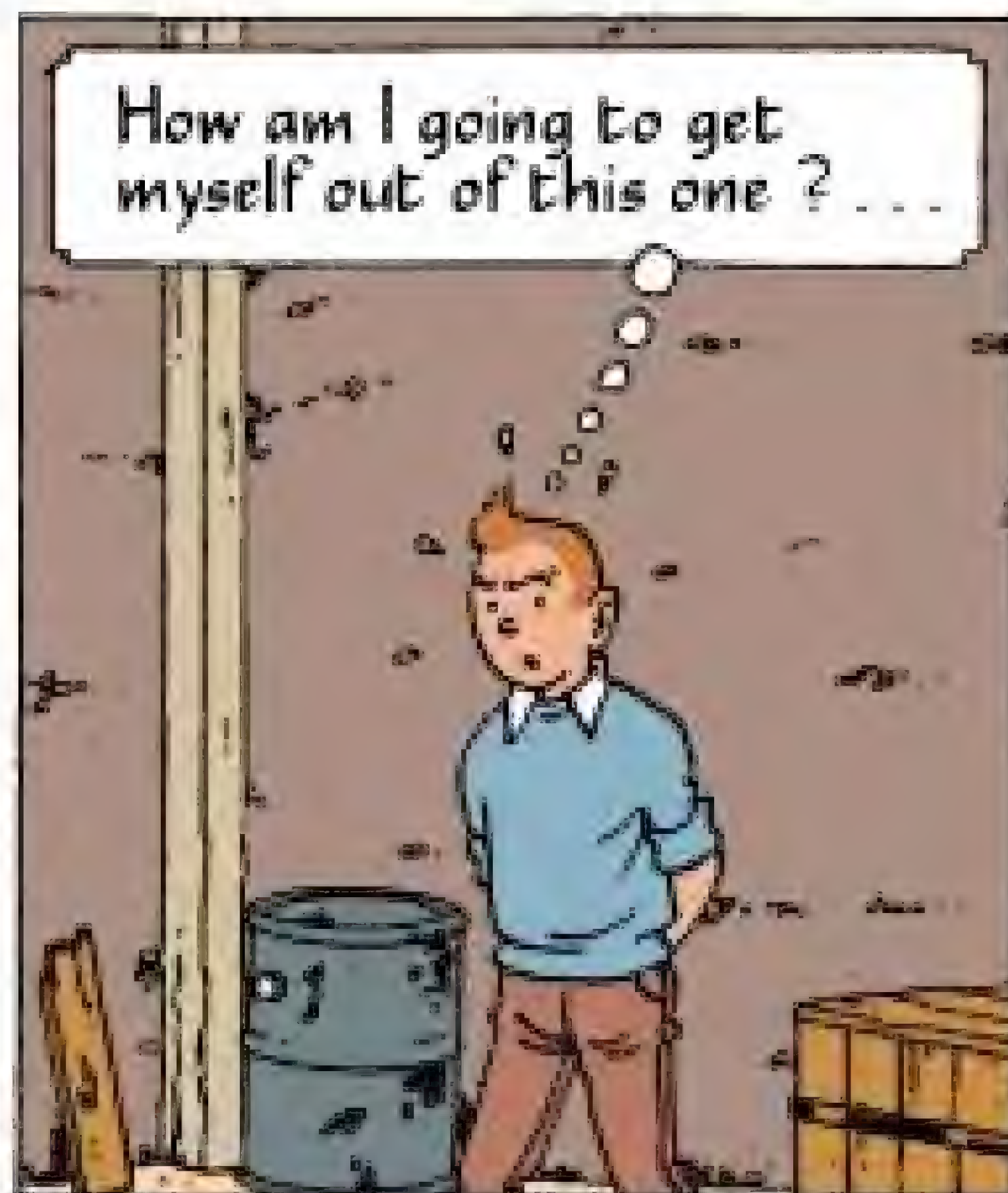


Come on, move!

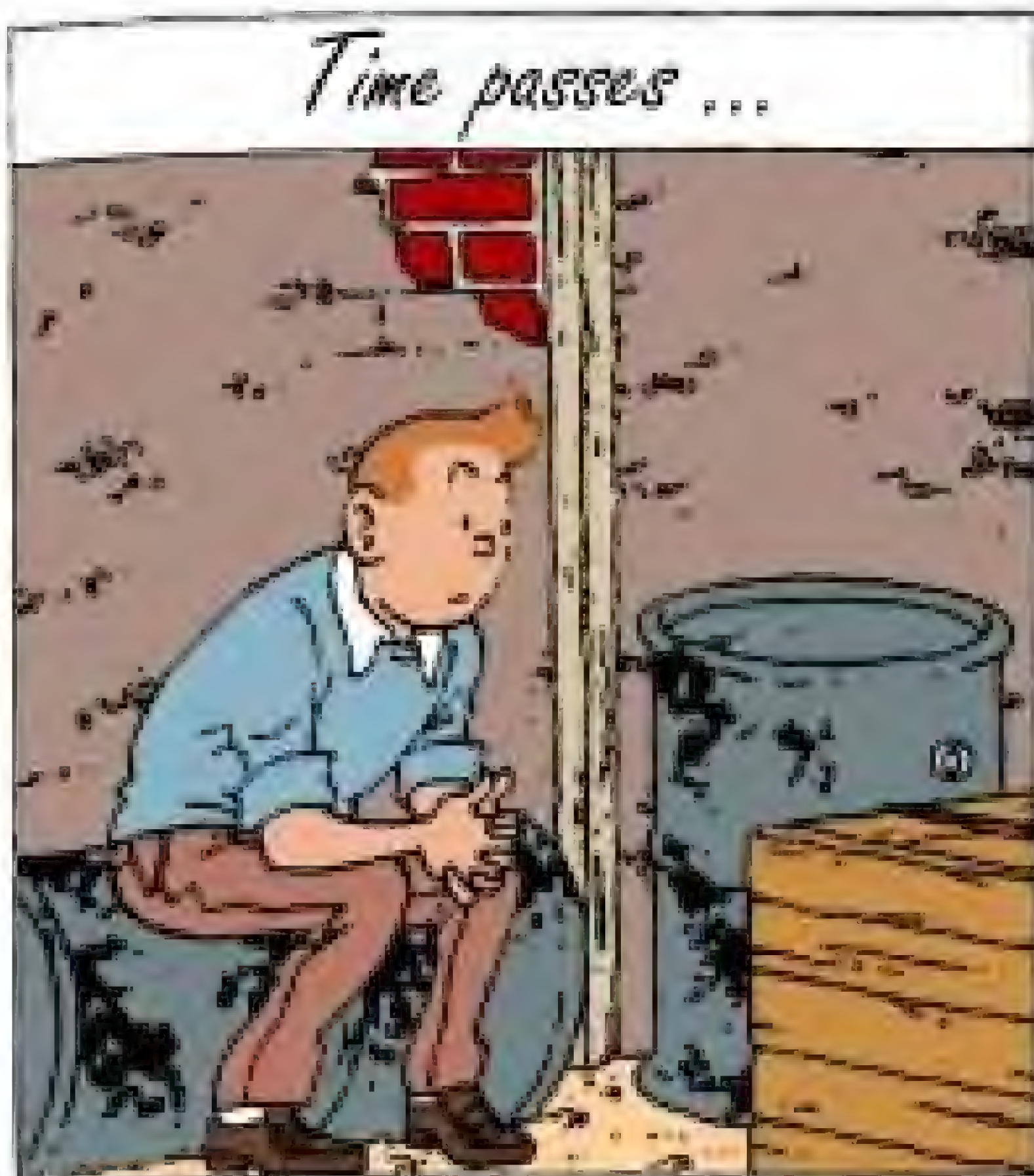
Where's Snowy?



BLAM



Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



Good morning, my dear Tintin! Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César' ...



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...

Must play for time!



But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramô Nash? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...

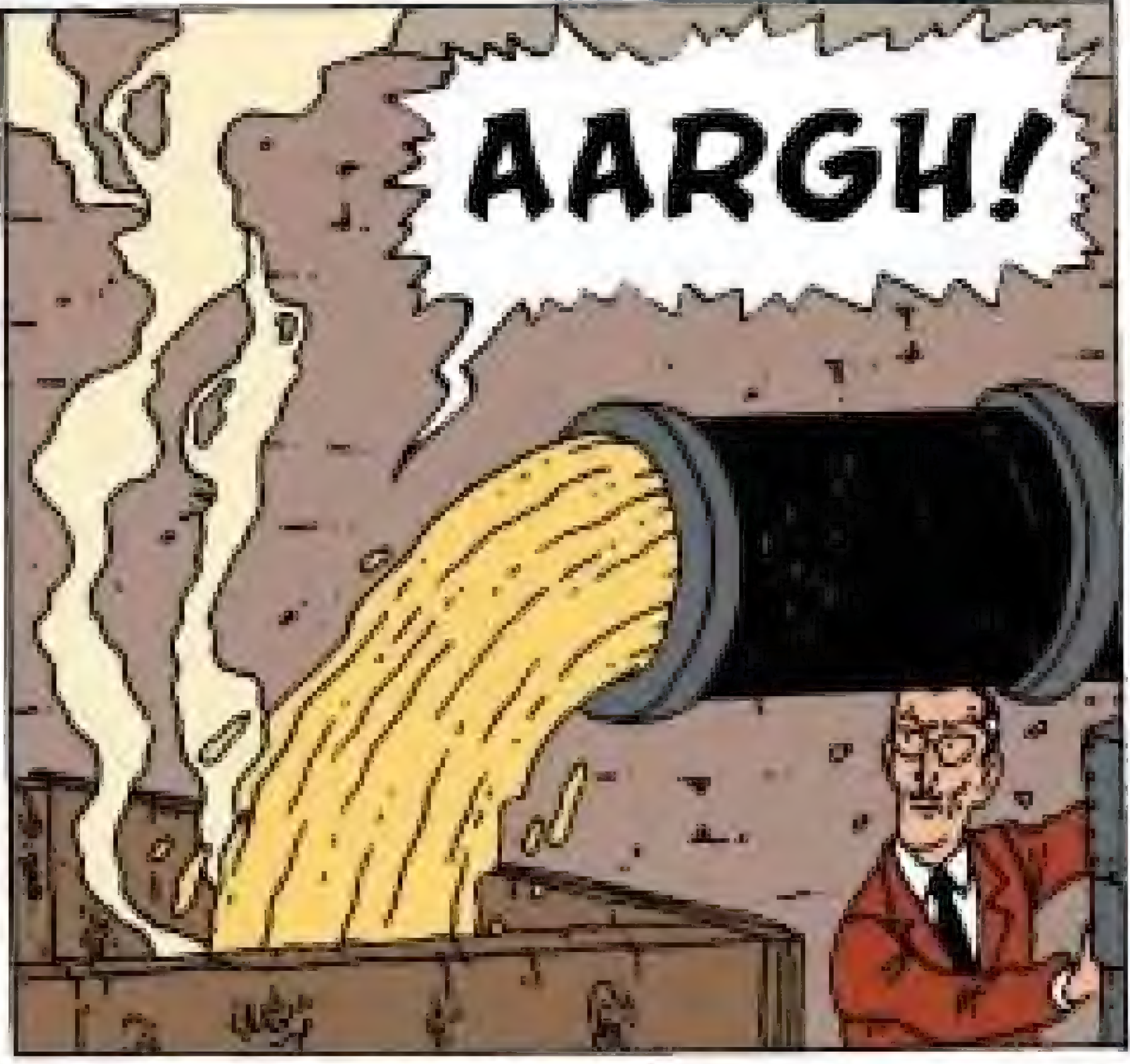


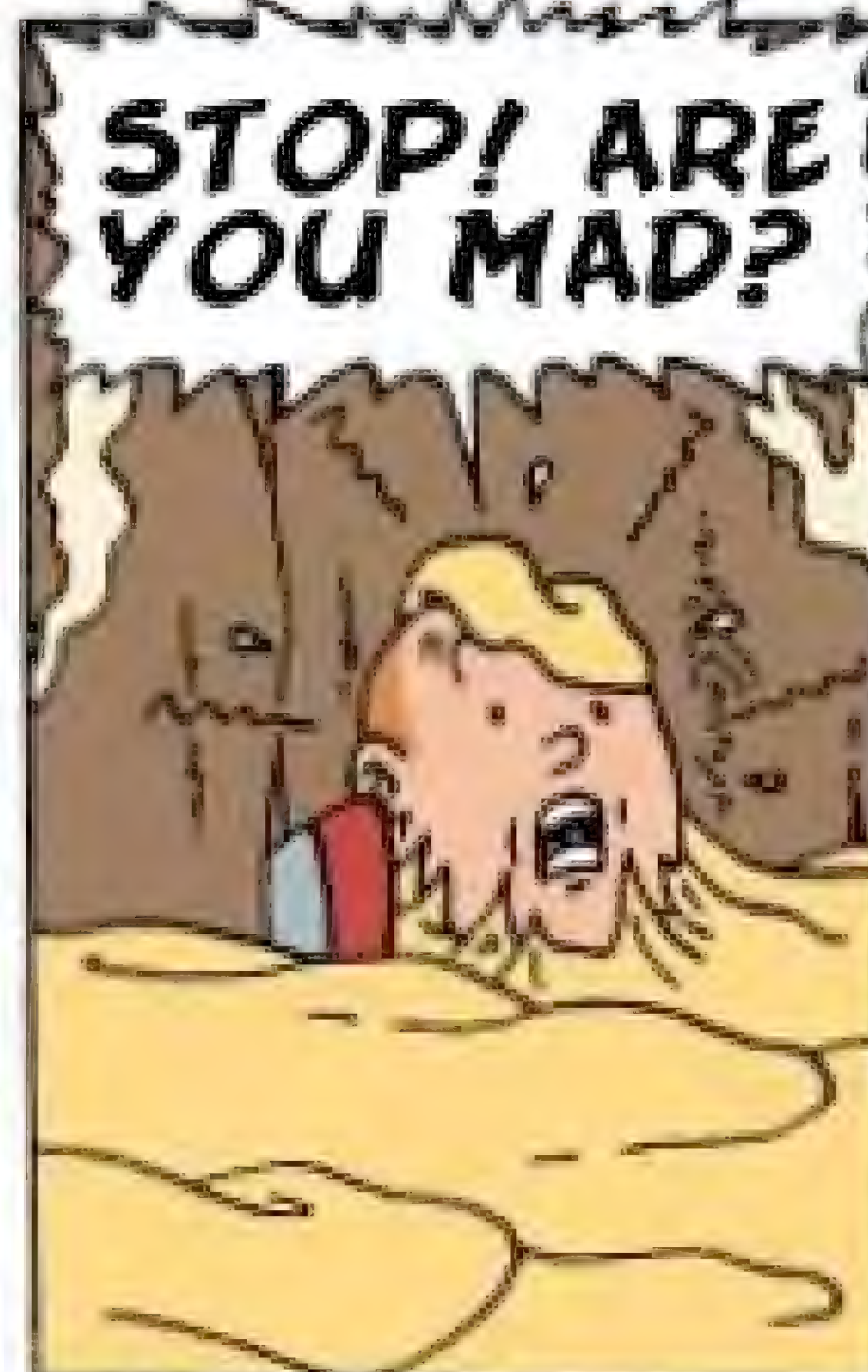
Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ...

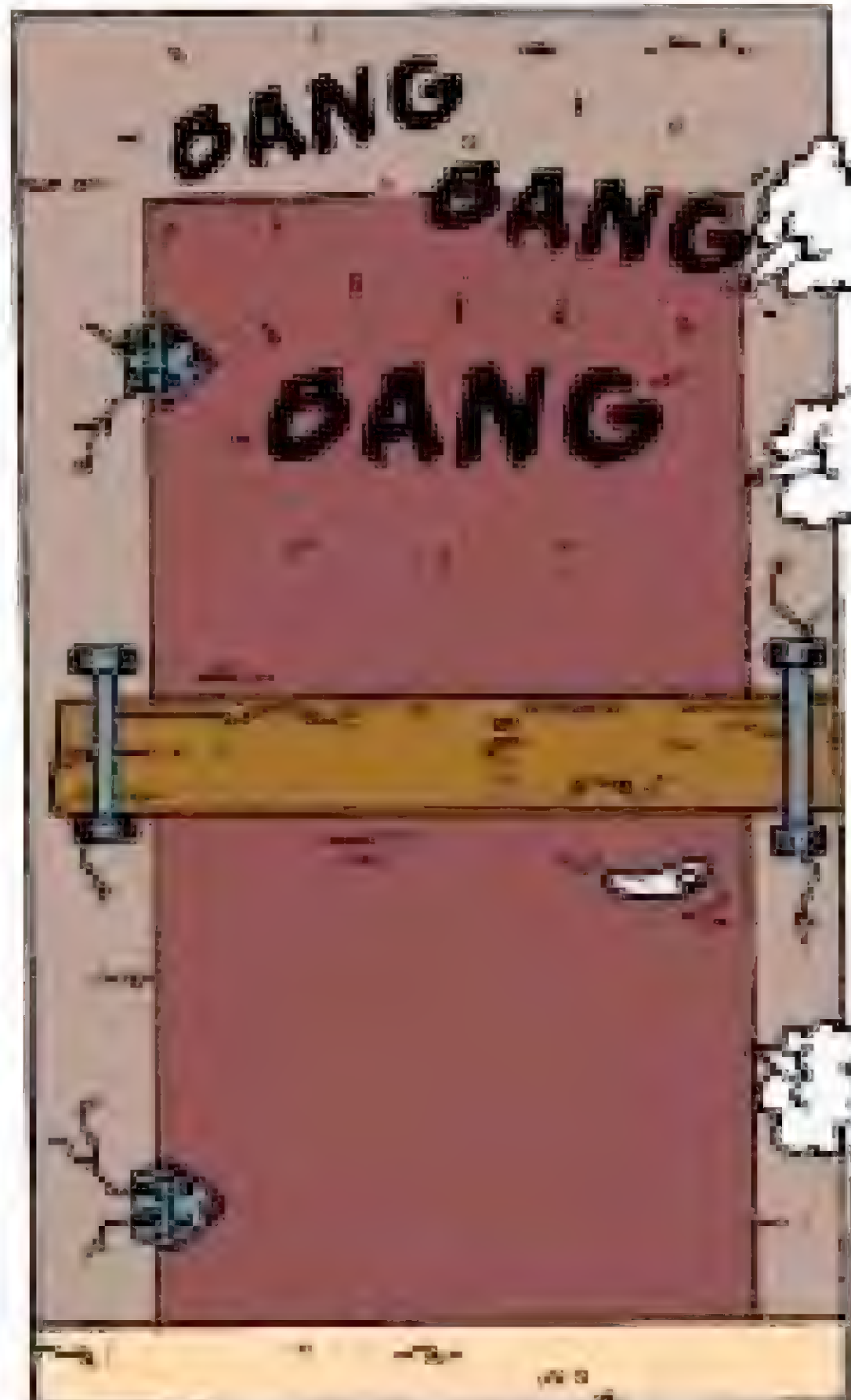


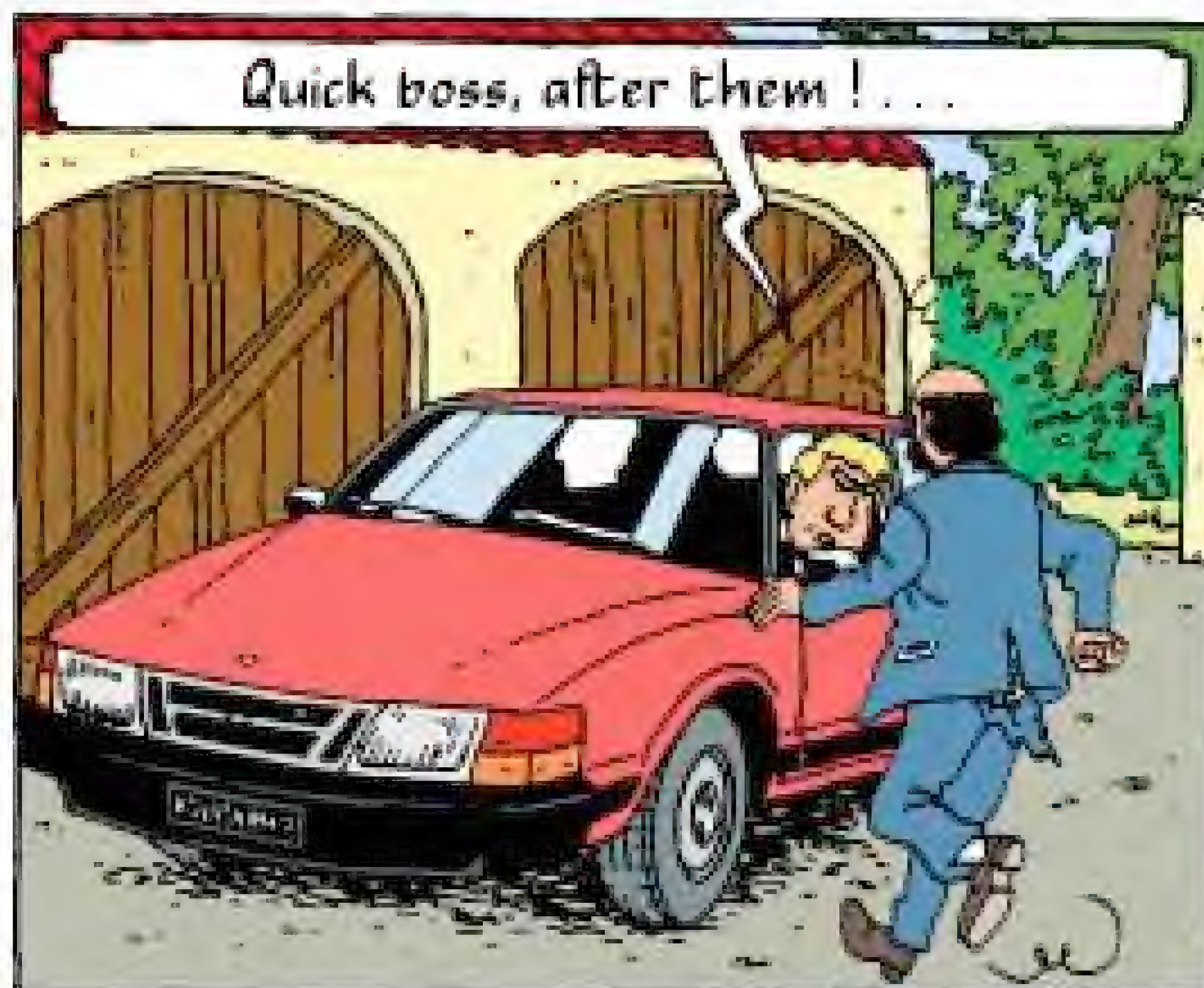
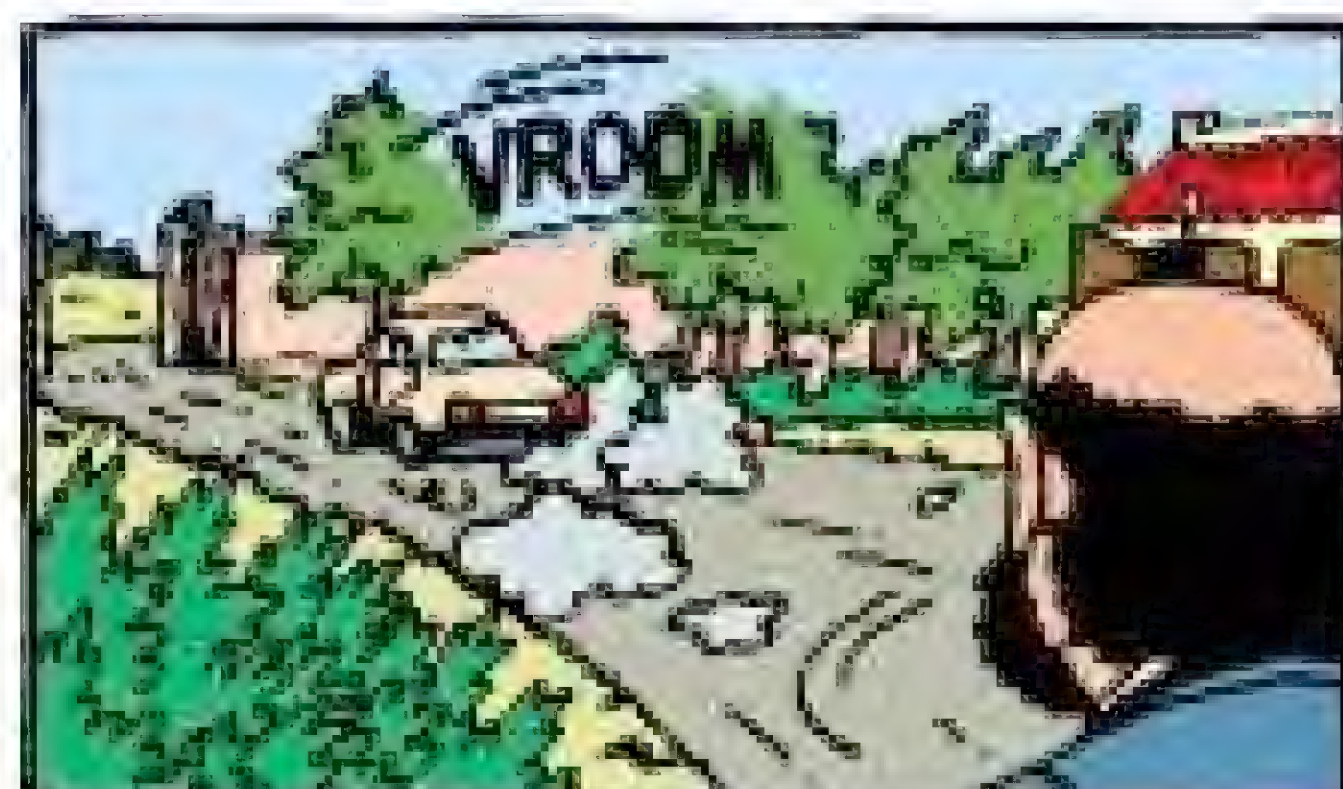
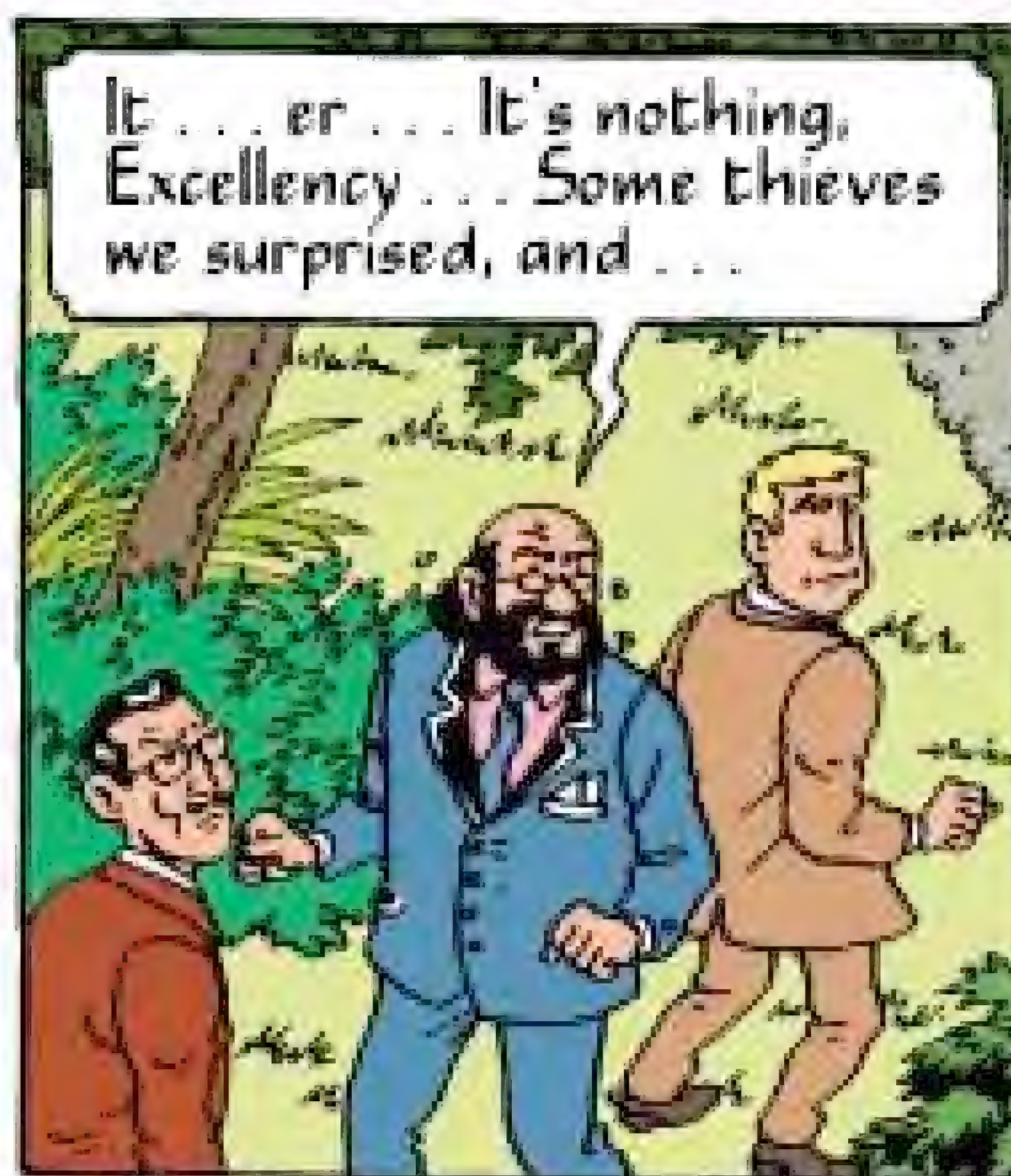
Now the formalities are over with. ... get in! Let's go!









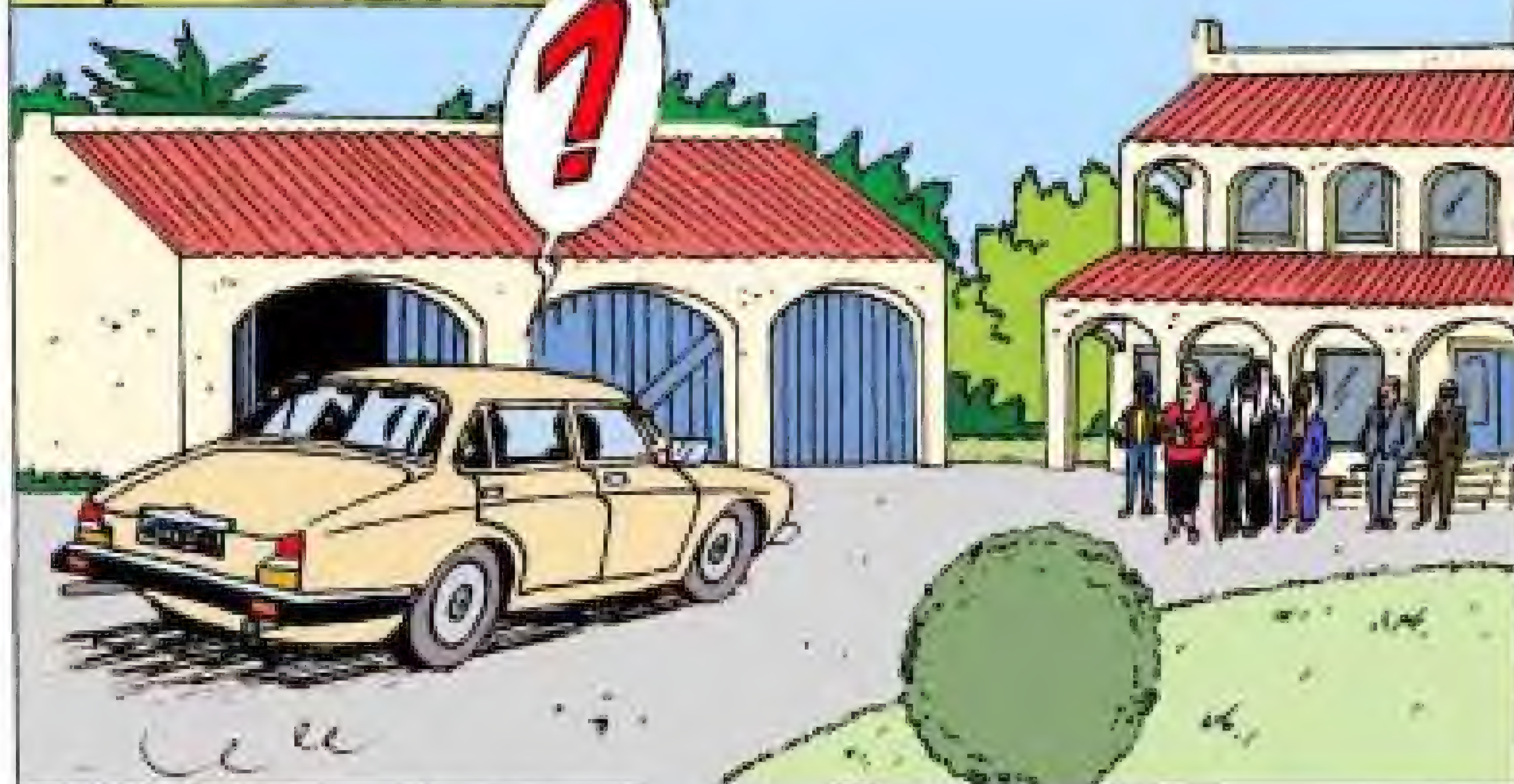




This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock! It's impossible! There must be some sort of mistake!



Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake!...



Have you called the police?
I... I was just going to...



No one can help us now, eh?



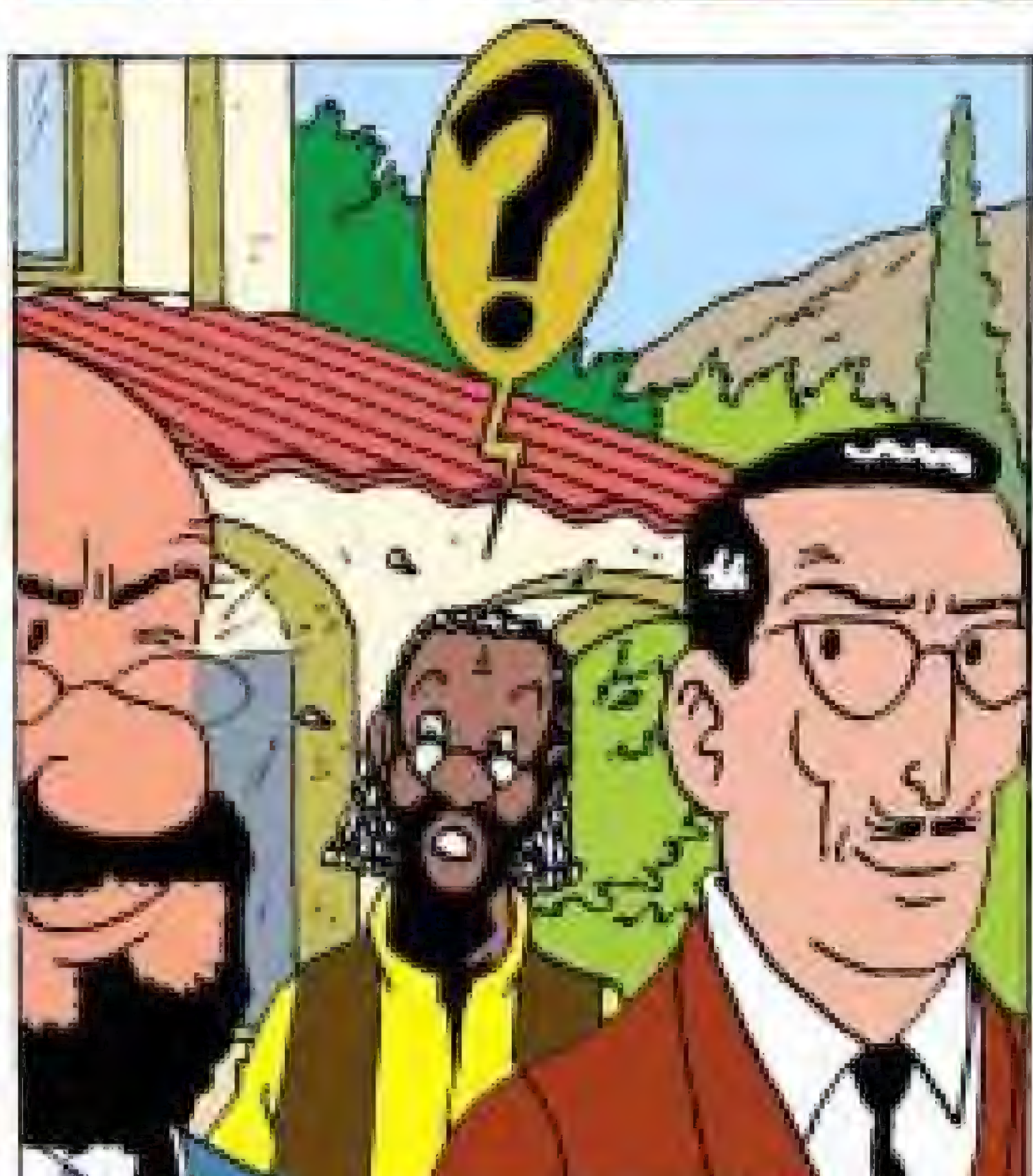
You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.

Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive... Er, it's a legal technicality... you understand?

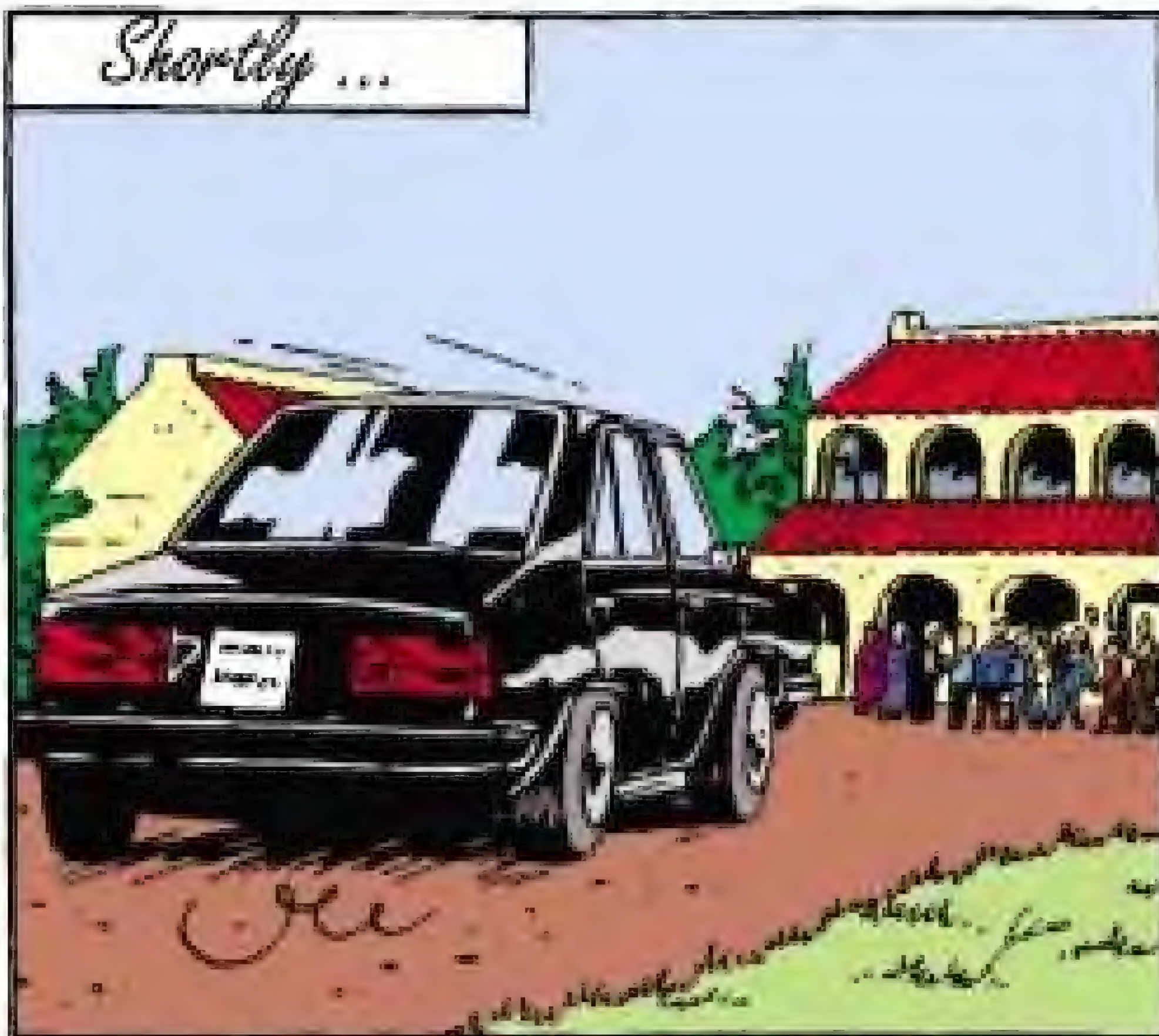


OK then.

Right, the police are on their way.



Shortly ...



Mr Akass? Can you come with us to make a statement?

Of course ...

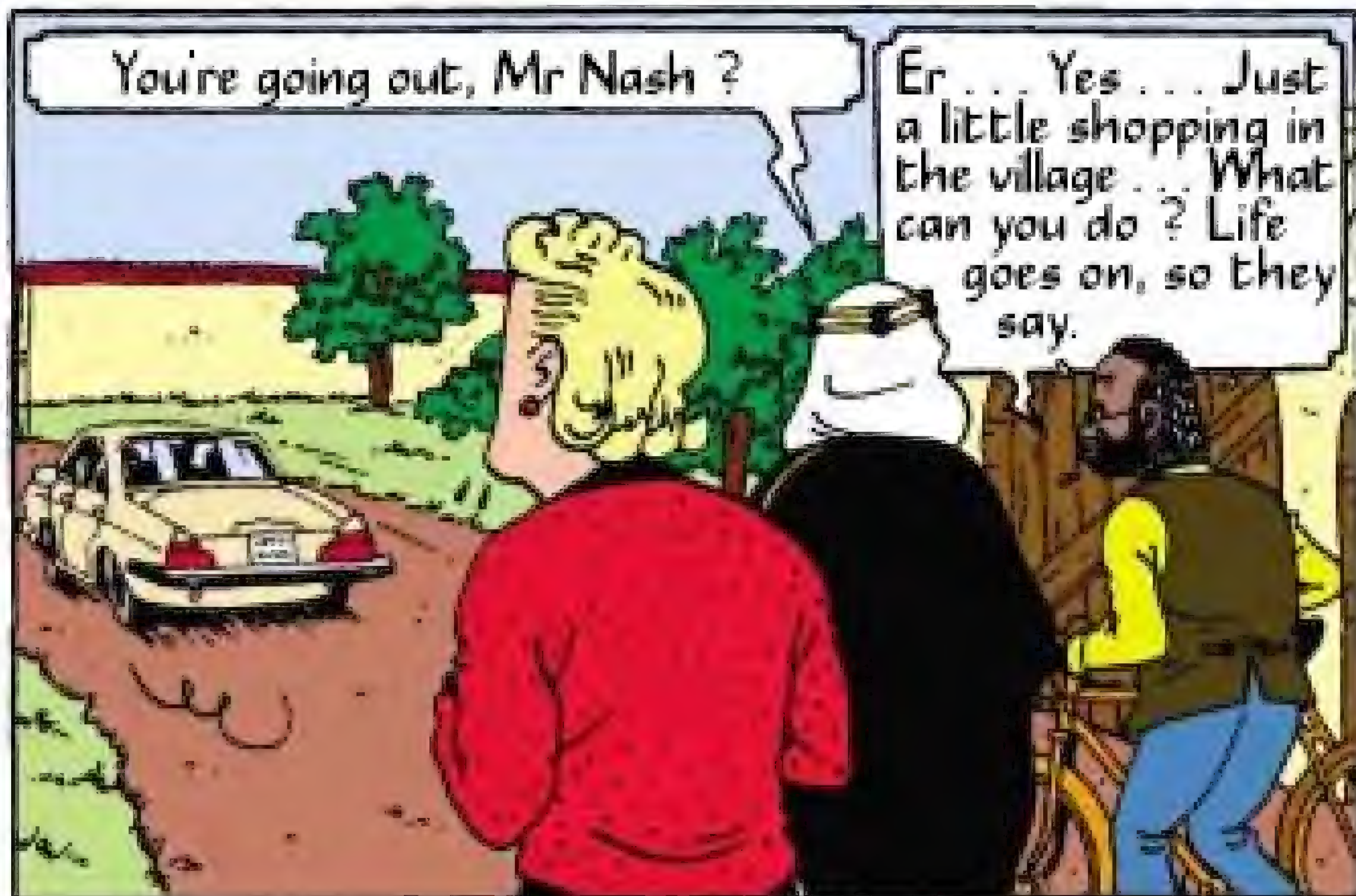


You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash?

Er... Yes... Just a little shopping in the village... What can you do? Life goes on, so they say.



Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone... But our poor friends...

Don't worry...



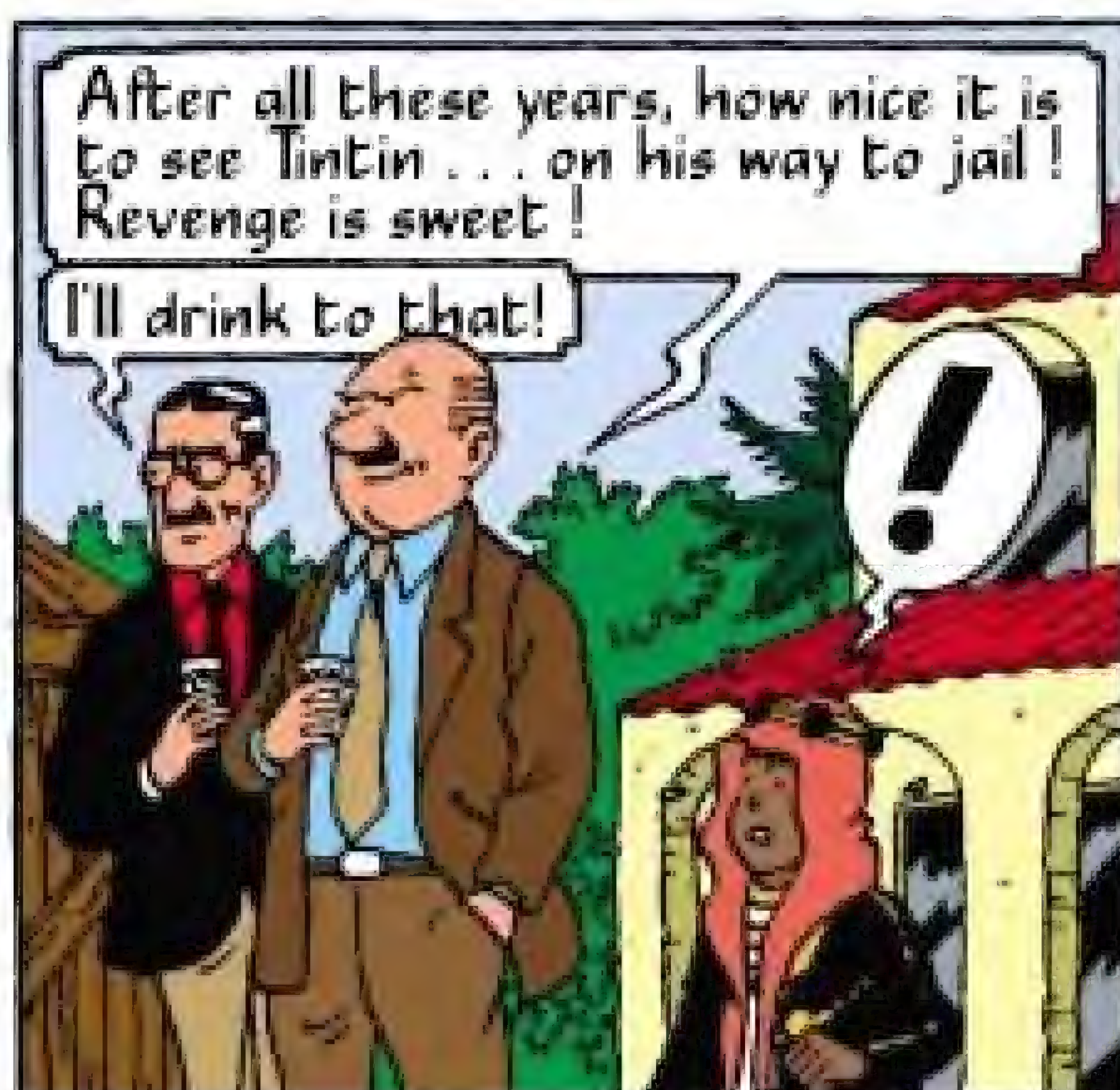
The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock...

May the Madonna protect them...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin... on his way to jail! Revenge is sweet!

I'll drink to that!



Blistering Barnacles in jail?



And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives! What a waste!



I'll bet that you're not real police officers!

Oh no! We've been demasked!



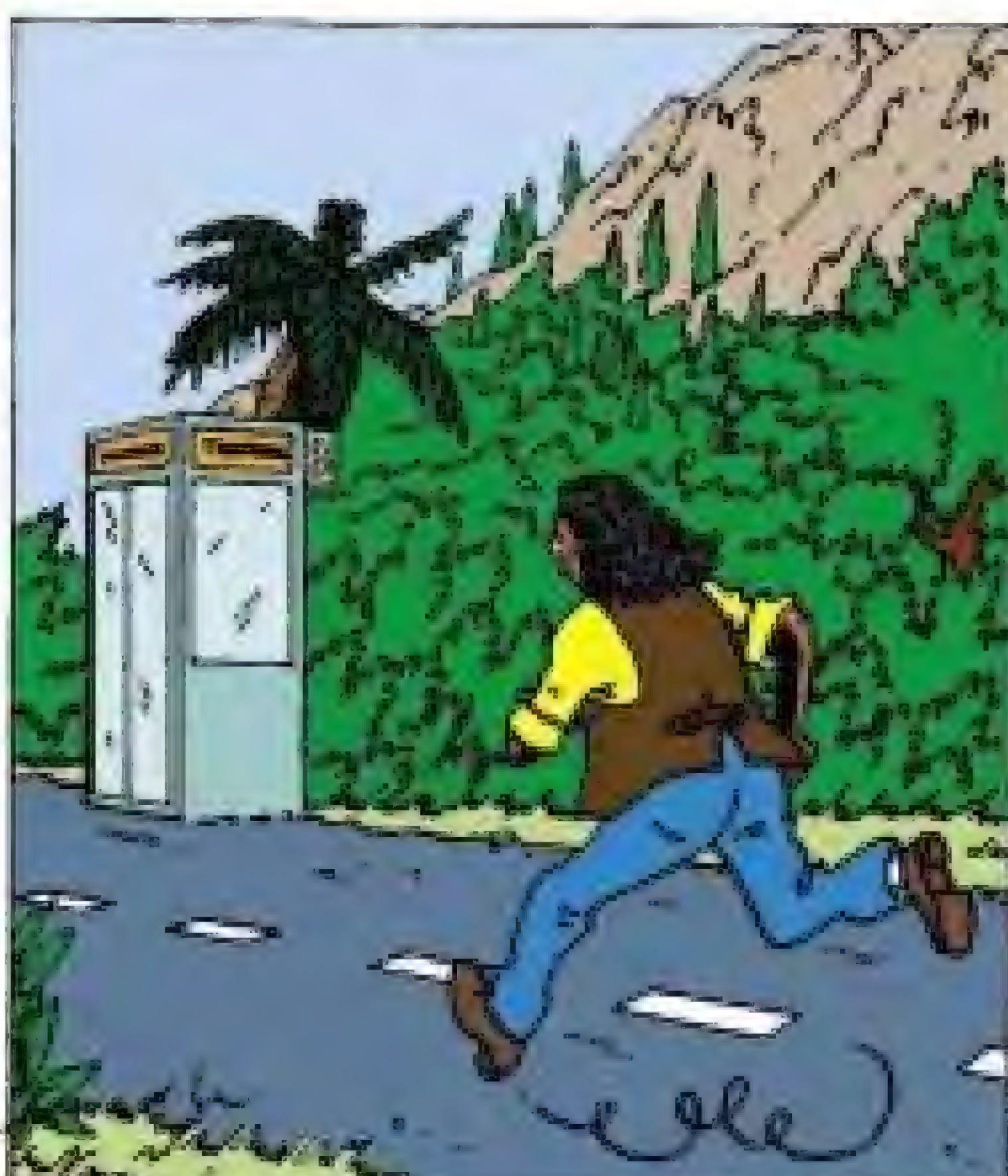
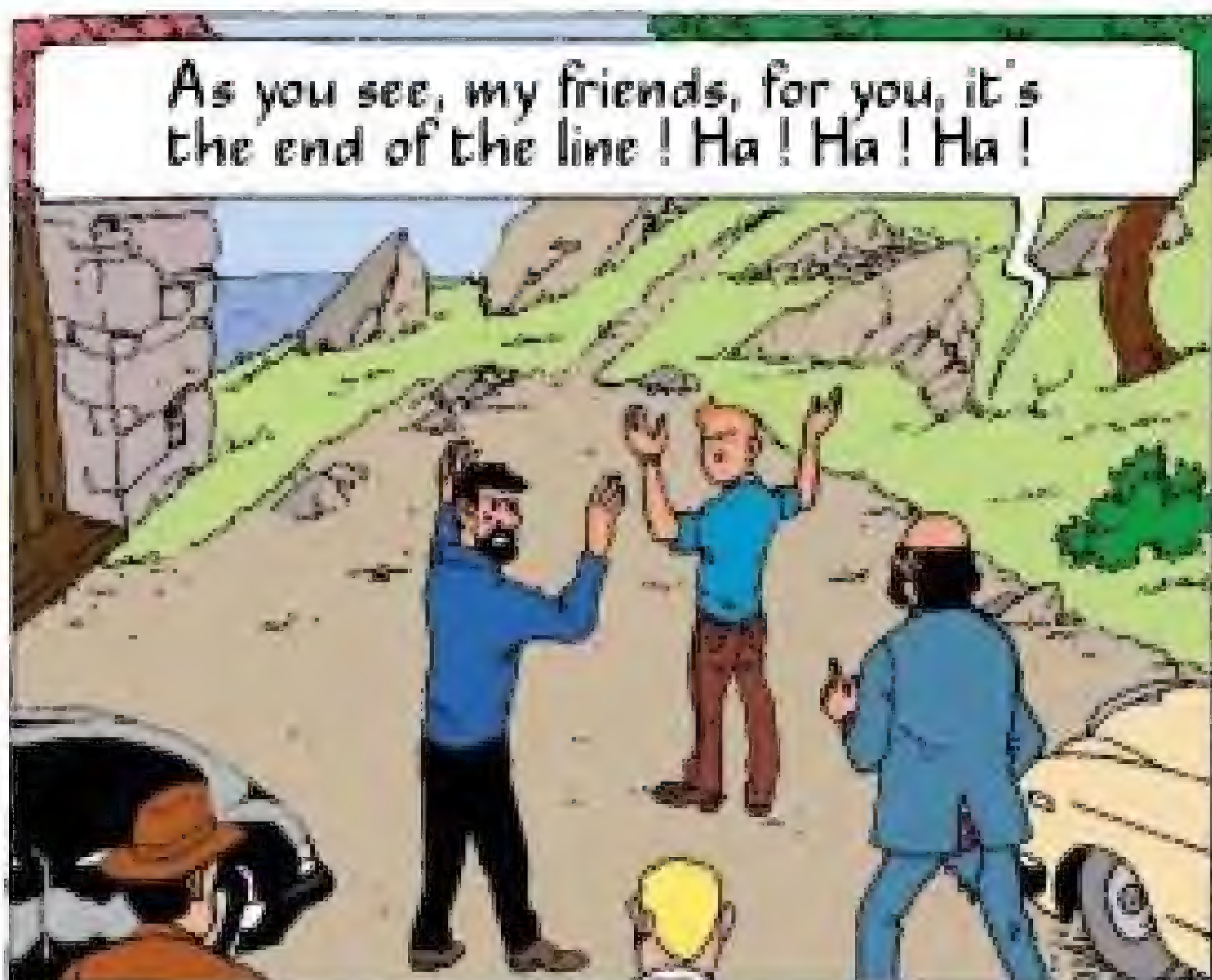
Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live...



Here we are, everybody out.



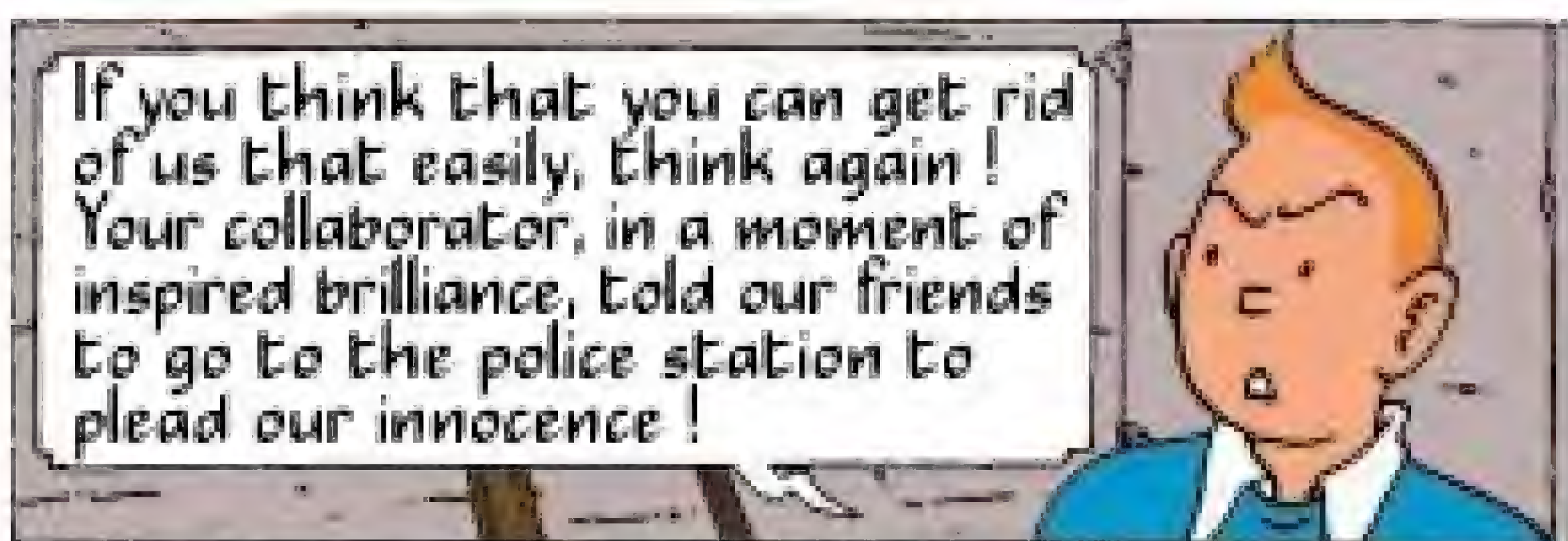
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



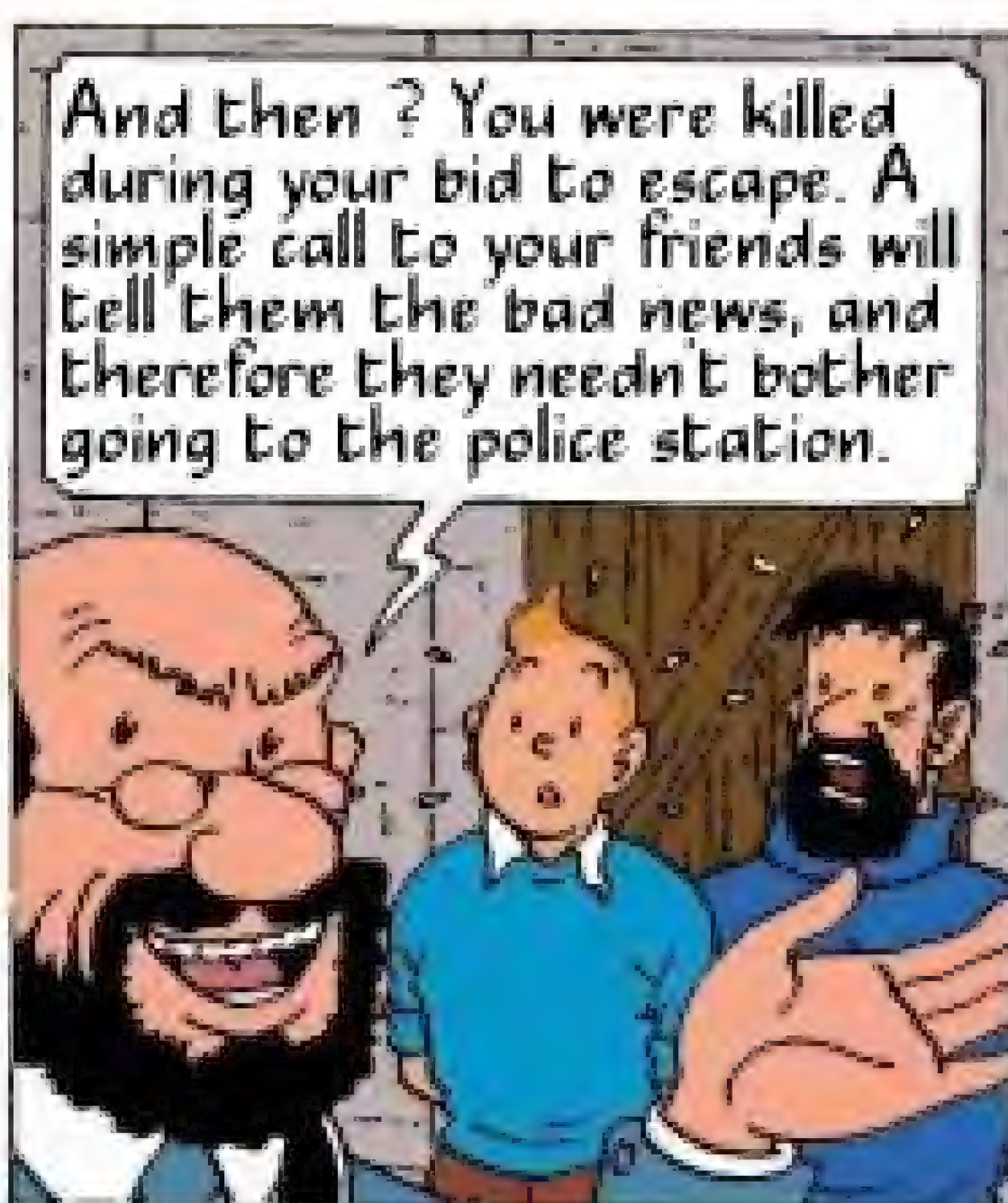
Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

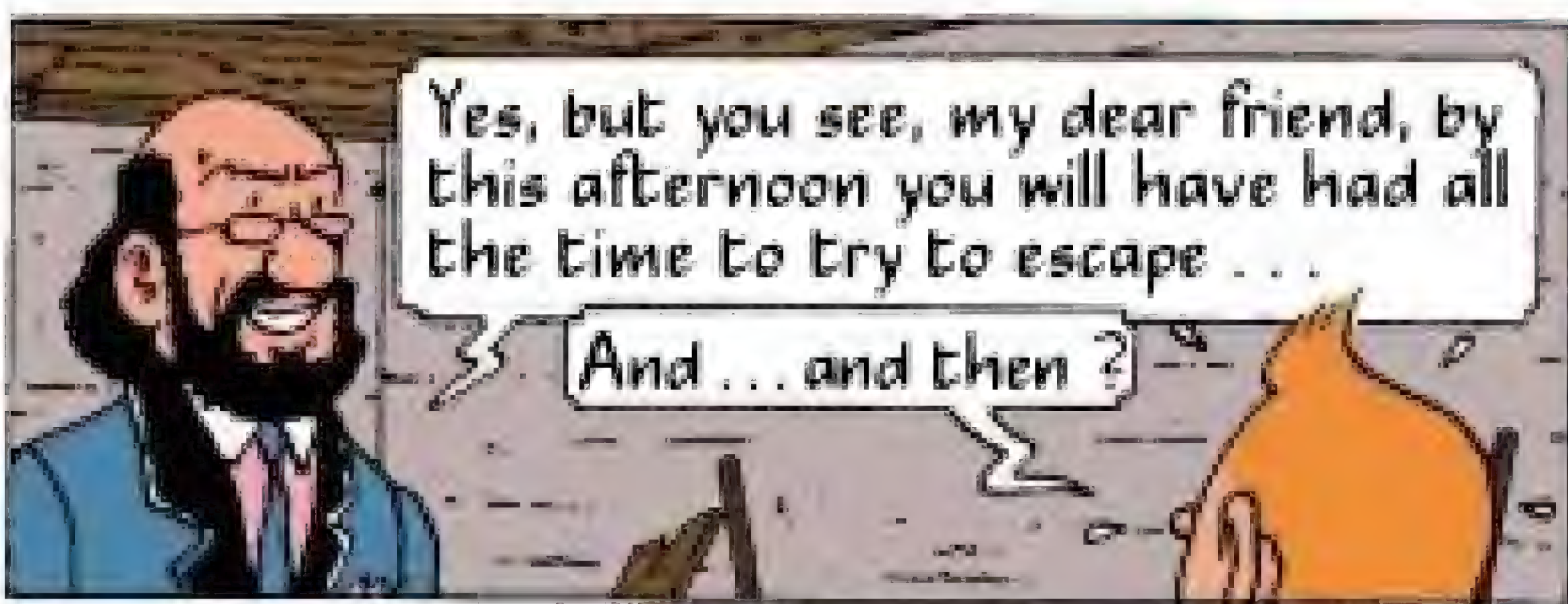


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!



Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



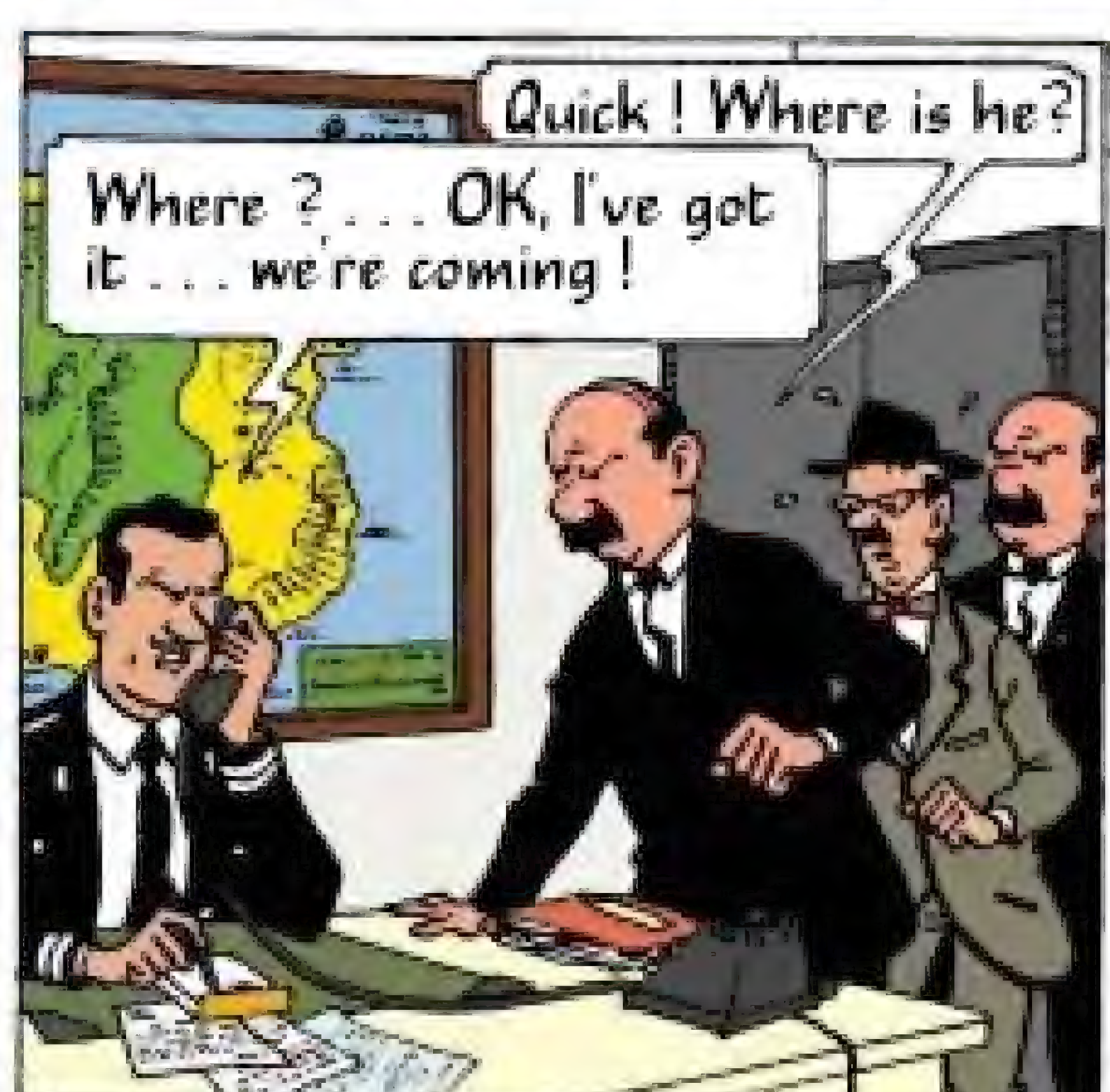
Tintin and Haddock...

TINTIN?!



Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it ... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



NO!...



RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha! Ha!

But!... But?... It's impossible!
I saw you go down with your launch
in the Red Sea (1)... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think!
But you know, we've met since that day,
although you don't remember...

Some years ago, I organised the kid-
napping of the famous millionaire
Laszlo Carreidas, just before the
International Astronautical Congress,
to which you were invited as guests
of honour... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the
island we were on was des-
troyed by a volcano... I
managed to escape, but I'm
not sure how, since at the
time of the eruption, I became
amnesic...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica.
I was impressed by his talent. It was then
that I had the idea of dealing in forged
art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories
and I became Akass. After recrui-
ting a few men to work
for me, the project took
off very quickly...

And Allan, the fresh-
water pirate? Is he not
with you?... Or is he
disguised as one of these
gorrillas?

Allan? That idiot
refused to help!
He's in the United
States now, after
some peace and
quiet...

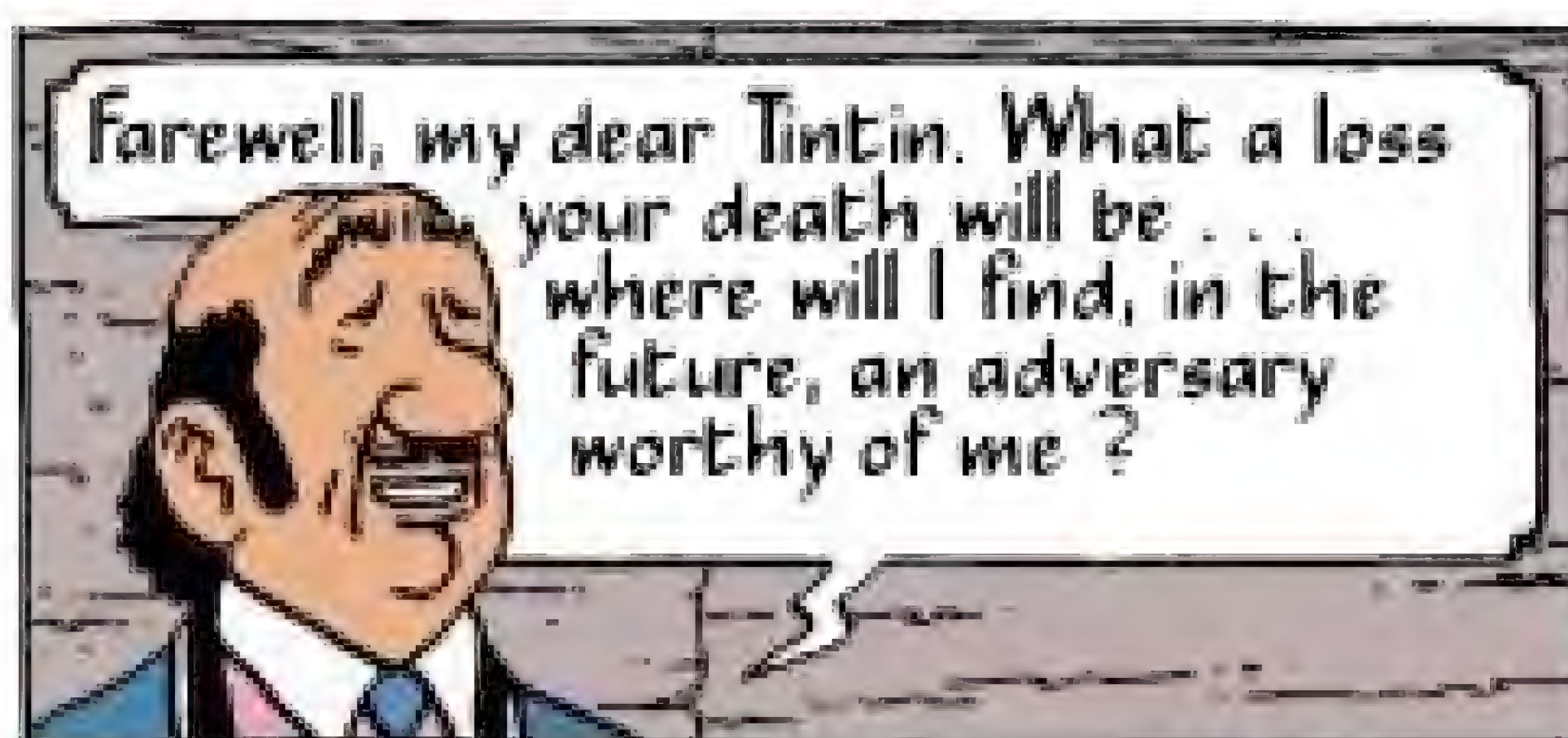
Meanwhile, in the United States...

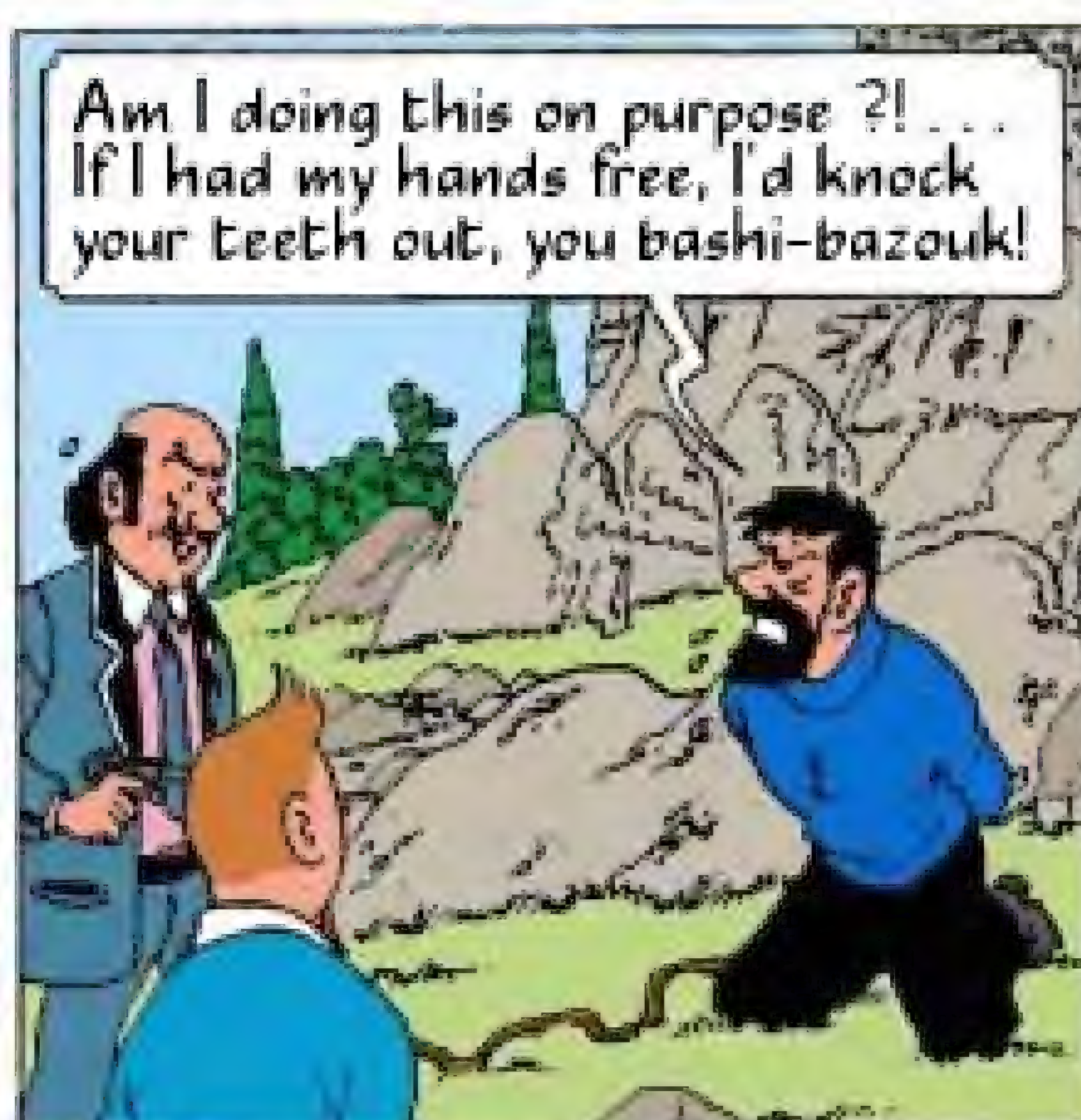
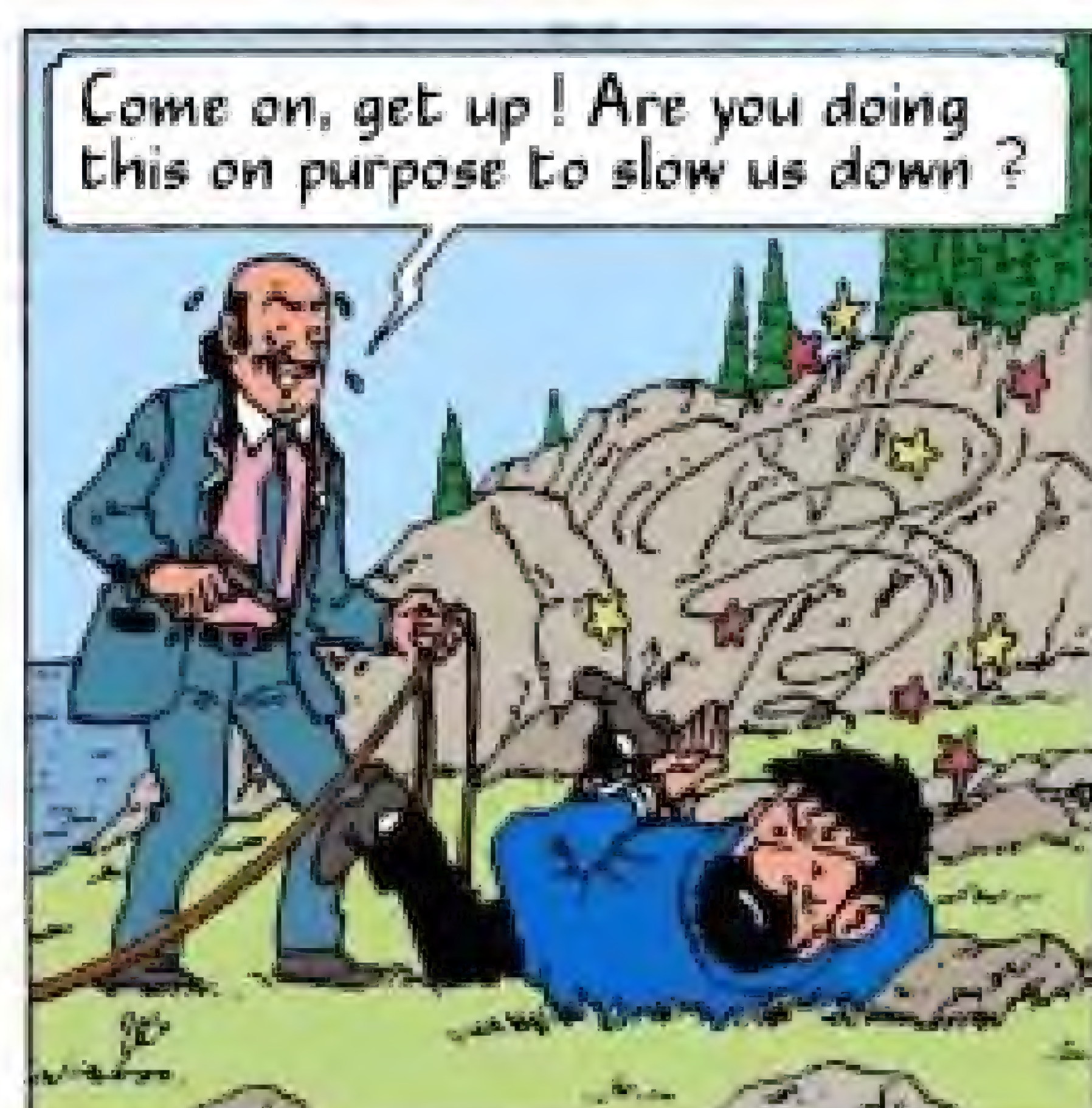
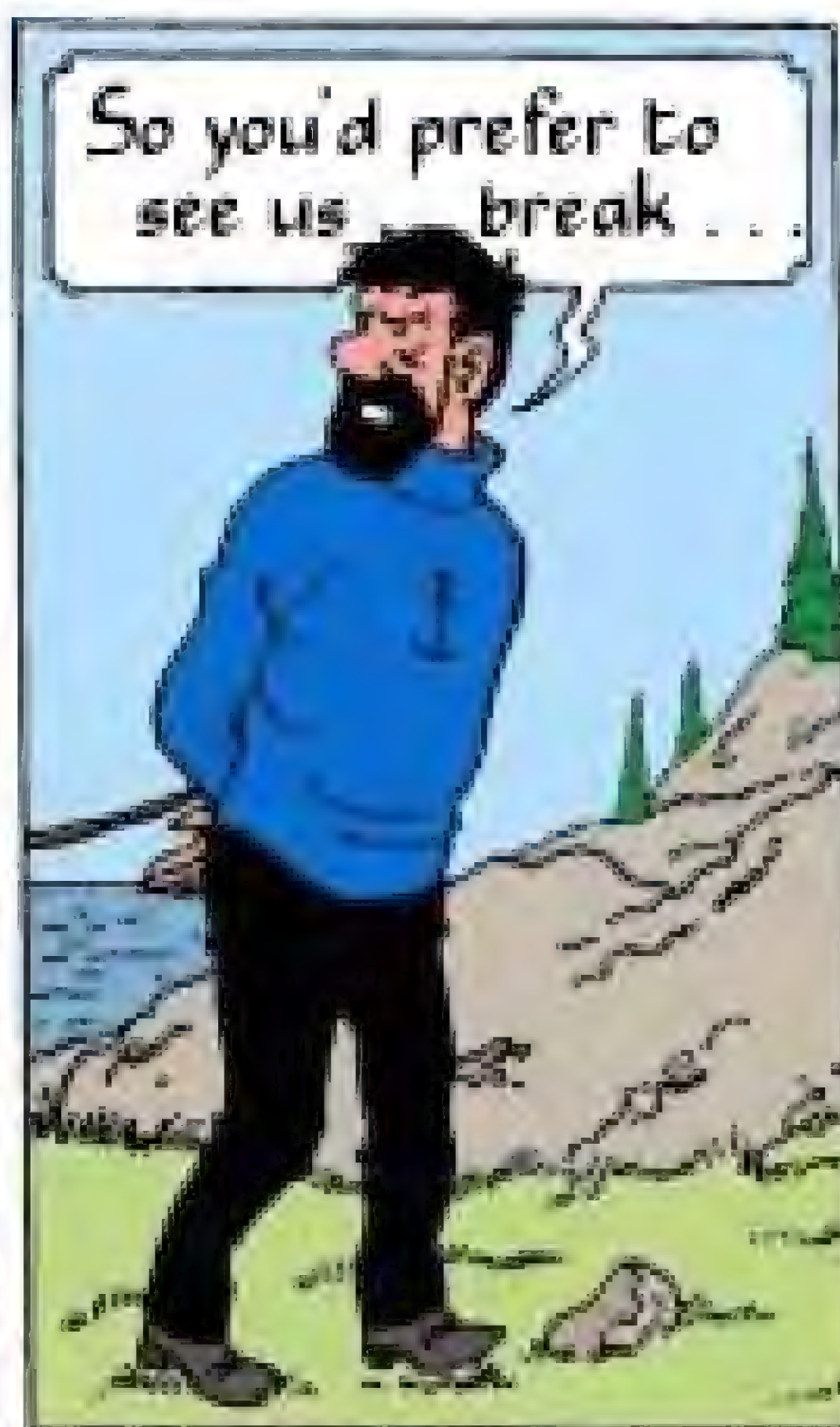
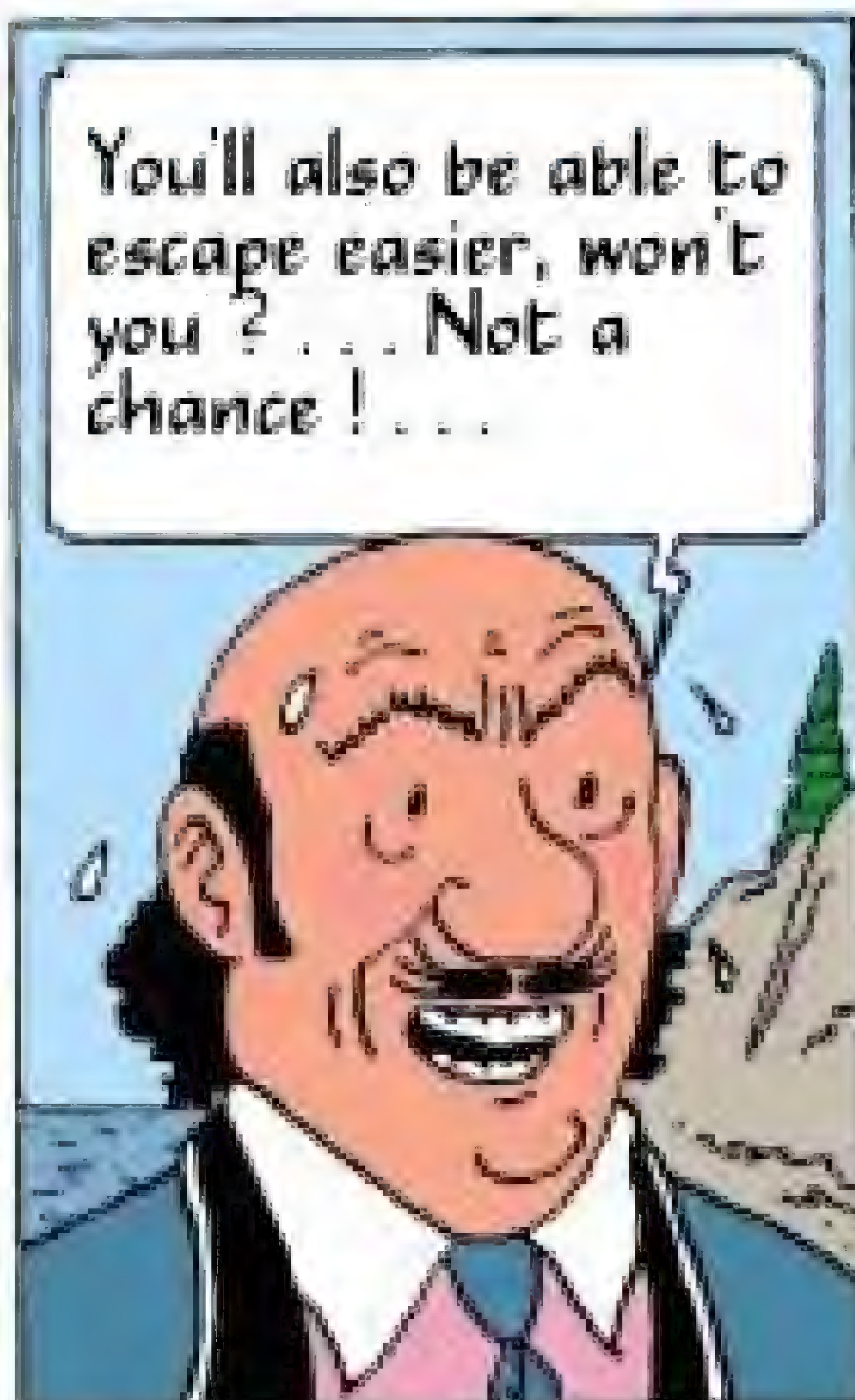
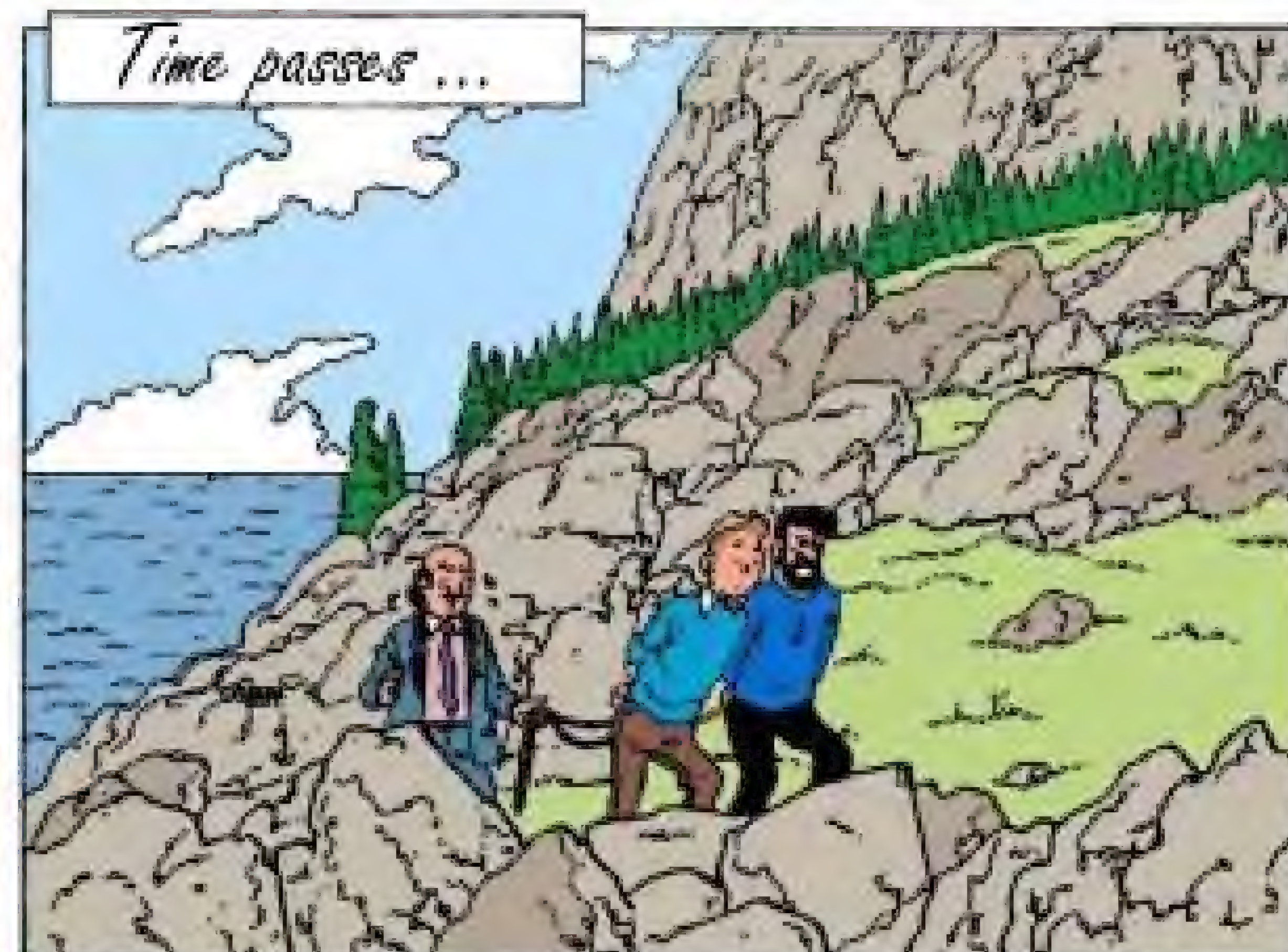
And how did you persuade
an artist like Nash to...
You ask too many ques-
tions, young man!

But I'm not a fool, all these
questions are just a ruse to
gain some time, aren't they?
Well, game over, my friend!

We've wasted enough time! Finish them!
With pleasure, boss!...

(1) See The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See Flight 714





I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Ssh! Captain!



**GIVE UP RASTAPOPOULOS!
YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN
PRISONER! YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!**



BANG BANG



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



**OK! GO AHEAD!
WE WON'T FOLLOW!**



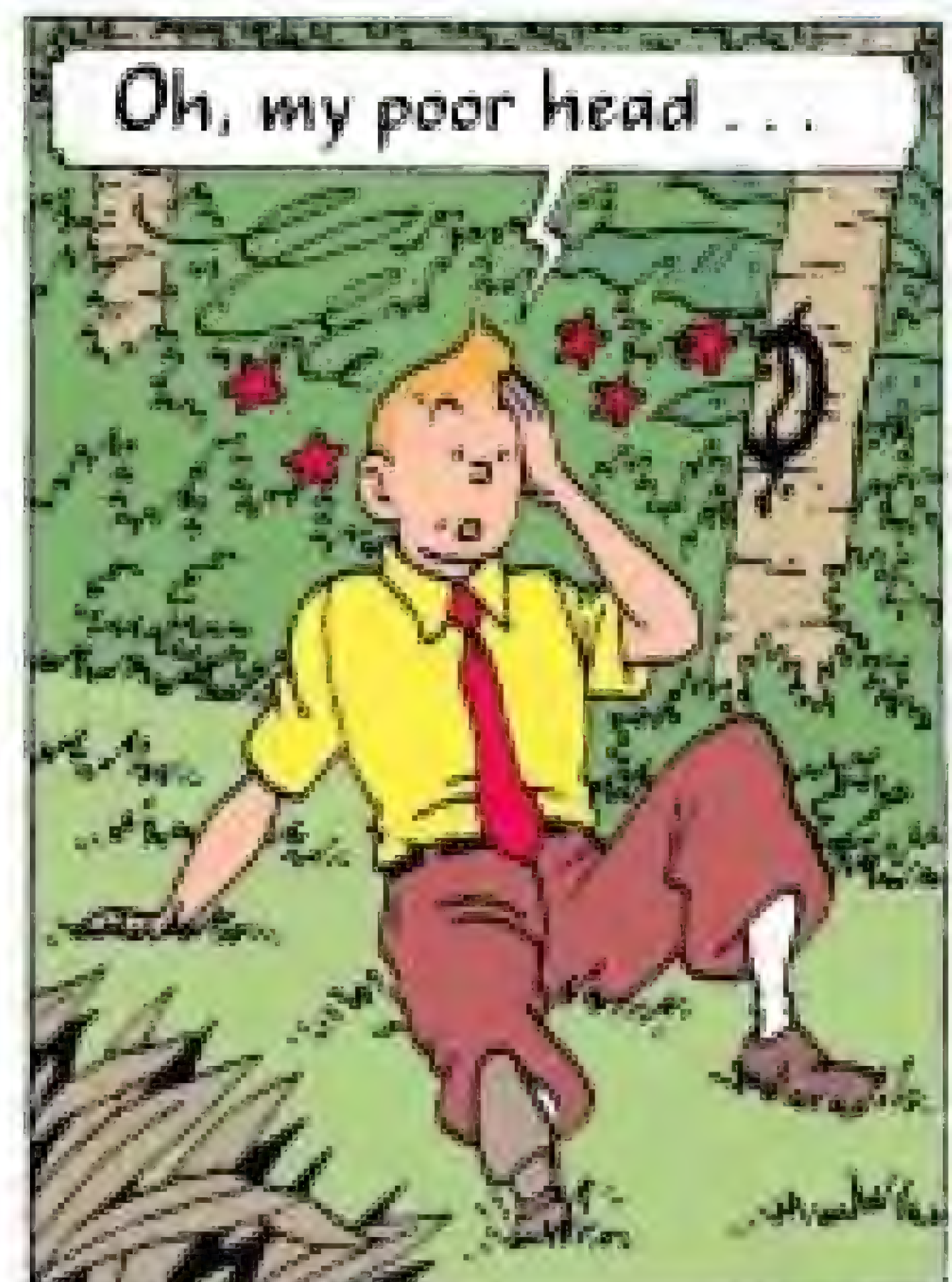
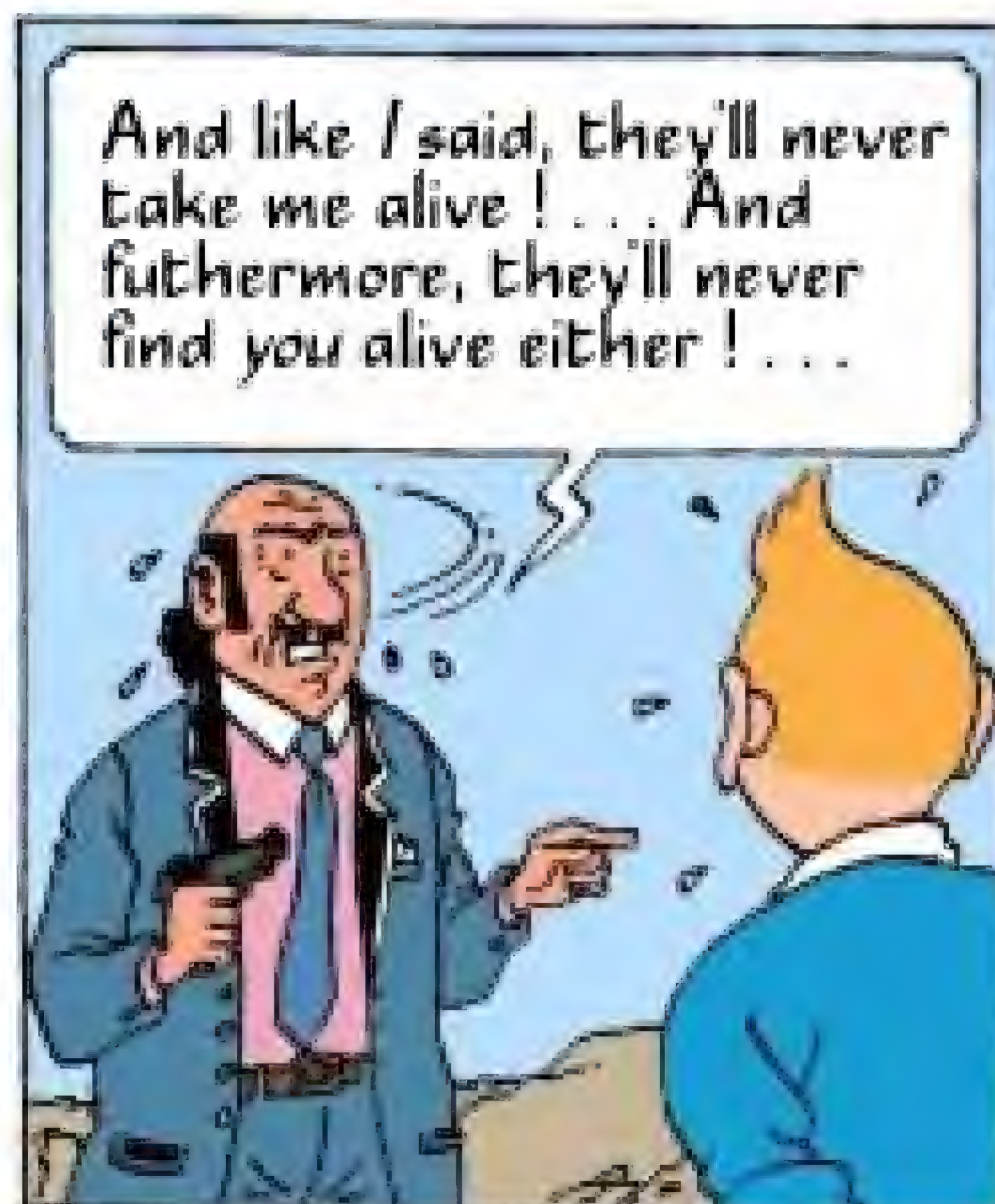
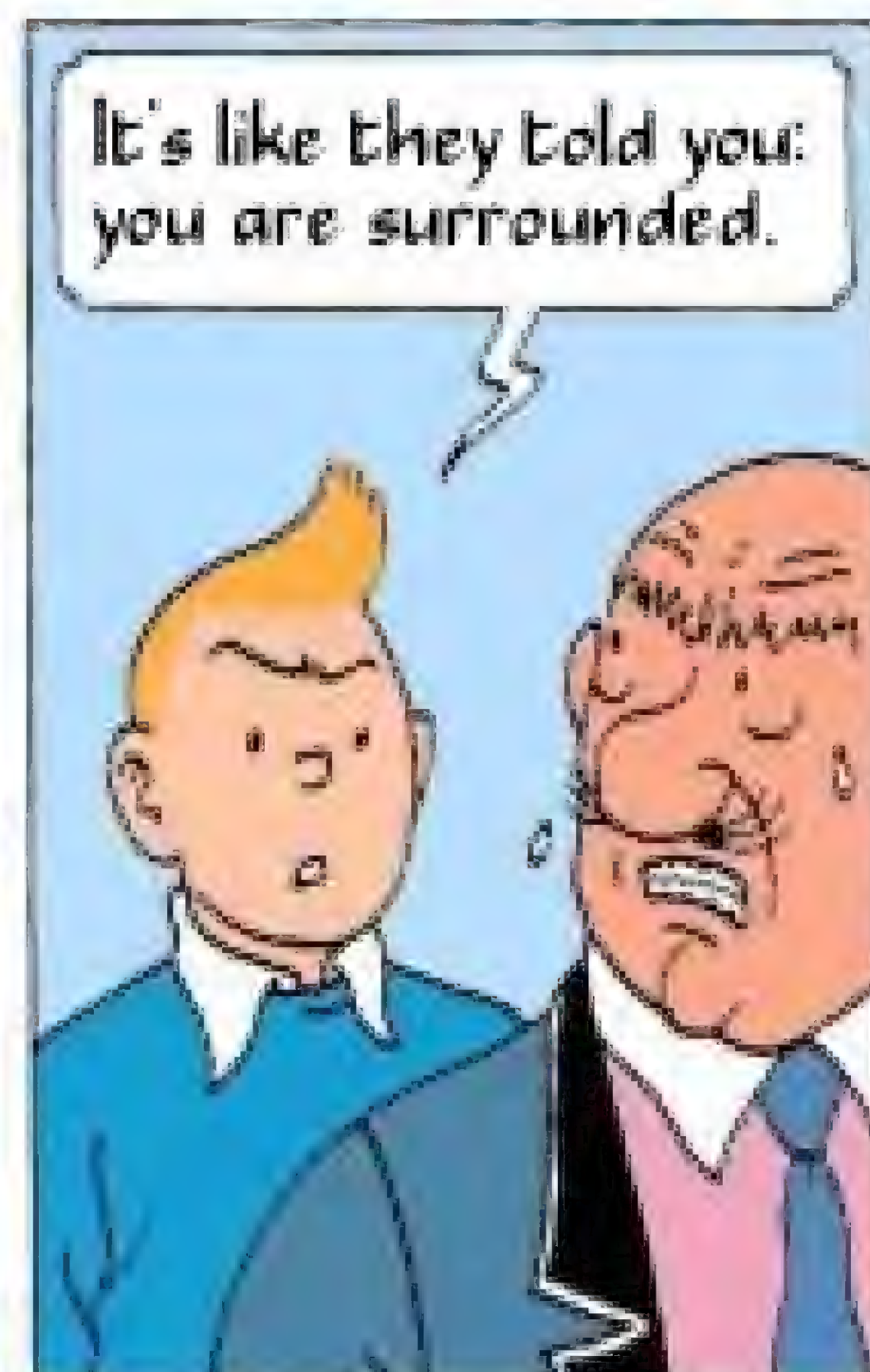
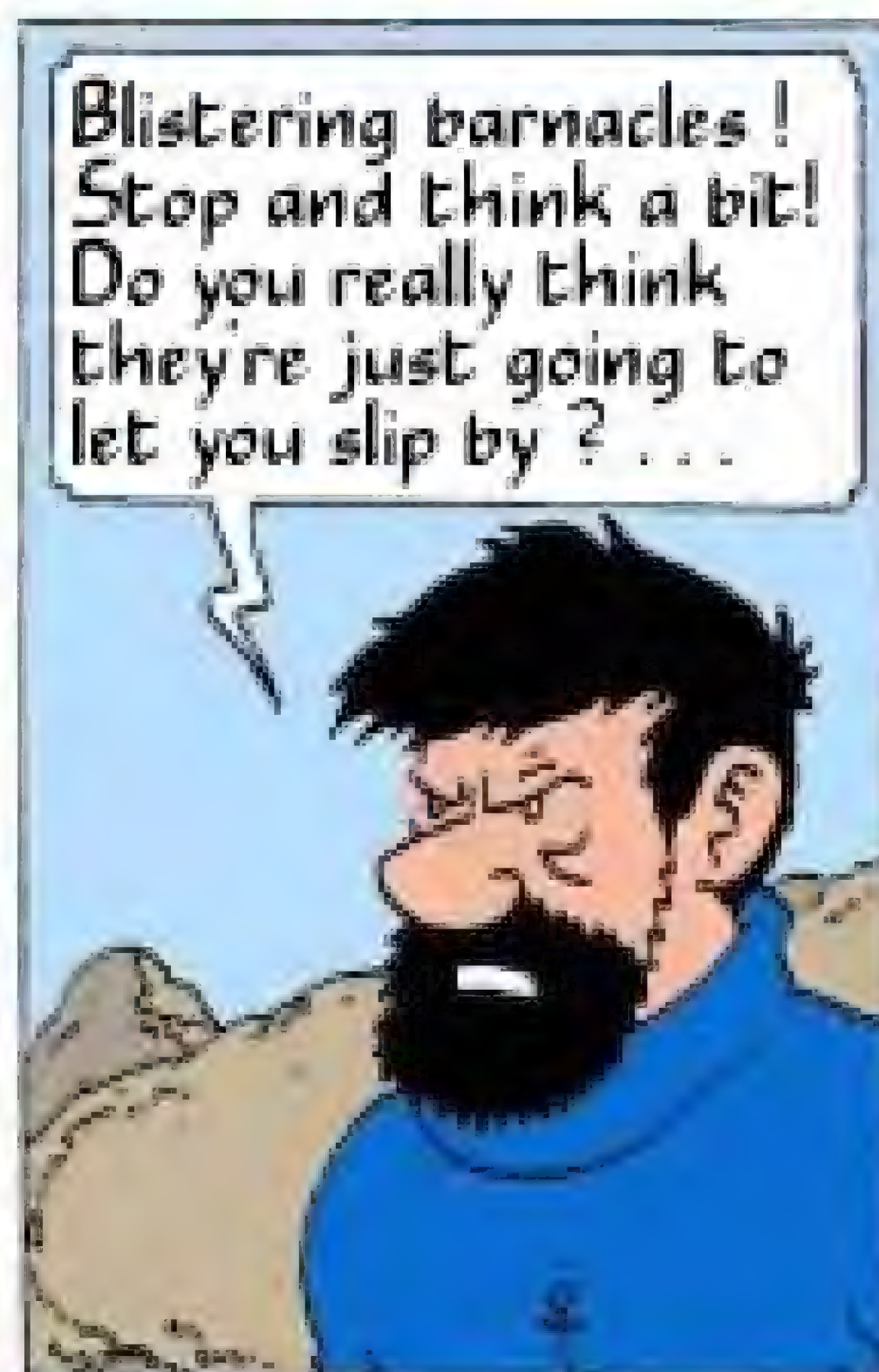
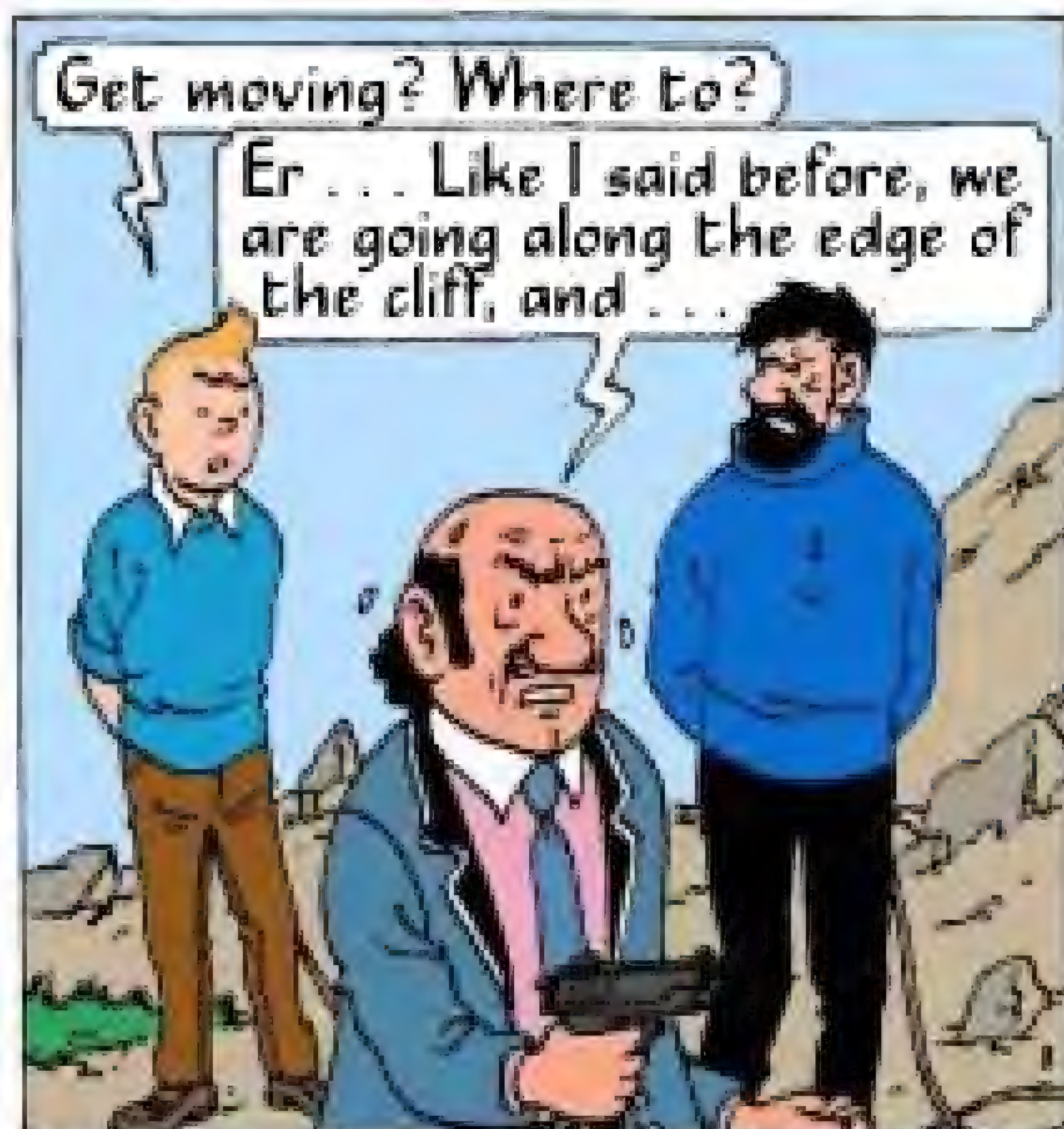
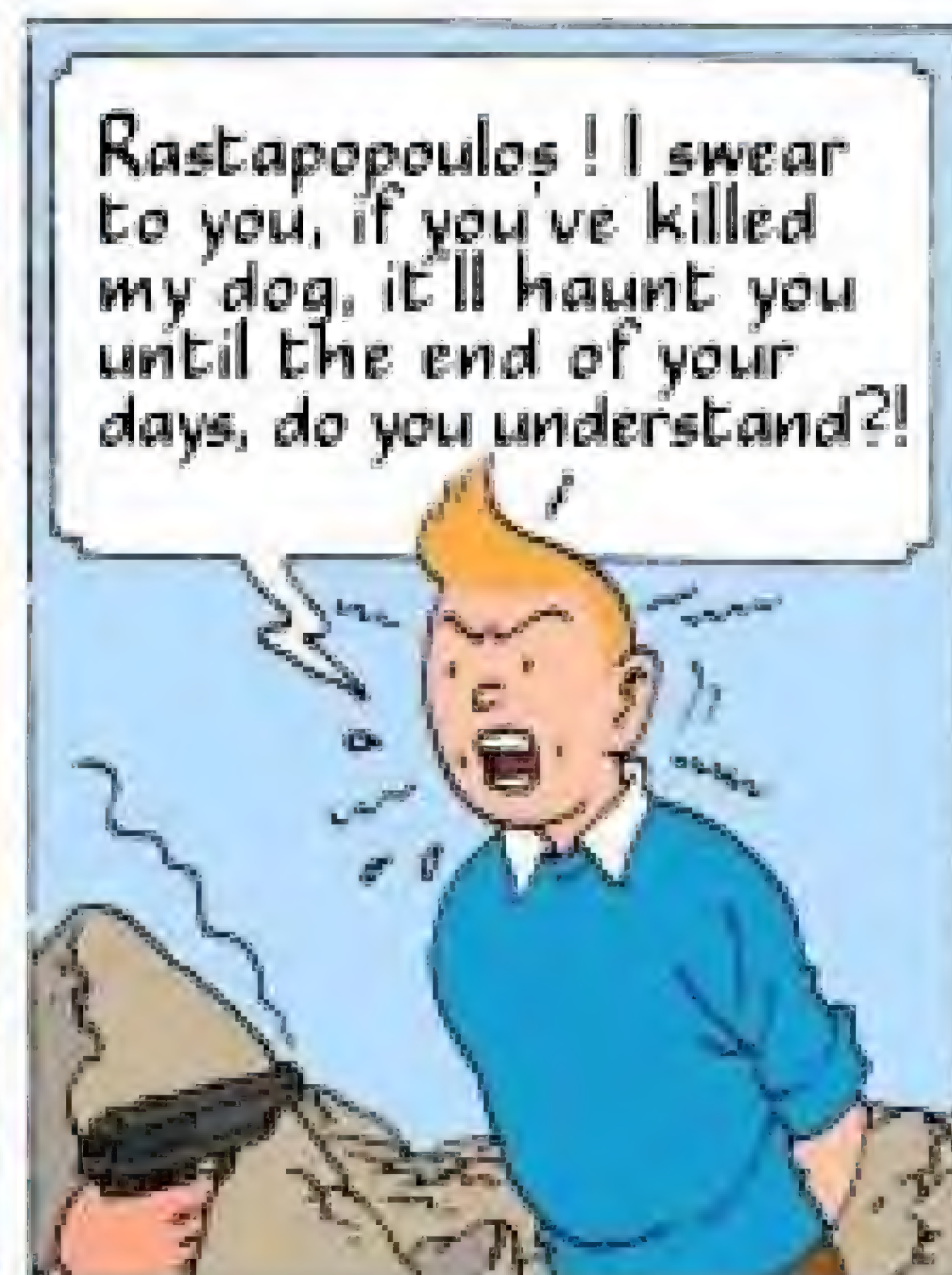
Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?

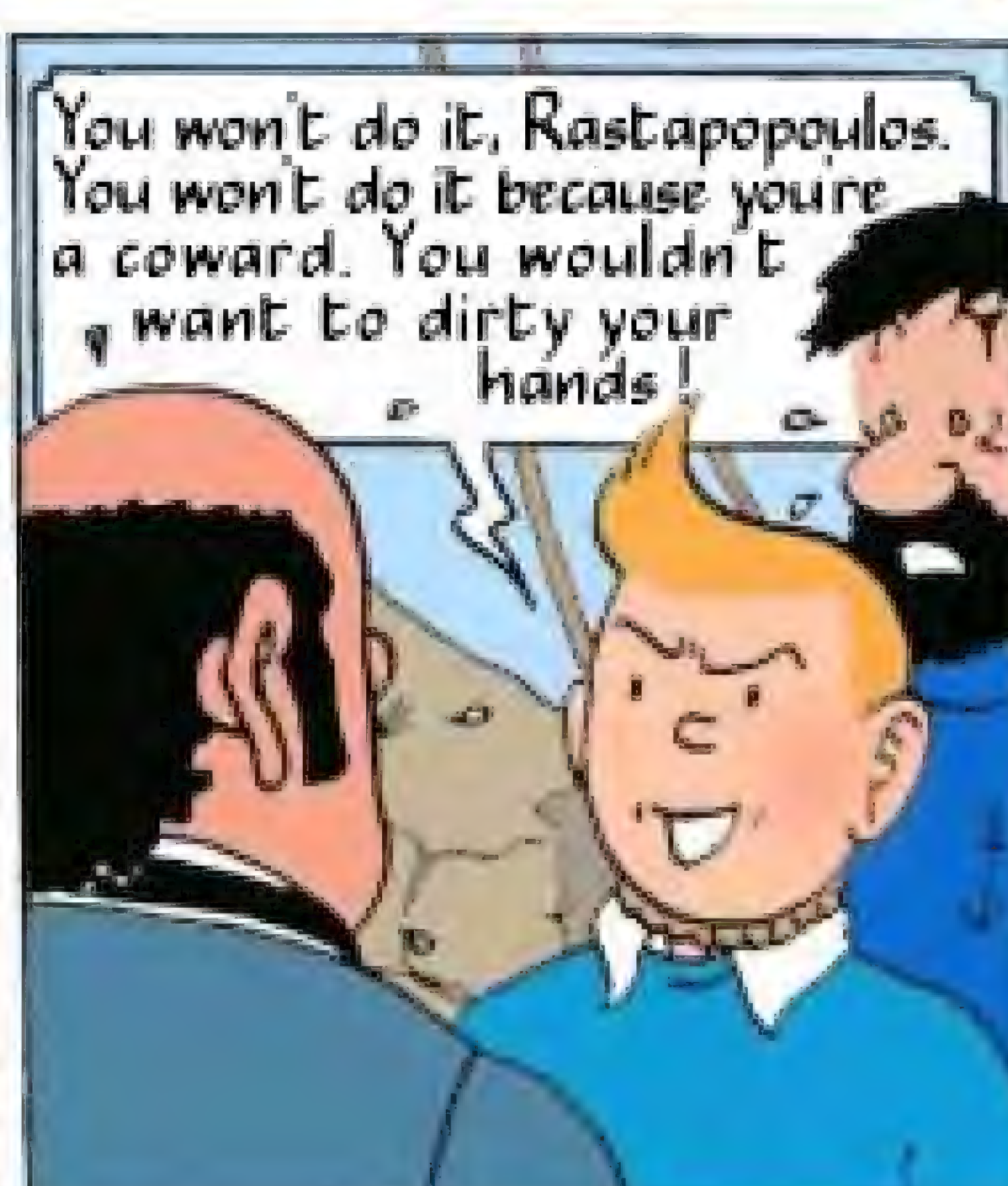
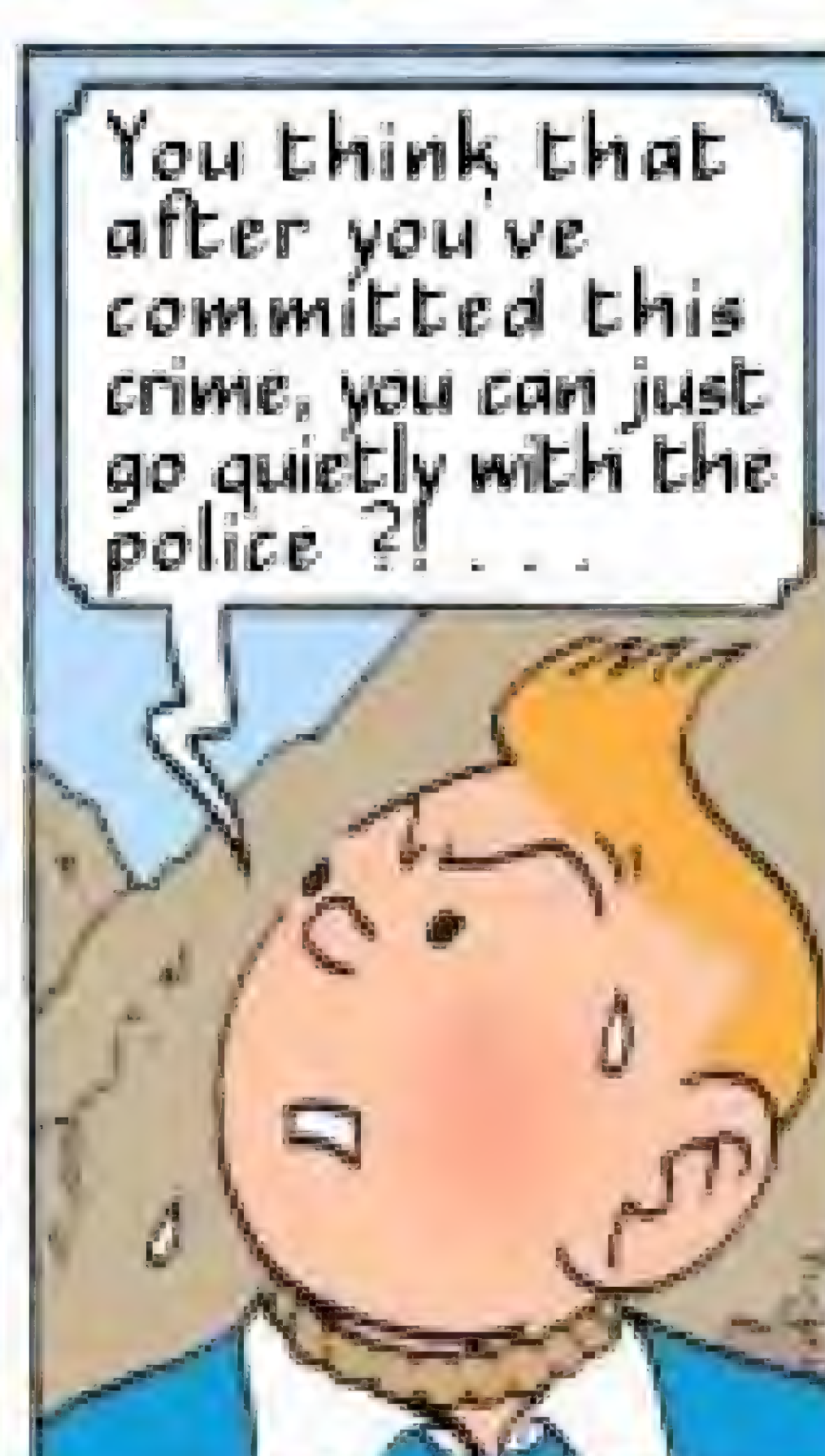
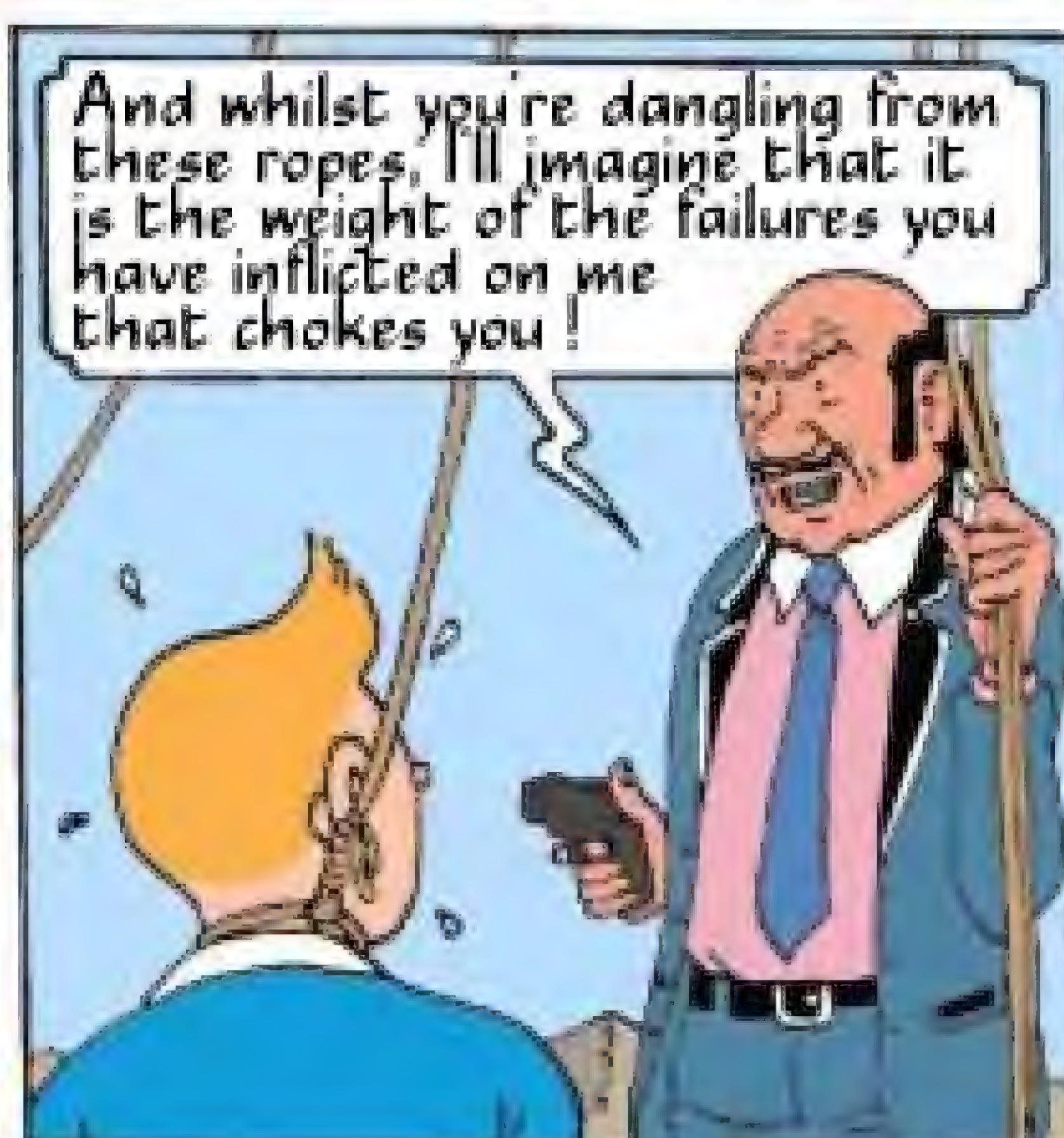


ARGH!

SNOWY!











And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



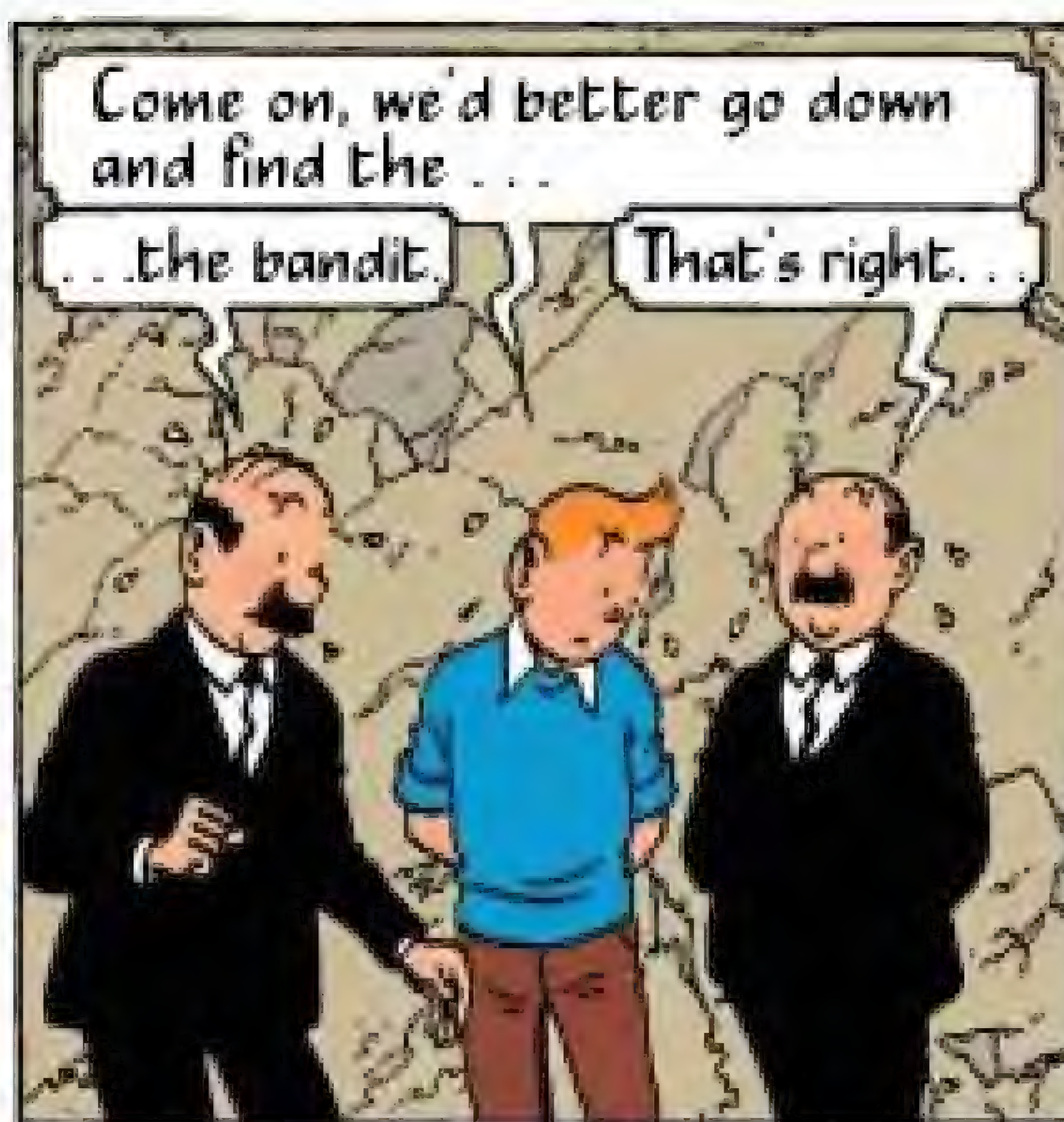
Phew ! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape ... no, a narrow ...

Definitely ! ... But how did you find us here, in Ischia ?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings ... We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

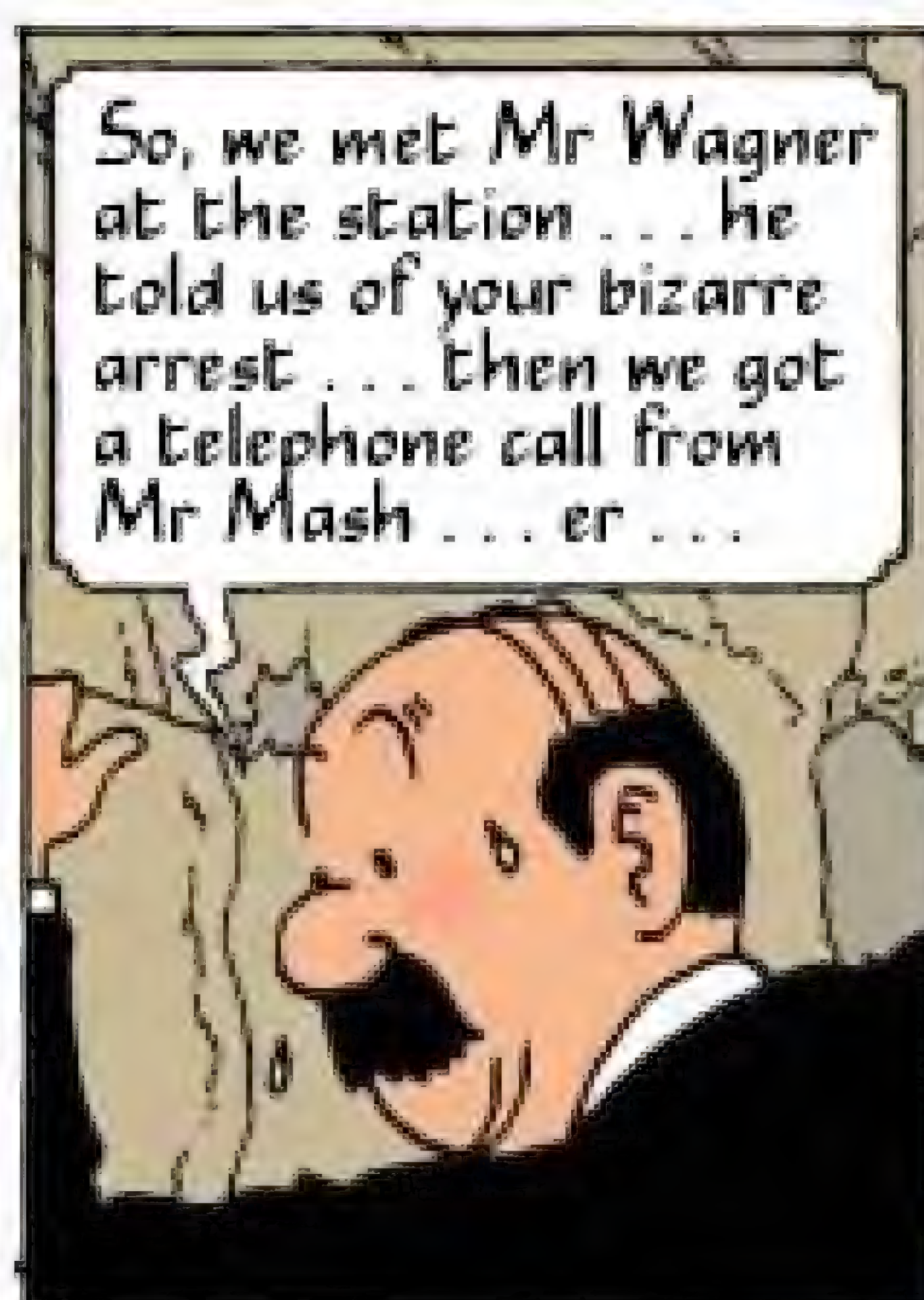
Ah ? ...



Come on, we'd better go down and find the ...

... the bandit.

That's right. ...



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station ... he told us of your bizarre arrest ... then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash ... er ...

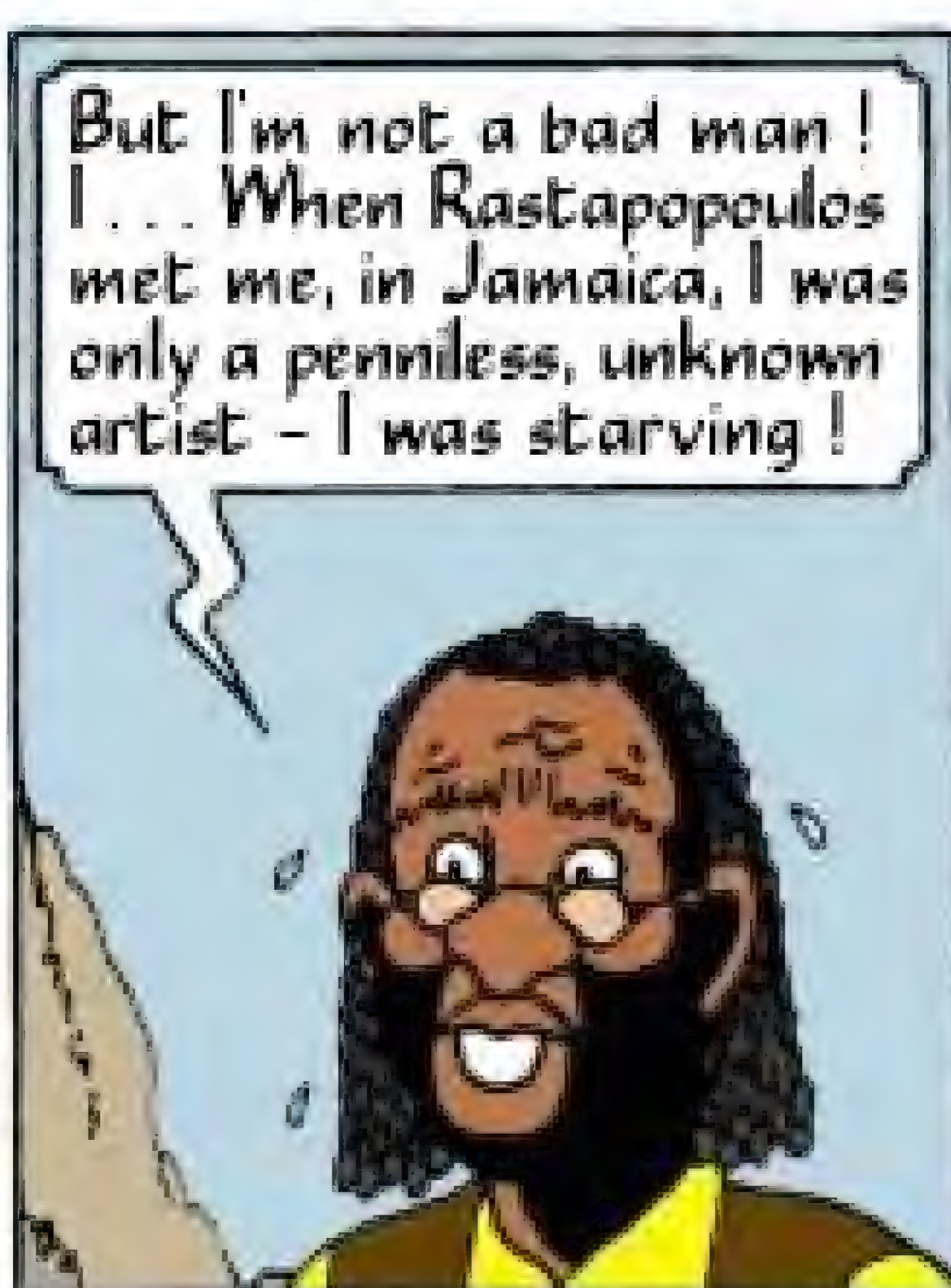


Nash ... But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.



Isn't that right, Mr Nash ?

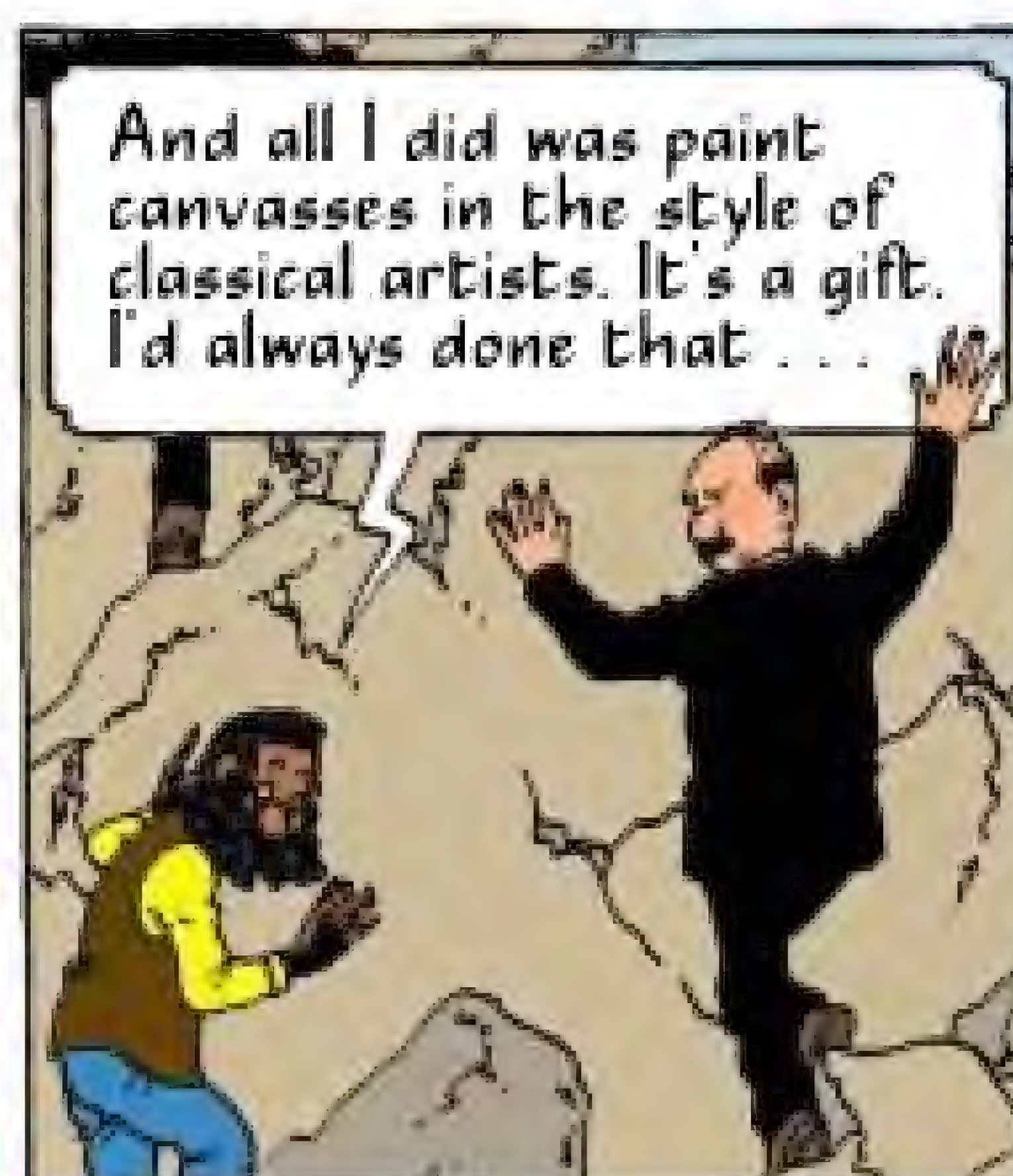
Er ... that's right. ...



But I'm not a bad man ! I ... When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving !



... then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition !



And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that ...



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah ! There ! I ... I think I see him.



Is ... is he ... ?



Yes ... dead. God rest his soul !

Mada

TORE in AD

Alph-Art busin

Shanghai, wh

staying,

with c

End

Ben Nash EZAD abandons plans to

art n

ums in Khemed

ab, the hair

canceled

a series of

country's

the hair

a great at

Madaddine

than the

astapop-

n asked

ed that

er for

ghted

that

when

these

When asked about recent events, the hair said: "I knew that Tintin and Captain Haddock were innocent. They are old friends of mine, and they helped me get my son back when he had been kidnapped by the dastardly Doctor Miller, and they also looked after my little ducky when I was in hiding in the Djebel mountains. But I now have absolutely no intention of building art galleries in Madaddah

kass & Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

RASSTAPOPOULOS: TALENTED FRAUD

Robert Rastapopoulos, who the entire world has known since the "Red Sea Sharks" affair, when it has come to be known, when his private launch sank in the Red Sea, and it was believed he died. However, he had resurfaced under the guise of a false beard, checks to a false beard, and plastic surgery. "The Master" as he was known to members of his sect, used this as a cover for a more sinister business - art forgery on a grand scale.

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually comp new paintings in Rastapopoulos was during a fight to his last his foot and fell to his report indicate it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually comp new paintings in Rastapopoulos was during a fight to his last his foot and fell to his report indicate it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

ER

on by

money

day

ary's

mouth

feeds.

Band

from

ents

able.

ES

at will

of us,

et that

phones

le most

own.

one is

ersity

is no

g off;

actly

hem."

RASSTAPOPOULOS, BEFORE AS ARASS, THANKS TO

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually comp new paintings in Rastapopoulos was during a fight to his last his foot and fell to his report indicate it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

The reporter Tintin foils an international

PICASSO, MONET AND MORE

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Rastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this - Rastapopoulos often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by Picasso, Monet, Modigliani, and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forger with duplicate masterpieces. They were then passed off as originals by Rastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert such as the unfortunate Jacques Monnet and Henri Fourcart. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the "business" that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE

It was at this that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

The reporter Tintin foils an international

PICASSO, MONET AND MORE

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Rastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this - Rastapopoulos often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by Picasso, Monet, Modigliani, and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forger with duplicate masterpieces. They were then passed off as originals by Rastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert such as the unfortunate Jacques Monnet and Henri Fourcart. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the "business" that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE

It was at this that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

Two days later ...

By thunder! More journalists!

Look here, Mr Tintin!

Here

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...

Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.

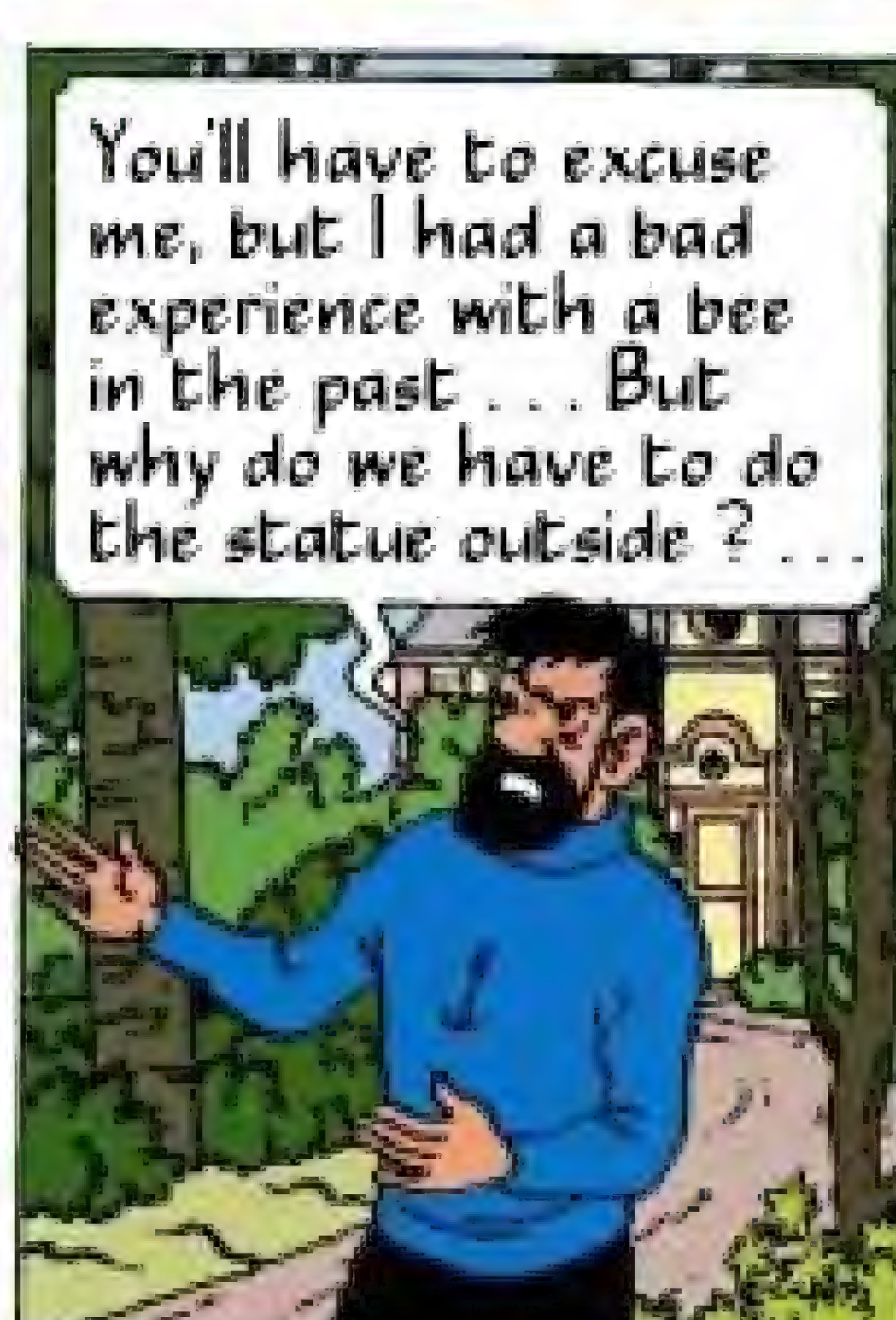
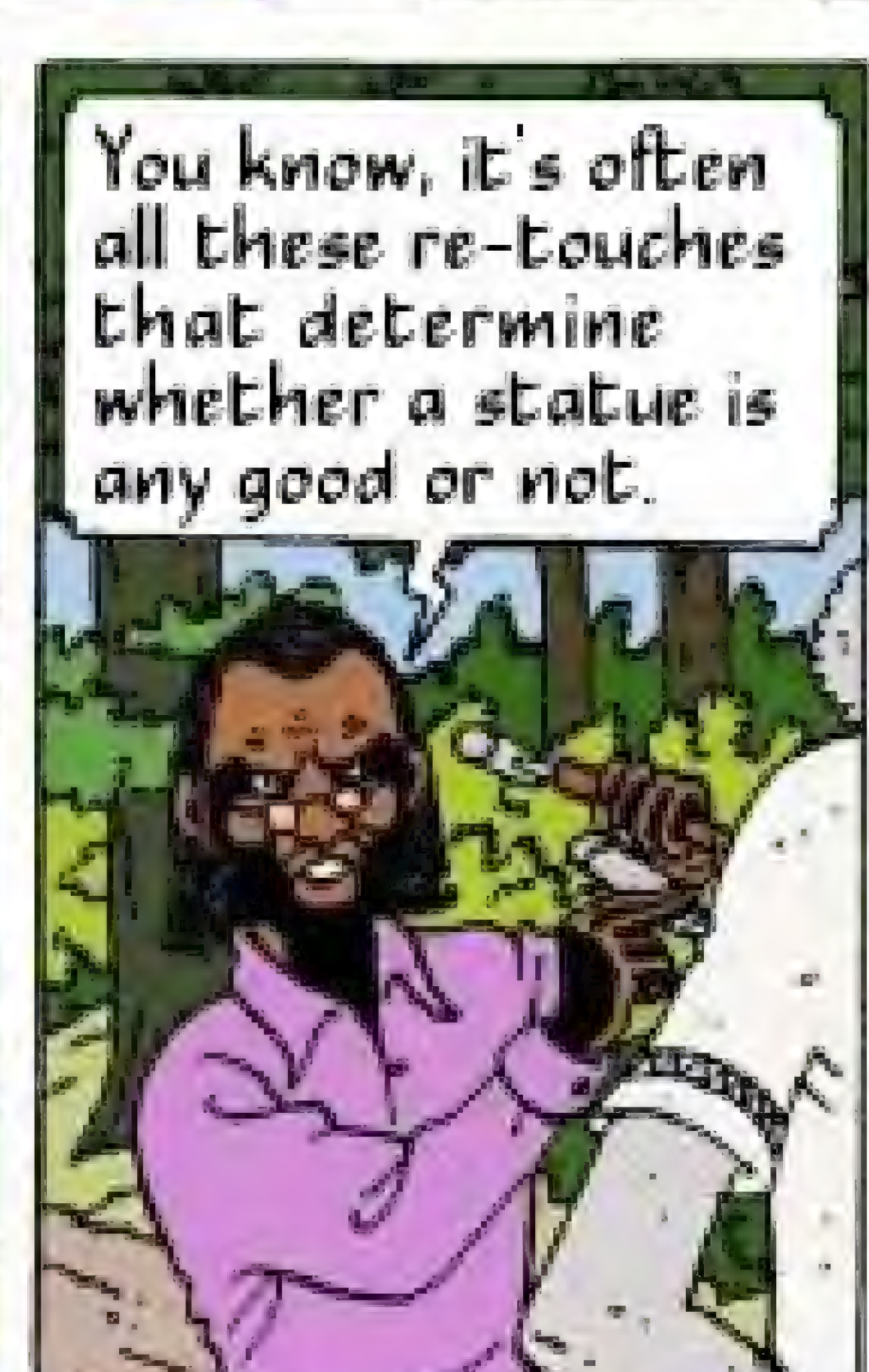
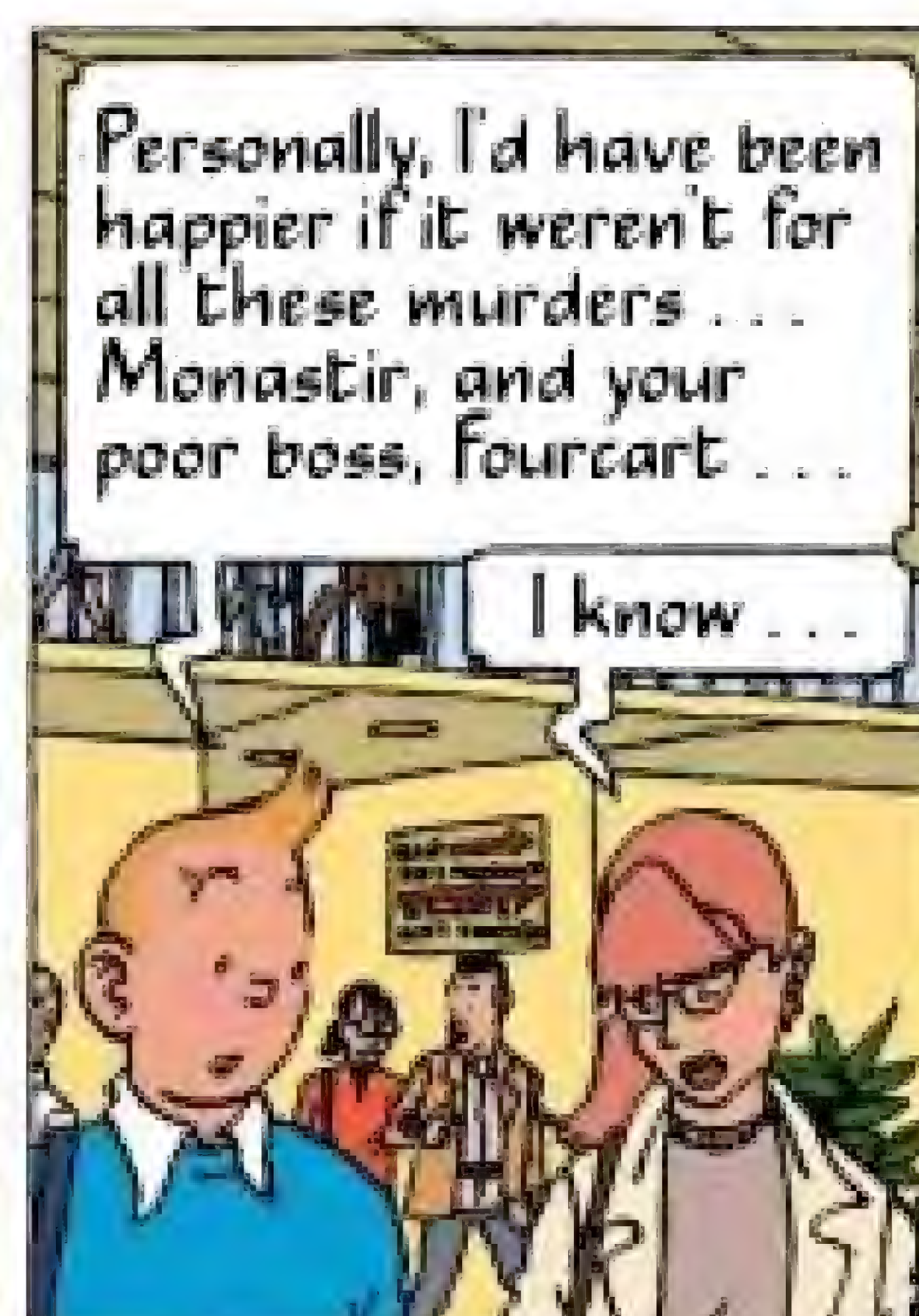
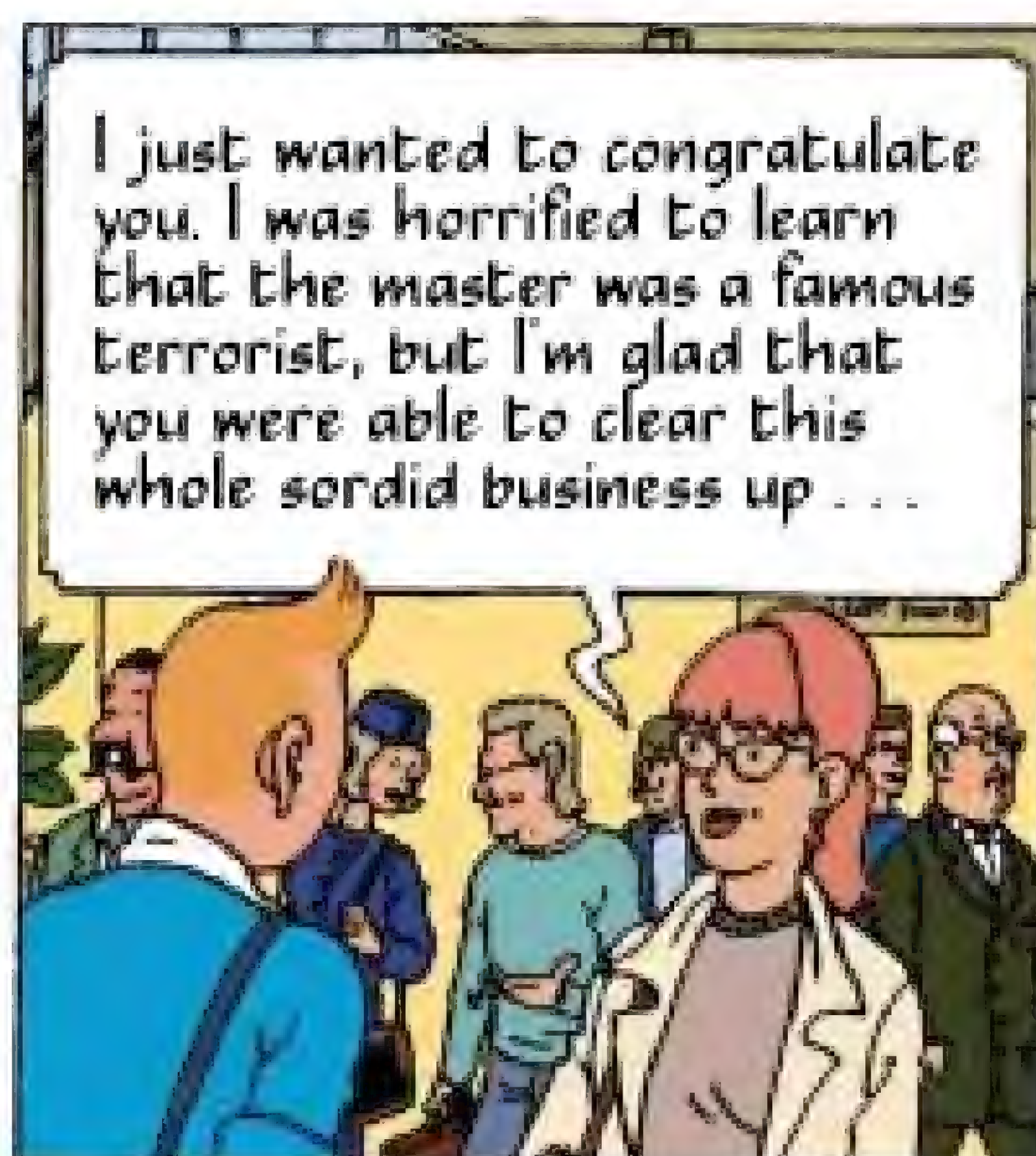
Do you plan to stay there?

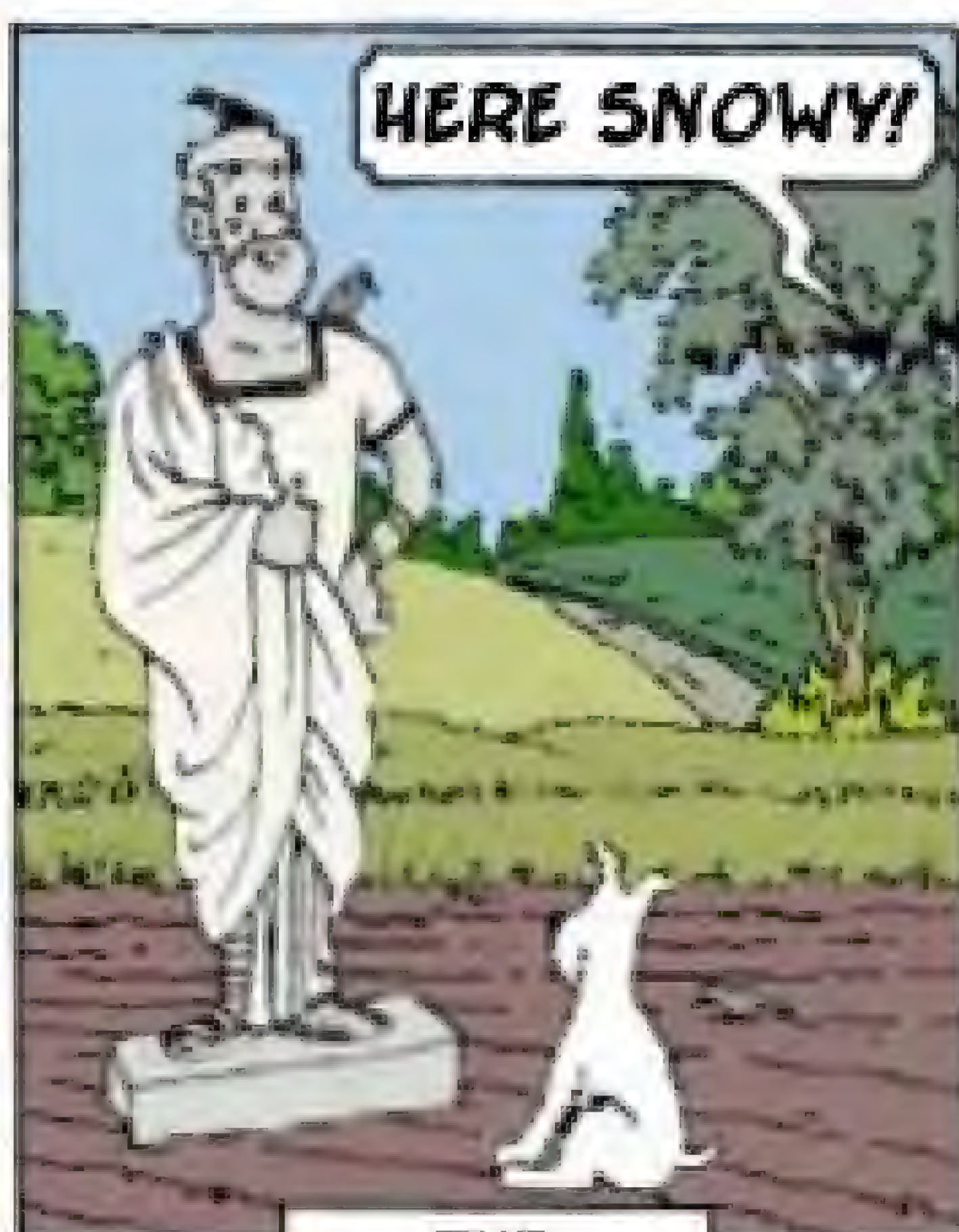
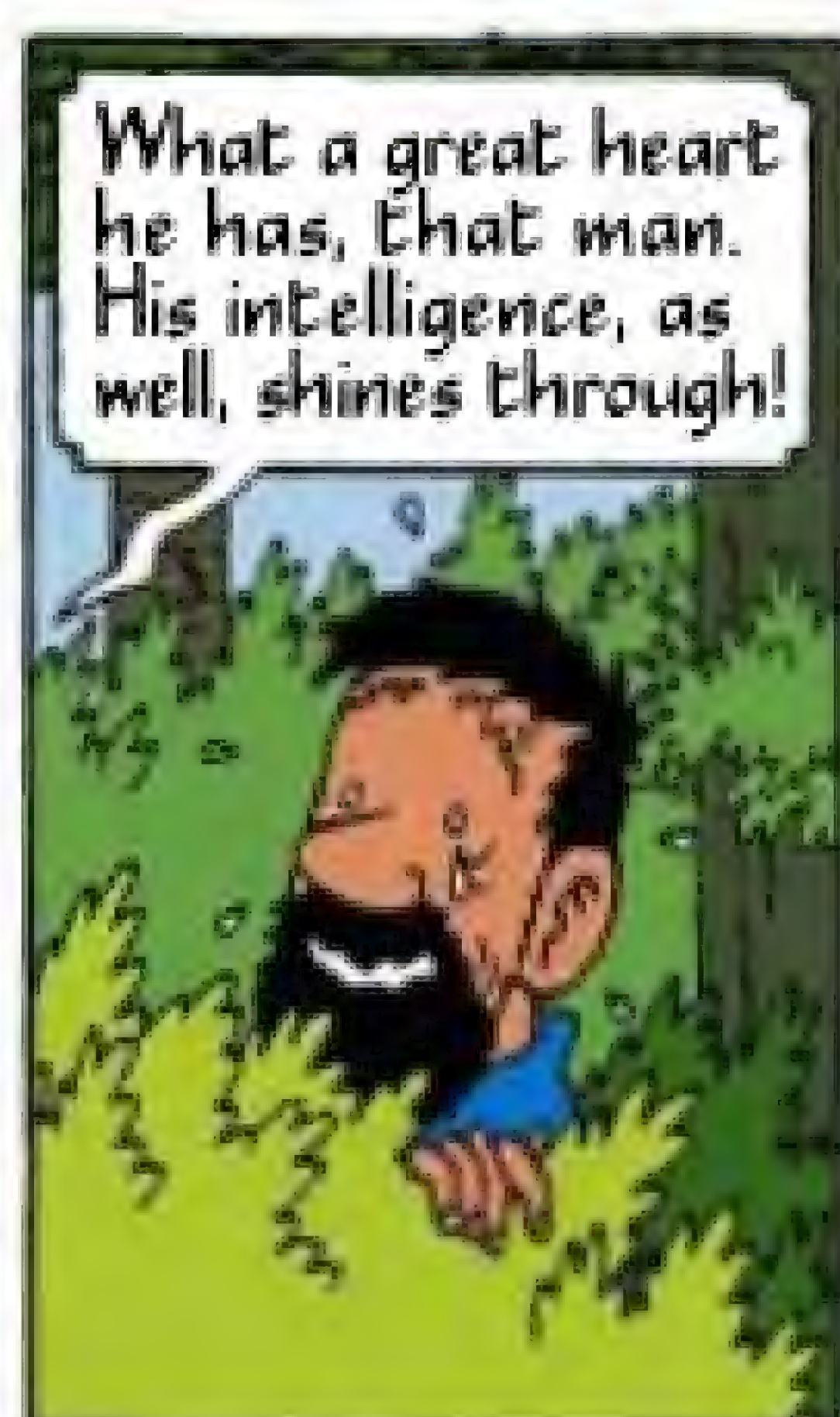
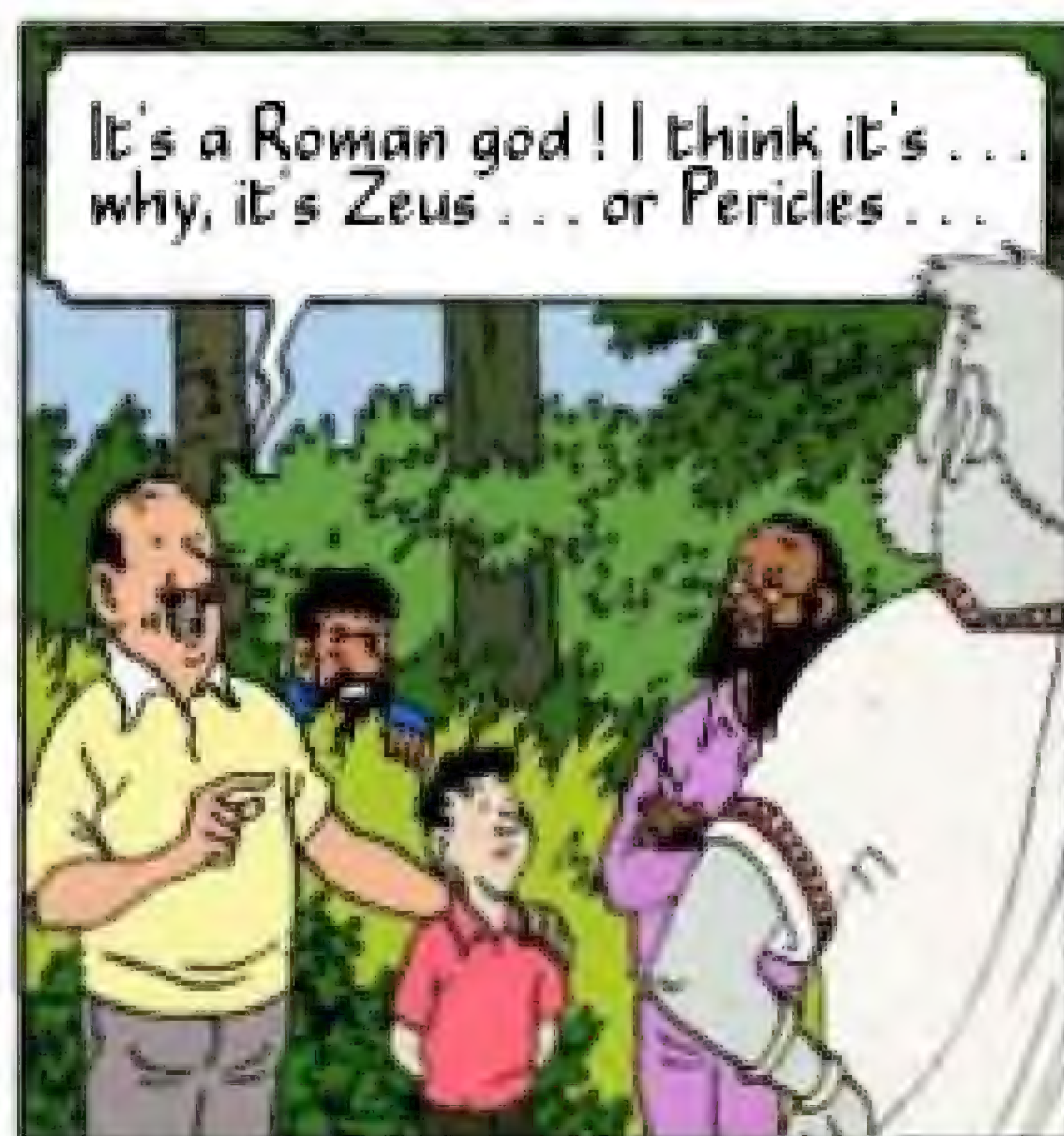
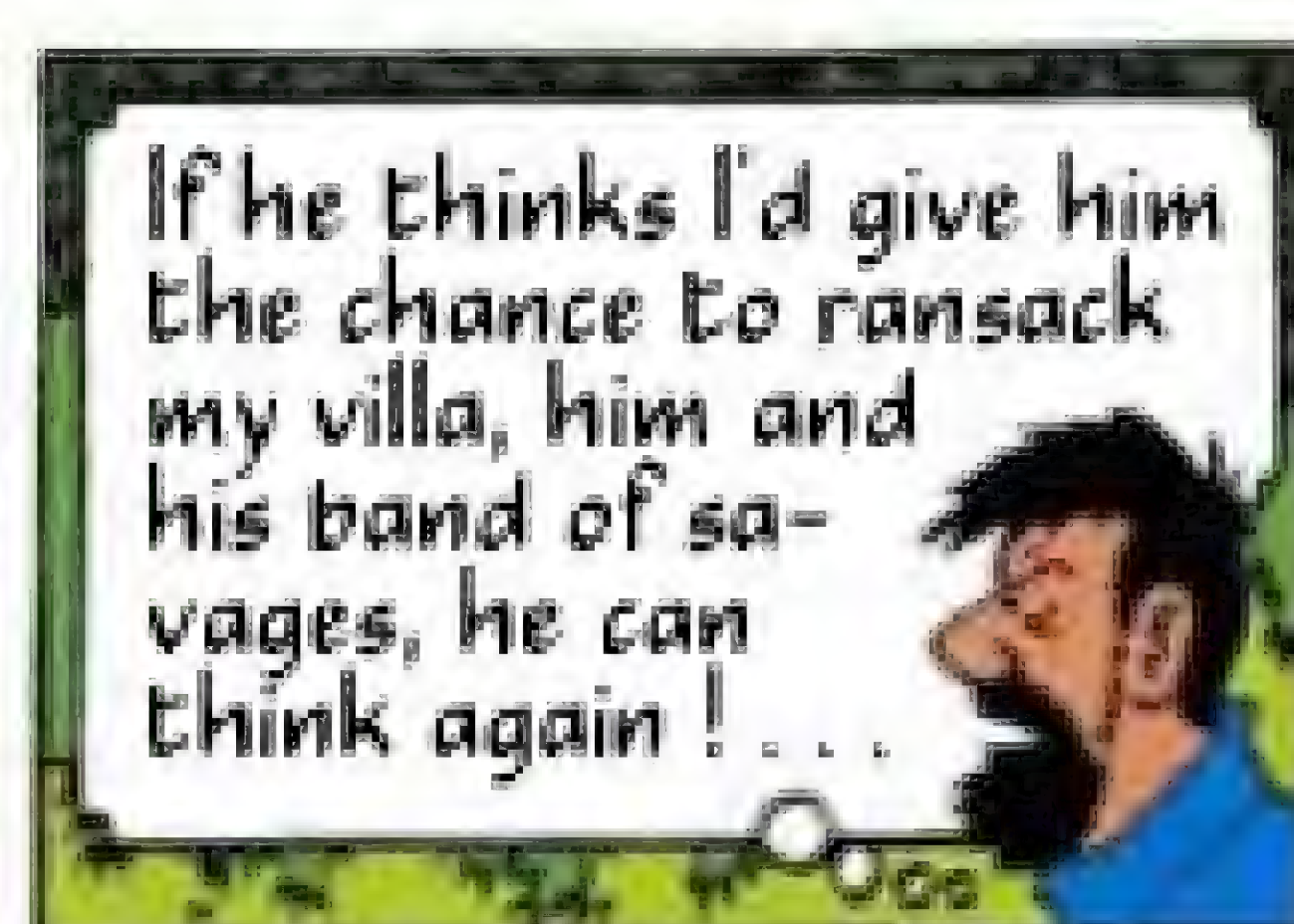
Blistering barnacles! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!

Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.

Mr Tintin ...



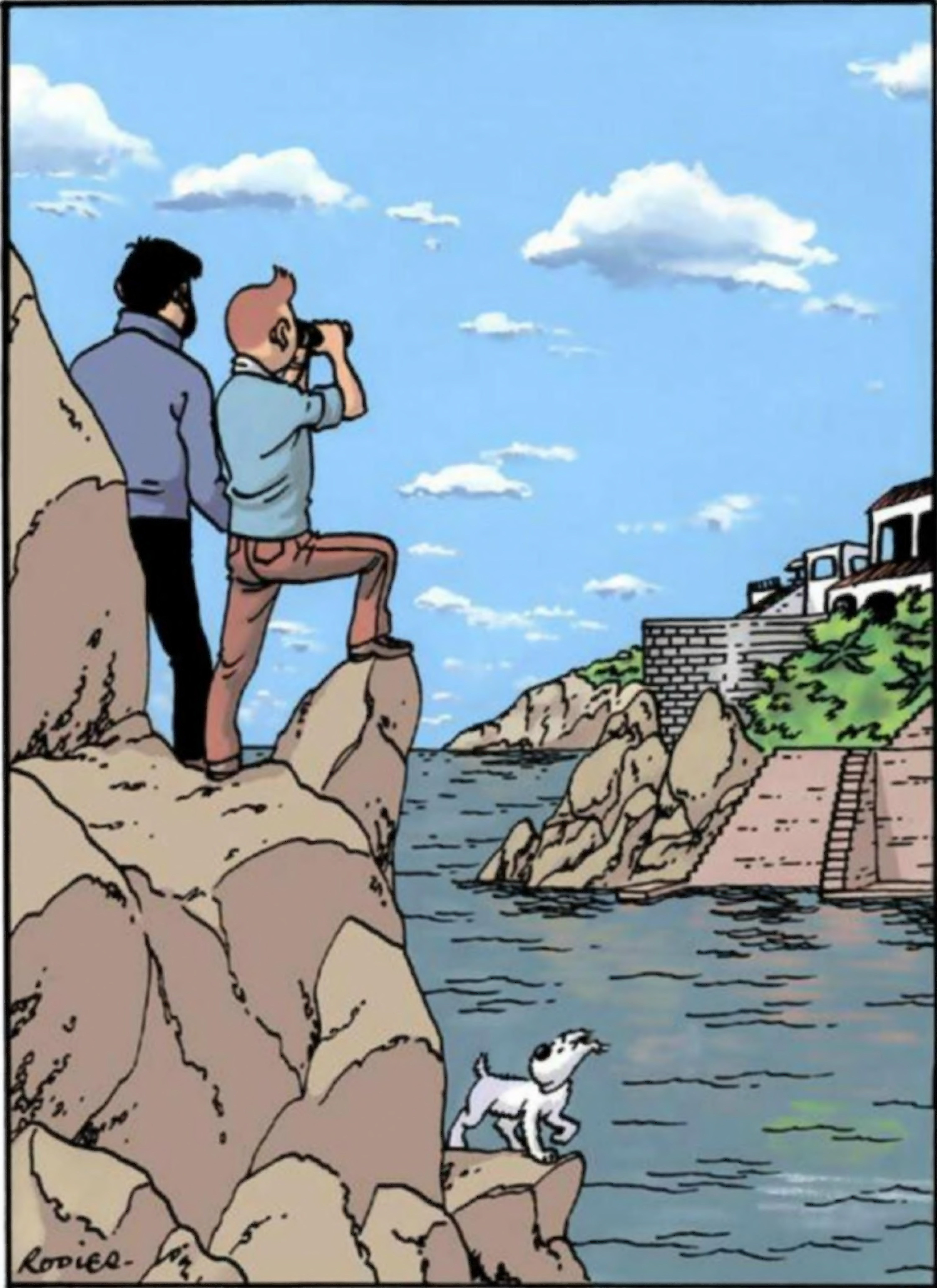






Rodier.











TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.